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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 8 • 1963 20c

WHEN EPILEPSY STRIKES
A father's moving story

PUBLIC FUNDS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS
by Robert M. Hutchins

On-the-scene report:
THE MOUNTING CHAOS IN CASTRO'S CUBA

Soviet frustrations, crop disasters, shortages and disillusionment in an economy gone wrong.

Baseball's richest failure · **Grace Kelly: royal salesgirl** · **Bourbon Street reformer**

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Power in Washington is often invisible. Some of the men who wield it—the congressional staff—hold no elective office; their names seldom appear in print, yet their behind-the-scenes activities shape the affairs of the nation. This week New York *Herald Tribune* political columnist **Rowland Evans** brings these shadowy figures into focus and examines the staff's "tremendous power of anonymous responsibility." Their power and responsibility are enduring, for the specialists of this professional cadre stay on Capitol Hill while congressmen and senators come and go. New legislators learn the congressional ropes from the staff, and senior members rely heavily on staff experience in running their committees and drafting bills. Although immense staff power may be "extremely dangerous," as Vermont's Senator Aiken complained, Congress would be helpless without it: Today's rattling machinery might simply grind to a jolting halt.

Other Bylines. Admittedly dazzled by the brilliance of Grace Kelly's recent return to her native Philadelphia, contributing editor **Robert Massie** managed to observe the Monegasque princess's royal progress without wearing rose-tinted glasses. . . . Contributing editor **Edward Behr,** whose British passport made possible his visit to Cuba, was profoundly impressed by much that he saw and experienced. Perhaps most impressive was the dispatch with which Cuban secret policemen arrested him and whisked him away from a Castro rally: A fellow newsman next to Behr didn't even notice when he disappeared. Behr was held two hours without explanation, then released. . . . Contributing editor **Harold Martin** talked with more than 100 Cuban exiles in Florida to document the angry frustration of men who want to fight for freedom but cannot. . . . **Robert Wells** is a reporter for the Milwaukee *Journal*. . . . Philadelphia *Daily News* columnist **Larry Merchant** explains how pitcher Dick Farrell dropped 20 games for Houston last year and came up smelling like a rose. . . . Harper Prize-winning novelist **Robin White** tells the poignant story of his epileptic son's fight to live a normal life. . . . Contributing editor **James Phelan** gives a vivid portrait of New Orleans's free-swinging District Attorney Jim Garrison, now a candidate for Louisiana attorney general and a nettlesome opponent of vice.

The Cover portrait of Cuban Premier Fidel Castro is by Los Angeles painter **David Passalacqua.**

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LETTERS

Lovable Leo

Dear Sirs:

Poor Durocher [I COME TO KILL YOU, by Leo Durocher with Edward Linn, May 11]! How many individuals are able to blame their troubles on personages such as Babe Ruth and/or Laraine Day?

If we ever come to the point that sheer aggressiveness, minus quality, insures success, perhaps we should close all of our institutions of learning and also forget to teach our children simple manners.

T/SGT. HARRY J. FINNIS
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The candid memoir of Leo Durocher was a masterpiece. Still I fail to understand Leo's strategy in one of his statements. Could he have forgotten the interference rule when he said, "If . . . my mother was rounding third with the run that was going to beat us, I would trip her"?

RON ALBERTS
West LaCrosse, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

In the opinion of many devout lovers of baseball no man has so harmed the game as Leo Durocher, whose picture, with mouth characteristically open, created the most repulsive cover your many faithful readers have seen in the past 40 years.

It is to the eternal credit of Gene Autry and the rest of his group that they did not inflict this man on the fans of the Los Angeles Angels.

KNOX MANNING
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ugly Americans?

Dear Sirs:

In THE UGLY AMERICAN REVISITED [by Eugene Burdick and William Lederer, May 4], the authors speak of ICA's "elephantine slowness" in taking 18 months to produce a booklet which documented 19 of the most glaring inaccuracies in *The Ugly American.*

As the head of the State Department staff that produced the booklet, I hope *The Post* will be willing to print the facts. *The Ugly American* was published in October, 1958. In October, 1959, we issued a 23-page booklet pointing out some of the more patent misrepresentations of fact in *The Ugly American.* The booklet was an instant success.

Although it was evident to most people that *The Ugly American* was written solely for the almighty dollar, this did not lessen the damage to the morale of the hundreds of dedicated Americans serving their country in Southeast Asia and exposing their families to hepatitis, malaria, amoebic and bacillary dysentery, poor schools and miserable recreational facilities for their children.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

We appreciate the mention of Magazines for Asia in the article. The tremendous growth of this volunteer effort is due to the fact that so many Americans care enough to take on the trouble and expense of sending their magazines direct to a person in Asia who has written us.

Post readers wishing requests or more information are asked to write to Magazines Person to Person Workshop at 2444 Silver Ridge Avenue, Los Angeles 39, California. It is important to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and the names of magazines available.

MRS. SOPHIE MAYERS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Magazines for Friendship, at 35 South Raymond Avenue, Pasadena, California, has been engaged in this world-wide project for the past eighteen years.

MRS. VALDA SCHAL
Pasadena, Calif.

Jack Paar

Dear Sirs:

If the magazines would all agree to stop writing about Jack [Paar] and his troubles [JACK OF ALL TIRADES, by Jack Iams, May 11], he and the rest of us would probably feel better. What does it take besides $100,000 per show to make one happy?

FRED MANNING
Los Angeles, Calif.

Good and welfare

Dear Sirs:

Lois Chevalier has shown she has a good understanding of THE WELFARE MESS [May 11]. State legislatures still have the false attitudes that the welfare-aid recipient is out to cheat and chisel, all aid-to-dependent-children mothers are immoral by nature and choice, any person can help himself with enough will power, and the welfare recipients like and prefer their dependent position. These beliefs are not true, although there are persons on welfare as well as in Congress who cheat.

JAMES W. RAWLINS, *Director*
Child Care Board
Presbyterian Synod of Arkansas
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to protest the printing of the article. One wonders where the title came from. A few "horrible examples" are presented—selected from millions of case histories. The author fails to mention that the great majority of welfare recipients are either too young, too old or too ill for employment. In New York State alone, for example, over 50 percent of all recipients are children.

RENDLE H. FUSSELL
Hamburg, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The Welfare Dept. just sent me to Beauty College, and I am now looking for employment. My future and that of my children depend on me, not on welfare. Has Lois Chevalier talked to anyone who is embarrassed about being on Welfare? If not she is welcome to visit with me. For this isn't living; it's hell.

SANDRA BIRD
Salt Lake City, Utah

Hemophilia

Dear Sirs:

In every detail you have described our life as parents of a "bleeder" [THEY LIVE ON BORROWED BLOOD, by Robert Massie, May 4]. However, after fighting to keep our son in public schools for three years, we have taken him out because his elbow and knee-joint injuries were too numerous.

I do not believe that the *emotional* crippling aspect of a hemophiliac's semi-isolation should have priority over that of *physical* crippling. What earthly good is a child's emotional well-being (supposedly accomplished through constant exposure to a perilous classroom association) if that child, in adulthood, is afflicted with stiff arms and legs?

MRS. ROBERT D. LAUDER
Chelsea, Mass.

Doctors' dilemma

Dear Sirs:

May I congratulate you on the excellent article written by Dr. Louis J. Vorhaus [THE SICK NEED CARE, NOT RESEARCH, May 11]. The American Medical Association is fighting socialized medicine on the one hand while the medical schools are doing everything in their power to speed its inception. The medical schools in general are directed by people who have no interest whatsoever in patients other than as carriers or examples of disease. The art of medicine is lost on them.

CHARLES J. FRANKEL, M.D.
University of Virginia Hospital
Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The only cure for the situation is socialized medicine. The specialist then will work on an assembly-line basis for a salary.

A.H. HAUBER, M.D.
Hot Springs, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

The answers to the physician-shortage problem are not in cutting the activities of those who are interested in research, but in building more medical schools and hospitals and admitting more qualified people to the study of medicine. Additionally, it may be pointed out that a redistribution of physicians from large urban areas such as New York, where they are apparently in oversupply, to rural areas would help meet a physician shortage in areas of need.

ANATOLY BEZKOROVAINY, *Ph.D.*
MAX E. RAFELSON, *Ph.D.*
JAMES A. HAYASHI, *Ph.D.*
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The doctor is right—more students of medicine should become doctors of medicine instead of medical researchers. But, you know, a piece of plastic is inside my ear today so that I may hear well—thanks to medical research.

MRS. EDWARD SLONIM
Duluth, Minn.

Beetle-brow

Dear Sirs:

I am a teen-ager (16) and enjoy reading *The Post* very much. But in the May 11 article, JEWELS THAT CRAWL, Walter Ian Fischman continually called the Makech beetle a bug. Beetles belong to the order *Coleoptera*, while bugs are *Hemiptera.* Thank you very much.

LESLIE HOHENSTEIN
Mt. Auburn, Ill.

● *Webster says "bug" can mean almost any insect that creeps or crawls—when "not used technically."*—ED.

COMING...in next week's Post

Has Martin Luther King hurt the Negro cause?

JEAN SEBERG
Midwest star in French dressing

Troubled Greece
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The American Doctor

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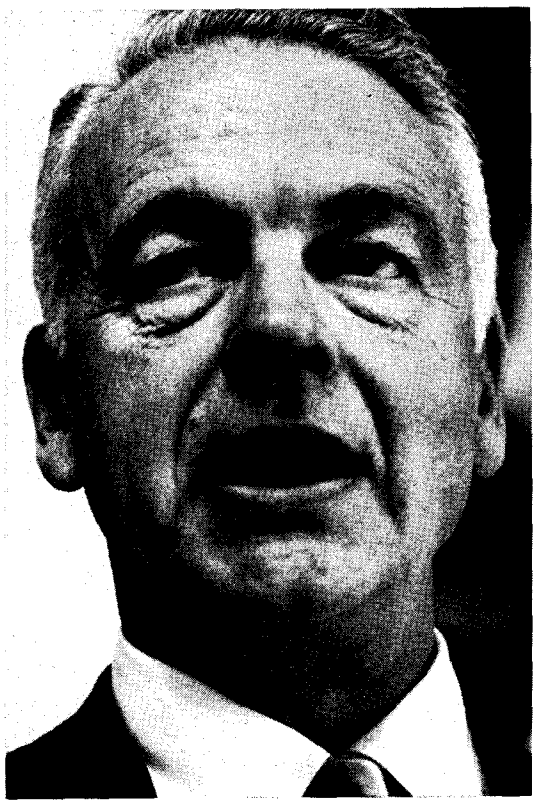
SPEAKING OUT

A liberal calls for aid to church schools

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

A famous educator—a Protestant—attacks what he calls a dangerous myth: the idea that a "wall of separation" between church and state bars Federal aid to parochial schools.



Doctor Hutchins, 64, is a noted liberal who has stirred many a storm in U.S. education. Made president of the University of Chicago at the age of 30, he served there 22 years. He now heads the Fund for the Republic and lives in Santa Barbara.

Federal aid to education is an absolute necessity. But a political argument over funds for parochial schools, masquerading as a constitutional issue, bars the way. Unfortunately President Kennedy, while calling for $5.3 billion in aid to education over a period of years, is himself guilty of jeopardizing aid to all schools by perpetuating the masquerade.

The President and many others, especially liberals, tell us aid to church-school pupils is a constitutional question. They say there is a wall of separation between church and state forbidding any kind of assistance, direct or indirect, to an educational institution operated under the auspices of a church.

In fact, the Constitution says nothing of separation and makes no mention of a wall. The words of the First Amendment are: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." The Supreme Court has held that the Fourteenth Amendment makes these words applicable to state legislatures as well as to Congress. Nothing in the words necessarily leads to the conclusion that every form of aid, direct or indirect, to educational institutions under religious auspices is unconstitutional.

We owe the wall not to the Constitution but to a letter from Thomas Jefferson to the Baptist Association of Danbury, Connecticut, in 1802, replying to a complimentary address. Jefferson wrote, "Believing with you that religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God, that he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship, that the legislative powers of Government reach actions only, and not opinions, I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature should 'make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,' thus building a wall of separation between church and State."

The letter shows that what Jefferson was interested in was freedom of religion. He did not want the Government telling people how or whom or whether they should worship—first, because of the nature of religion, and second, because of the nature of government. Religion was a matter between a man and his God; government should not, if only because it could not, attempt to control the thoughts of men.

The wall Jefferson erected in the name of the First Amendment rose no higher than was necessary to wall off the religious opinions and practices of citizens from interference by government. His letter does *not* suggest that he would have opposed public expenditures that might benefit schools under religious management. And the record shows that he recommended procedures by which students at the University of Virginia, supported by the state and founded by Jefferson, might receive religious instruction.

Jefferson's wall disappeared into the mists of history for 77 years. Then it came back into view when the Supreme Court held that the First Amendment did not protect polygamy among the Mormons. It came back, that is, with a hole in it, through which the Government marched against a practice defended in religion's name. In justifying legislative condemnation of a church's action, Chief Justice Morrison Waite, who wrote the opinion of the court, used the Jefferson doctrine that legislative powers should be limited specifically to regulation of actions.

All was quiet along the wall for 62 years. Then, in 1941 it reappeared, but with another large hole in it, through which a school board in New Jersey drove buses carrying some children to parochial schools. The action was authorized by state law. In 1947 its constitutionality was *upheld*. The majority opinion said, "The First Amendment has erected a wall between church and state. That wall must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach. New Jersey has not breached it here."

For the last 15 years, whenever there has been a case involving church and state, almost every Supreme Court justice has felt constrained to bow before the wall. The psalms sung in its behalf have grown more eloquent and more moving. It has become one of our more popular figures of speech. But the only effect of the wall on the decisions of the court has been to confuse the opinions of the justices.

The wall is used indiscriminately as a jumping-off point in all the cases in which the religion

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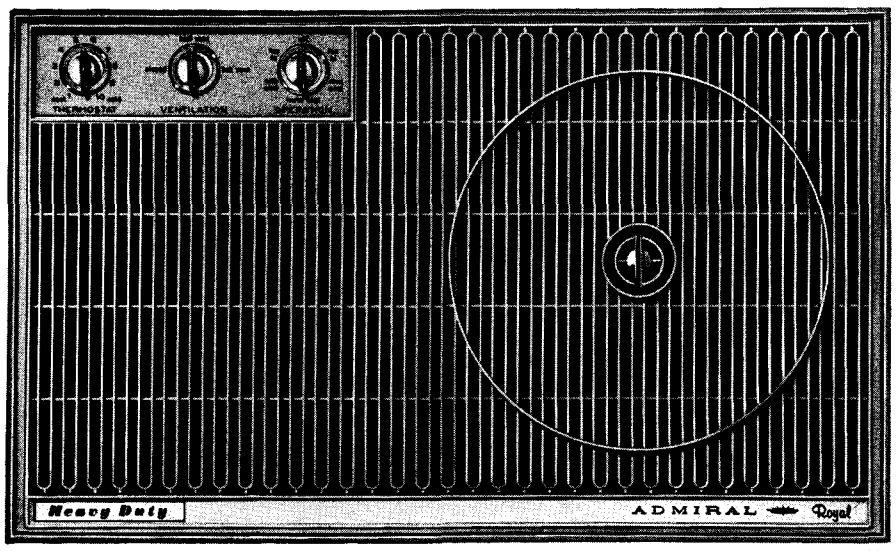

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clauses of the First Amendment are invoked. These cases are in general of three quite different kinds: those in which a public agency has used public money in a way benefiting private schools indirectly; those in which a public agency has authorized a program of "released time" for religious instruction in public schools or in connection with public schools; and those in which a public agency has instituted religious exercises in public schools.

Released time and religious exercises put the power of the state behind religion and raise the question of public pressure, direct or indirect, on the consciences of individuals and the consequent limitation of the exercise of their religious freedom. Indirect financial aid to schools under religious auspices does not raise this question. Such aid may actually help the aided pupils to exercise their religious freedom; it cannot be seriously argued that it restricts the religious freedom of those who are not assisted.

For all its talk of the wall, the fact is that the Supreme Court has never held aid to pupils in religious schools unconstitutional. As the court sustained New Jersey in providing transportation for pupils in Catholic schools, so it sustained Louisiana in providing textbooks for children in all schools. The theory in both cases was the same: an overriding public purpose was to be served—the education of the children in the state. The fact that some benefit might incidentally accrue to a private school or to the religious organization that managed it was not significant.

The tax exemption of church schools has never been challenged. Neither have the numerous Government programs of grants, loans, scholarships and tax benefits under such laws as the GI Bill of Rights, the College Housing Act, the School Lunch Act, and the Surplus Property Act, all of which have been available to church-supported institutions. The Kennedy Administration has sonorously opposed Federal aid to church schools. Yet it finds no logical difficulty in recommending in its present bill appropriations to facilitate the recruitment of teachers by parochial as well as by public schools.

My conclusion is that Federal aid to pupils in parochial schools is not a constitutional issue. It is a political issue, a real and important one. It may be stated this way: Will the general welfare be promoted by including parochial-school pupils in a national program of education, or will it be promoted by leaving them out?

In 1961 five and a half million children received education in Catholic elementary and secondary schools. That is a little more than an eighth of all schoolchildren in these categories. If the Constitution does not require us to leave one eighth of our children out of a national program of education, why should we do so?

In the New Jersey bus case, the court said, "It [the state of New Jersey] cannot exclude individual Catholics, Lutherans, Mohammedans, Baptists, Jews, Methodists, Nonbelievers, Presbyterians or the members of any other faith, *because of their faith, or lack of it*, from receiving the benefits of public-welfare legislation."

The children in schools supported by religious denominations should not be excluded because of their faith from the benefits of a national program of education. And we can hardly have a national program unless these children are involved in it.

Rep. James J. Delaney of New York has reintroduced a bill to authorize a two-year program of Federal aid to all elementary and secondary schoolchildren in all the states. The bill provides that $20 shall be allotted annually to each pupil to defray part of the cost of his education. Pupils who did not record their intention or desire to attend a private school would be presumed to be destined for a public school, in which case the allotment would be paid to the public educational authority in their community.

This is a GI Bill of Rights for children in elementary and secondary schools. Over a two-year period it would add $1.7 billion to the resources of these schools. Something more than $100 million a year would go to church-related schools.

School is not church

Legislation of this sort would quiet the fears of those who are alarmed at the prospect of Federal control. It should calm those who believe that aid to church-related schools means the destruction of the public schools. It should satisfy everybody, except those who hold that a church-related school is the same thing as a church. They might say that legislation authorizing payment of $20 of taxes to a church school was the same as giving a citizen $20 of taxes to put in the plate on Sunday. They might argue that such payments were neither constitutionally possible nor politically wise.

But a school is not an assembly for worship. It does not perform ecclesiastical functions. Payments to a pupil for his education are not payments for the support of worship, of ecclesiastical functions or of the propagation of the faith. The object of education is the development of the mind. This may be conducted under religious auspices, but it is not the same as the development of religion or of the spiritual life. The Supreme Court would not have allowed New Jersey to pay for buses to carry worshipers to church.

A sensational shift in public opinion has been going on over the past two years on the subject of Federal aid to all schools. In March, 1961, the Gallup Poll showed that 57 percent of those interviewed thought Federal aid should go only to public schools; in February, 1963, only 44 percent of those polled were of this opinion. Apparently the common sense of the American people is winning over the pedantry of their leaders. THE END

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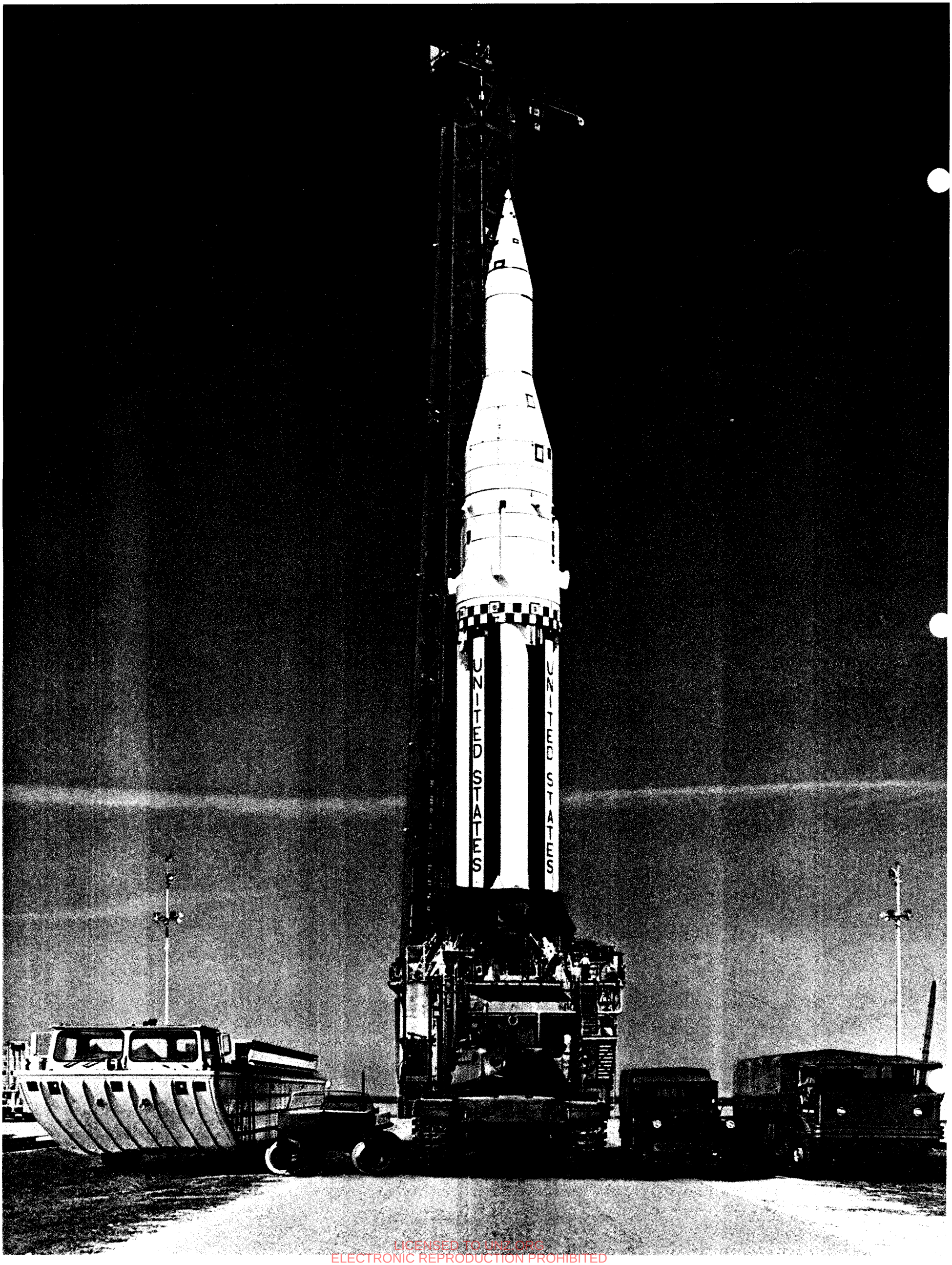

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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THE INVISIBLE MEN who run Congress

Unknown to the public and not accountable to it, a shadow congress of 7,000 experts wields more power than most elected members do.

By ROWLAND EVANS Jr.

Senators Dirksen and Mansfield plot strategy while Robert Baker (background) gathers ammunition.

Of all the sources of power in Washington today, the most nearly invisible—yet in some ways the most influential—is the congressional staff. Composed of more than 7,000 legislative experts, this apparatus is not responsible to the voting public. Yet over the years it has grown around Congress like an oyster around a pearl until its combined salaries and expenses now consume a major part of the overall congressional budget of nearly $100 million a year.

The reason for the staff's existence—and its vast power—is that, in Dean Acheson's expressive phrase, Congress is an "assembly of amateurs." That is, most of our 435 representatives and 100 senators come to Washington not as specialists in lawmaking but as politicians. And the majority remain politicians first, legislators second. Accordingly, a staff of professionals is no less essential to the care, feeding and orderly operation of Congress than Merlin was to King Arthur or Cardinal Richelieu to Louis XIII.

Each senator and representative has his own staff. So does every committee and subcommittee. Beyond these, there are the advisers and assistants to the leaders of each house, the platoons of specialists who draft the legislative bills, and innumerable others. Congress is like an old man—set in its ways. Most of the staff survives the political turnovers from one Congress to the next. For example, Speakers of the House come and go; but the House parliamentarian, who is appointed by the Speaker, stays on and on. This enduring tenure and the staff's "tremendous power of anonymous responsibility," in the revealing words of a former staffman, often determine the fate of important measures.

The immense power of congressional committee chairmen is well known. Richard B. Russell of Georgia, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and other grandees of the Senate are master legislators as well as master politicians. In the House, Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, epitomizes the legislative skill of the committee patriarchs. His committee is the central stage of the 88th Congress, where the visible drama of the Kennedy tax bill is now being played. The big names perform on this stage, but the really vital work is done behind its elaborate façade.

With few exceptions, Mills accepts without question the advice of his highly competent staff of tax experts on what priority to give various amendments or which lesser witnesses should have the right to testify in the committee hearing room. The staff is the committee's self-regulating

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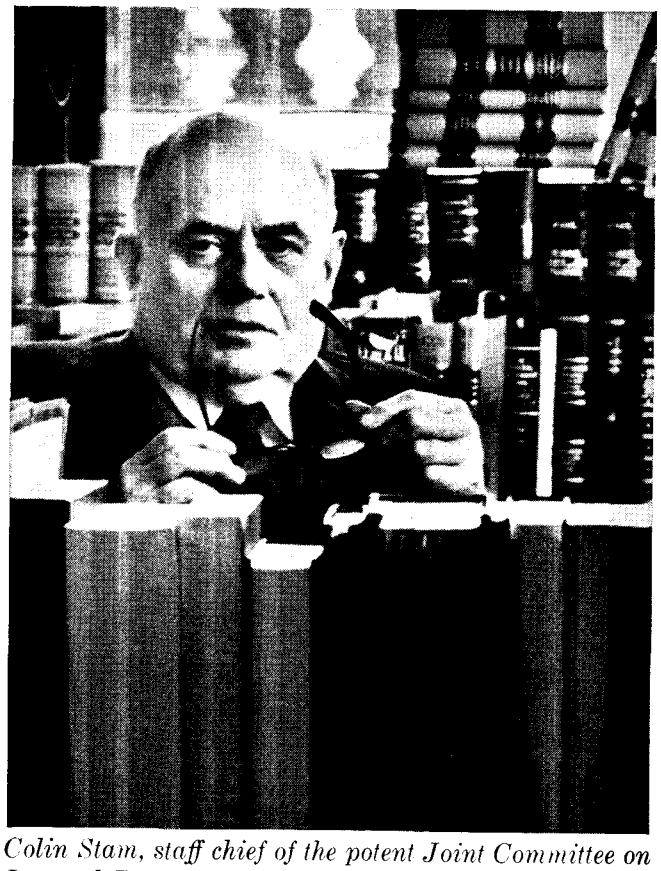
Lewis Deschler, powerful parliamentarian of the House for nearly 35 years, checks precedents in office of the Speaker. His encyclopedic knowledge "gives him the stature of a policy maker."

Boyd Crawford has spent 31 years in capital, presently heads House Foreign Affairs staff.



Colin Stam, staff chief of the potent Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, fathered our tax structure.

"The power of anonymous responsibility."

sieve, sifting out some proposals for serious study, discarding many others and giving to the final bill an indelible imprint of its own.

Unlike the White House staff—with its McGeorge Bundys and Sherman Adamses—the congressional staff is scarcely ever seen or heard. Now and then a spy-hunting Roy Cohn or a reforming zealot like Bernard Schwartz makes headlines that shake the capital, but they are rarities. For the most part, the staff is akin to the permanent cabinet secretariat in the British system—discreet, able and invisible. At its fingertips are the precedents, procedures and legislative skills of decades of experience. The staff knows where and how to exert pressure on the great departments of the Executive Branch.

Among the most influential members of this elite group is Lewis Deschler, a soft-spoken, square-jawed ox of a man who never ran for anything, never grants interviews and almost never appears in the public prints. Deschler is in his 35th year as parliamentarian of the House.

"When Mr. Rayburn died, Lew ran the House for months," says a House Democrat. "Speaker McCormack couldn't have operated without him. Even in Mr. Rayburn's heyday, Lew often had a decisive voice, because it was his job to interpret the mood of the House, to know it as an electrical engineer knows his circuits. 'You can't pass an education bill this year, Mr. Speaker,' he'd say, and he'd be right." Deschler computes the odds and plots the strategy for the Speaker on how to pass a major bill, how to defeat an amendment and how to rule on the points of order which are strewn like booby traps along every bill's legislative path.

Deschler's influence is all-pervasive and his parliamentary files are legendary. Elaborately cross-indexed, they cover the precedents on every conceivable parliamentary point of order that lies in wait to sabotage a bill. These files give Deschler something close to command decision over the all-important rulings made by the Speaker. And on these rulings hangs the fate of almost every controversial bill that comes before the House.

In 1958, for example, during the important debate over Alaska statehood, the redoubtable Clarence Cannon of Missouri, who once served as parliamentarian of the House himself, raised a surprise point of order. The statehood bill, he said, was out of order because it contained a section carrying an appropriation. Rep. Howard W. Smith of Virginia, chairman of the potent House Rules Committee, supported Cannon and quoted reams of obscure ruling from *Hinds' Precedents*, a parliamentary bible. Smith said that for Rayburn to reject his point of order would "strike the very foundation from under the rules . . . that have governed the House for 150 years."

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Edward Braswell, Senate Armed Services counsel, shaped forces' pay bill.

House Armed Services counsel John Blandford fights high pay for brass.

Deschler's files saved the Speaker—and statehood for Alaska. After consulting them Rayburn announced, "The chair, in company with the parliamentarian of the House, has made a research of decisions heretofore." Citing Speakers Carlisle, Reed and Longworth, Rayburn kicked the props out from under Smith's careful challenge. He denied the point of order, and the bill passed, appropriation and all.

This ruling was one of the most important that Rayburn—or Deschler—ever made. Given the political and parliamentary conditions that existed, the chances are that neither Alaska nor Hawaii would have become a state under Eisenhower if the ruling had gone the other way.

Discussing Deschler recently, a member of the House said, "Deschler is a power around here because only he knows all the precedents. Precedents often conflict. He can choose the right one for the occasion, and this in effect gives him the stature of a policy maker." When Sam Rayburn was elected leader of the House Democrats in 1937, Vice President John Garner, a former Speaker, advised Rayburn: "The first thing you do is you get as close to Lew Deschler as you can and stay there." That was 26 years ago, but even then Deschler was a tradition. He came to Washington in 1925 with a letter of introduction to Nicholas Longworth of Ohio and an ambition to go into the Foreign Service. But Longworth took a shine to him and put him on the House payroll. Three years later, after Longworth became Speaker, he appointed his protégé as parliamentarian, and all seven Speakers since then—six Democrats and one Republican—have chosen to retain him in that capacity.

As a member of the invisible power elite, Deschler is unique because the Speaker of the House is unique. In the Senate the rules severely limit the authority of the presiding officer, and here behind-the-scenes power is wielded by a one-time boy wonder, now 34, named Robert G. Baker. Baker's undescriptive title is "secretary to the majority." (When the Republicans control the Senate, they name the majority secretary, and Baker becomes "secretary to the minority.")

Baker came to the Senate from Pickens, South Carolina, at the age of 14 as a page boy and worked his way up until, in 1955, in the heady days of Lyndon Johnson's reign as majority leader, Senate Democrats elected him secretary on Johnson's recommendation. During this ebullient era Johnson cloaked Baker with his own prestige and power, and the two men confounded the Senate time and again with their cliff-hanging victories. Johnson was the master wheeler-dealer, and Baker was his private G-2. One of the ablest strategists and "head-counters" in the history of the Senate, Baker was charged with making precise evaluations of the odds on each pending vote and identifying the senators who might be persuaded to come along. On these, Johnson would then exert his singular powers of persuasion.

Now that Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana is the Democratic leader, Baker's role has changed a bit. Mansfield has relaxed the pressure that Johnson kept on the Senate. But in crises Baker is still the indispensable man.

During the debate earlier this year over the composition of the Senate Finance Committee, Vice President Johnson, Senator Mansfield and Sen. Richard Russell, the Southern leader, paid a secret visit to the White House to weigh the possibilities of adding Administration Democrats to the Finance Committee to ease the passage of the Administration's tax bill. With them went "Bobby" Baker. He computed that the vote in the Senate would show a maximum of 45 votes, six less than a majority, to expand the committee. He presented his evidence and the effort was abandoned—despite the fact that at least one Northern liberal leader was convinced there were 47 votes for the proposal, enough to bring the target within range.

Abuse of power is a hazard

Both Deschler and Baker could find any number of ways to misuse their power. They are confidential advisers whose advice is given in private, hidden from public scrutiny; and it would be well within their capacity to distort the vague, atmospheric "facts" on which many vital decisions are based. But if either man ever slanted his confidential reports or failed to work in the best interests of the Speaker or Majority Leader, they would be thrown out before you could say "filibuster." As it is, their combined tenure in Congress totals 58 years.

Abuse of power by the invisible power-wielders, however, is a natural hazard of the staff system. There are at least 250 separate committees, subcommittees, special committees, select committees and joint committees in Congress today. The total fluctuates, usually upward, as new subcommittees are named. Each of these panels has a chairman, and each chairman has a staff which is wholly responsible to him—except for a scattering of staff men named by the minority party. The staff of the Judiciary Committee and its 14 subcommittees in the Senate, for example, numbers about 180—patent experts; immigration experts; internal-security experts; experts on "charters, holidays and celebrations," on juvenile delinquency, on refugees and what-have-you.

The staffs of each of these subcommittees are great engines of enterprise who spend much of their time, in the words of a top-level staff man, "making their chairman look good and manufacturing a lot of stuff to work on. If they didn't, they might become expendable." This is particularly true of the investigative staffs of special committees, such as the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Early this year, for example, two Republican members of this subcommittee—Kenneth Keating of New York and Roman Hruska of Nebraska—were startled to receive a little white slip notifying them of the first committee meeting on a probe of possible Communist "infiltration" of the Pacifica Foundation. Pacifica is a privately financed foundation that operates radio stations in New York City, Berkeley, California, and Los Angeles. Keating and Hruska not only hadn't approved the investigation, they hadn't even been informed that it was in the works. But by then half a dozen subpoenas signed by chairman James O. Eastland of Mississippi had already been issued for witnesses.

"This was probably a staff job," a committee source said. "The staff almost certainly told Senator Eastland that they had something and wanted to make a preliminary inquiry. And he undoubtedly said 'Go ahead and see what you find.'"

This power of the initiative is formidable, as the country well remembers from the days of Roy Cohn and David Schine, whose shenanigans in Washington and pillow-throwing junkets abroad damaged the prestige and reputation of the entire U.S. Government. Cohn and Schine, working for the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, left an indelible imprint on the politics of the early 1950's. So did the sensational probe by the Internal Security Subcommittee, whose staff at that time was headed by Robert Morris, into the Institute of Pacific Relations. A senator who played a major role in that investigation looked back on it the other day and ruefully acknowledged that he had sometimes allowed himself to sign reports that he now feels he might not have signed if he had had more time to consider them.

"I realize now how easy it was to be sucked into a position that you would regret afterwards," he said. Asking anonymity, he continued, "When I refused to sign one report, the staff told me that I might look conspicuous because all the other subcommittee members were going to sign. But you know what? The other members wouldn't sign either, and that report was changed. The trouble is that the staff gets carried away by its zeal and it is difficult for the senators to keep up with all the turns that an investigation can take."

This is, of course, a classic complaint. Committee staff men always write the reports of investigations and the reports on legislative bills. If the committee members are not alert, these reports can reflect the convictions and prejudices of the staff more than the opinions of the committee

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A staff man once leaked explosive information to the press.

members. Once a report has been signed by the committee, or a majority of the committee, it immediately acquires high status as an official committee statement.

It should be added, however, that if the conduct the anonymous senator complains of had not been acceptable to the chairman of the subcommittee, who at that time was former Sen. William E. Jenner of Indiana, the staff would have been brought up short and perhaps dismissed.

One of the most dramatic staff dismissals in congressional history took place in 1958, when a 34-year-old administrative law professor from N.Y.U. ran afoul of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and its chairman, Oren Harris of Arkansas. The name of the young man was Bernard Schwartz, and he had more to do with the resignation of Sherman Adams, former President Eisenhower's White House chief of staff, than any other single individual.

Schwartz was hired in August, 1957, to conduct an investigation by the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, which had heard disquieting reports about influence peddling in the regulatory agencies. Rep. Morgan Moulder of Missouri, a friend of Harry Truman and a country-lawyer type, was chairman of the subcommittee, but it was Representative Harris who hired Schwartz as chief counsel.

By January, 1958, Schwartz had worked up a memorandum on irregularities in the Federal Communications Commission and other agencies that was loaded with political dynamite. He was convinced that the material he had was too hot for the Moulder subcommittee, and he suspected that the subcommittee was losing its enthusiasm for the whole project because of its explosive political ramifications.

On January 23, 1958, he therefore deliberately "leaked" his red-hot memorandum to the press. This, of course, brought open warfare between the committee and its counsel. Not wanting to fire Schwartz outright, Harris tried to persuade him to resign. Schwartz refused. On February 9 he "leaked" the fact that Harris was planning to fire him because, he charged, "we were ready to get into specific cases, including one of White House influence."

On February 10 the full committee in a tumultuous session fired the young professor, Moulder resigned as chairman of the subcommittee and Harris took over, promising the most thorough investigation the capital had ever seen.

That same night Schwartz went off with two suitcases of subcommittee files, the fruit of his investigation up to that point, and, in one of the most memorable midnight rides since Paul Revere's, delivered them to Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon and John Williams of Delaware, who promptly returned them to Representative Harris. Schwartz said he was fearful that his evidence would be suppressed, but the investigation he had started was now beyond recall—if, indeed, the committee had ever had any such intention Before it ended, Sherman Adams had resigned, Bernard Goldfine, the dollar-dropping, name-dropping wool-and-textile tycoon, was on his way to the penitentiary and two members of the FCC, including the chairman, had lost their jobs.

Like Roy Cohn before him, although for quite different reasons, Schwartz was a flamboyant exception to the unwritten rule of anonymity. Their melodramatic behavior serves to point up a basic difference between investigating committees and the senior standing committees, steeped in tradition and prestige, that serve as the pillars which support Congress. With few exceptions, standing-committee staffmen are as unlike Messrs. Cohn and Schwartz as Helen Hayes is unlike Jayne Mansfield. They epitomize the respectable dignity of a senior secretariat.

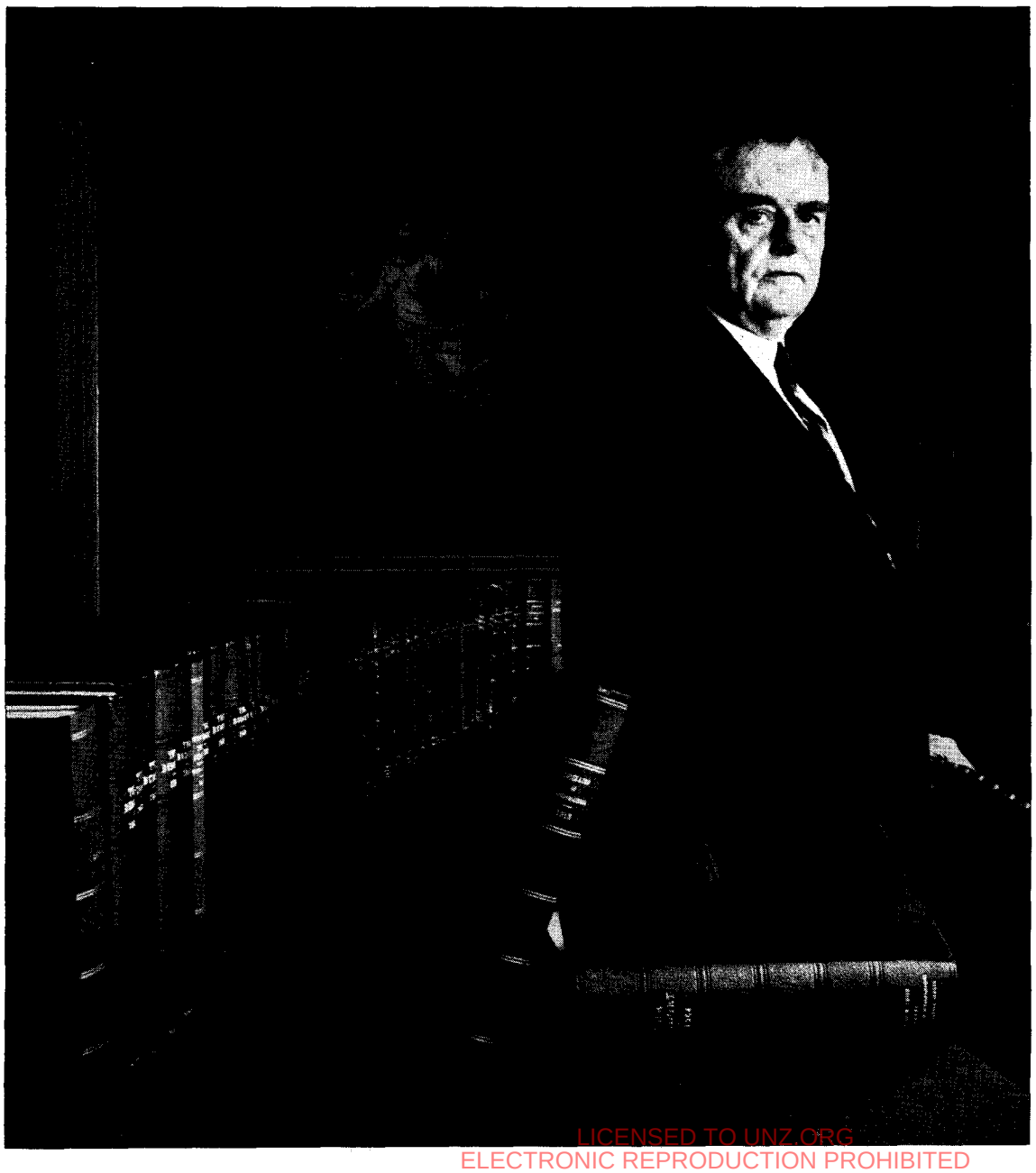
Everard Smith, the chief clerk of the Senate Appropriations Committee, has been drafting money bills since 1913, a half century ago. Boyd Crawford, the staff chief of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has been on Capitol Hill for 31 years. John R. Blandford, counsel of the House Armed Services Committee, is the only man in the House, with the possible exception of Rep. Carl Vinson of Georgia, the committee chairman, who understands the complexities of military pay. One of the most important military bills in Congress this year is the $1.192 billion pay increase, and Blandford had more to say about its final form in the House than anyone else. Edward Braswell, his opposite number on the Senate Armed Services Committee, is a special problem for the Pentagon, since he regards high pay for generals and admirals with a baleful eye.

But of all the staff influentials on congressional committees, the most influential is Colin F. Stam, chief of staff of the blue-ribbon Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. "When Stam burps, every tax lawyer in the country says, 'Excuse me,'" a tax-writing senator says.

Stam is a model staff chief. Outside the joint committee he has no known preoccupation. For 37 years the committee has been his passion, and he has pursued that passion with the single-minded devotion of a monk pursuing the word of God. He lives in seclusion with two sisters in suburban Chevy Chase. His telephone number is unlisted. He has 28 people on his own staff, including economists, tax experts and stenographers, all of whom he appoints with the routine approval of Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, chairman of the joint committee. Congress pays Stam $21,500 a year; no one in the entire congressional bureaucracy receives a higher salary.

The joint committee was established in 1926 to give Congress its own research and tax-writing unit, and to counter the influence of the Treasury Department. Stam joined the staff at the outset and became its chief 25 years ago. He is neither Republican nor Democrat, but liberals place him far over on the conservative side in his approach to most tax legislation.

Today Stam is not quite the master tax figure that he used to be. Ever since the Congressional



Now chief of staff of the Senate Appropriations Committee, Everard Smith has served 50 years.

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Reorganization Act of 1946 the House Ways and Means Committee has been building up its own tax-writing staff and now has its own group of expert tax men—who don't always see eye to eye with Stam. It also has a tax-wise chairman in Rep. Wilbur Mills. But in the Finance Committee Stam is the oracle of wisdom and fount of knowledge to Chairman Byrd.

Last year, during the closed-door tax "markup"—the final drafting sessions—of President Kennedy's tax bill, the committee was deadlocked over the President's plan to tighten up expense-account deductions. Suddenly Stam produced a formal, printed amendment, complete to the last comma, which severely watered down the President's proposal. Known as the "prudent man" theory, Stam's plan would have given the taxpayer more discretion over deductions than the President had recommended. When Stam produced the amendment, committee liberals were furious. They had never heard a word of it.

"Mr. Stam," said Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois, "where did this come from?"

"I drew it up, Senator," said Stam.

"What state do you represent?" Douglas asked.

"I represent the United States," Stam replied, or words to that effect.

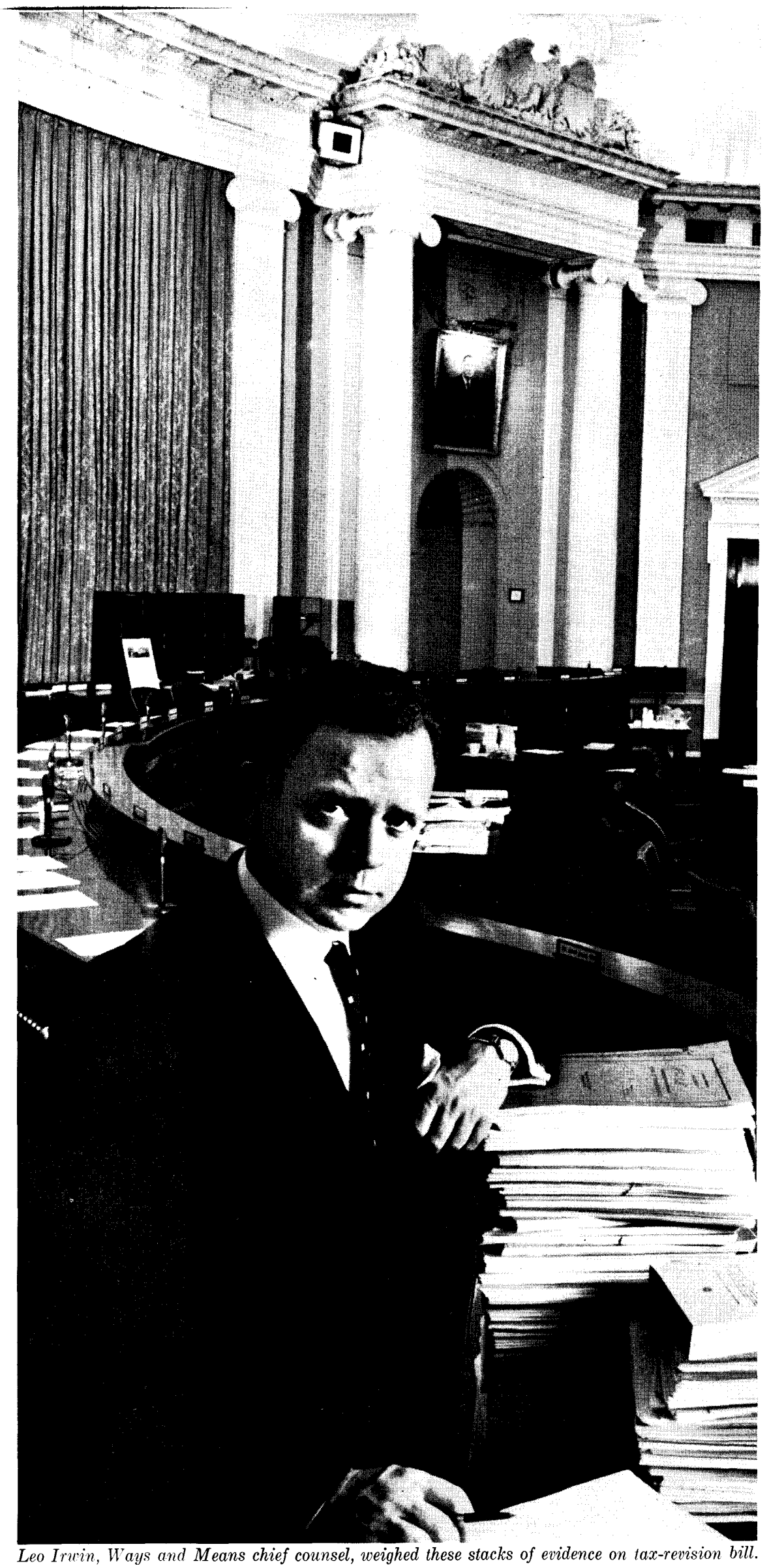
"Where is your certificate of election?" Douglas shot back. Stam, of course, has no such certificate. But he has something at least as important when it comes to writing tax laws—the complete confidence of Chairman Byrd and a good many other members of the 17-man Senate Finance Committee and the 10-man joint committee. The Finance Committee finally decided against Stam and his "prudent man" theory, but for him it was a rather rare defeat.

Stam's statistical resources, built on a solid foundation of prestige and accuracy, permit him to make precise estimates which normally solidify congressional opinion behind certain policies. When he and the Treasury Department disagree—which they frequently do—Congress is more inclined to accept Stam's word than the Administration's. "Stam has been the godfather of our whole tax structure," a House expert says. "He has nursed it through the depression, through two wars and through the postwar period. If there is a pattern or a science to the tax structure today, Stam is its author more than any other American."

Stam, Baker, Deschler—these and men like them are the chief movers in the great and invisible power complex that surrounds the "assembly of amateurs." They are the most permanent fixtures in the shifting congressional scene—despite occasional attacks on the staff system.

During a fight over increasing the size of the staff of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, for instance, Sen. George Aiken of Vermont once lashed out against "excessive overstaffing" of committees. Some committees were so padded, he said, that employees "stand around looking for us to make work for them to do." The situation, he said, was "extremely dangerous."

Perhaps. But without its staff, Congress would be quite helpless. Every year it becomes more difficult to be a well-rounded congressman. Modern legislation is highly technical. The requirements of the new politics—weekly radio and television shows, inspection tours abroad and the growing competition for election—make the job almost unmanageable. Under the circumstances, it is all but certain that, as time passes, the invisible power of the congressional staff will expand even further. THE END



Leo Irwin, Ways and Means chief counsel, weighed these stacks of evidence on tax-revision bill.

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THE GRACE OF KELLY

THE NOBLE GRIMALDIS VISIT PHILADELPHIA AND HELP A RELATIVE TURN SOME COMMON COIN

By Robert Massie

Enthroned beneath Saint-Gaudens' statue of Diana, princess, prince, and Mrs. William Scranton, wife of Pennsylvania governor, watch show in Philadelphia museum.

It is the business of royalty nowadays not to rule their countries, but to peddle them. Kings and queens—in search of jack—snip ribbons at trade fairs and industrial shows; princesses waltz down lines of grinning farmers to pay court to prize hogs. The trend has reached such a peak it would surprise no one to see a nobleman open an international convention of chicken pluckers. The reason for all this royal huckstering is simple: It is hoped that touches of glamour (highborn) will attract the notice of tourists (well-heeled).

The rulers of the principality of Monaco, a 375-acre European pleasure resort which is nourished by roulette wheels, are no exception. Only this spring, as the cherry trees bloomed in Philadelphia, a pair of crowned heads from Monaco arrived in the old Quaker city on a commercial mission. But on this royal visit, Their Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace did not come solely to promote their country's interests. They came also to promote another dynasty—the Kellys of Philadelphia. In royal circles this is known as *noblesse oblige*, which, loosely translated, means "Rub my back, and you may wind up with some scratch."

As the visit began, Philadelphia was knotted in enough protocol to have unnerved Louis XIV. "All will stand as the princess makes her entrance," was the command sent out to Philadelphians, "and requests for autographs will not be permitted under any circumstances." Commoners—that is, fathers arriving home from work, doctors and bookmakers completing their appointed rounds, teen-agers setting out on dates—kept finding themselves edged to the curb by motorcades, engulfed by motorcycles, stabbed by the screech of sirens.

"Who is it?" cried the commoners.

"It's the princess of Monaco," replied the knowing, "also the duchess of Valentinois, the marquise des Baux, the baroness du Buis, and the countesses of Du Mas, se Laugher, Beauregard, Sevan, Cap de Verre Mular, Biville . . ."

"*Who?*"

"Grace Kelly."

Indeed it was. Grace Kelly, star of *High Noon*, *High Society* and now a highness all by herself, was home. It was her first official state visit to Philadelphia since her marriage seven years ago.

There were some observers who suspected that the royal visit was staged by a citizen who possessed some of the more inspired qualities of P.T. Barnum. In fact, it was all the work of Grace's crew-cut older brother, Jack Kelly, who has headed the Kelly clan since his father, John B. Kelly Sr., died three years ago.

In Philadelphia, a city where the natives eat mustard on their pretzels, Jack is as famous a personality as Grace is in Monaco. Square-faced and 36, Jack runs the biggest brick company in the United States, owns a slice of the Atlantic City Race Track, and pilots a 15-minute daily radio sports show. He delivers as many as three speeches a night. Most Philadelphians expect that some day Jack will run for mayor.

One of his sidelines over the past two years has been the promotion of an annual Travel and Vacation Show. One of the first exhibitors to sign up for space at the show site, Philadelphia's Convention Hall, was, gratifyingly enough, Monaco. In due course, the mayor of Philadelphia was persuaded to issue an invitation for an official state visit to the prince and princess. They not

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only accepted, but promised to open the show. When this news was spread, 200 exhibitors signed up at $5 a square foot—space sales alone totaled $100,000.

Grace and her prince crossed the ocean in separate planes for "security reasons" (Translation: if one plane crashed, at least one adult would be left to carry on the Grimaldi family's seven centuries of rule). On their first night in the house that Jack Kelly Sr. built—it is made, naturally, of solid brick—the prince and princess received her mother, two sisters and Jack.

The official beginning of the official state visit began the next day with a reception given by the Travel and Vacation Show. If the atmosphere struck some of those present as grave, it was no wonder. At the head of the welcomers stood Mr. Malcolm Henderson, president of a prominent firm of funeral directors, and Mr. Charles McIlvaine, president of another equally prominent firm of funeral directors. "McIlvaine buries the Kellys, and Henderson buries everybody else," whispered a Philadelphian.

Present, too, was Martin Dale, an ex-U.S. foreign-service officer who is Rainier's private counselor, and John Sheridan, a red-faced gentleman who is consul general of Monaco. Consul General Sheridan speaks not a word of French, but he joined the Monégasque diplomatic corps by virtue of an old friendship with John Kelly Sr. and his handling of most of the Kelly family legal business. There was obvious strain between Dale and Sheridan. "Dale? Oh, he's that skinny, red-headed, intellectual-looking kid over there," said Sheridan airily. "Let me counsel you against trying to get anything very intelligible out of Mr. Sheridan," said Dale later. "Mr. Sheridan knows little about Monaco. What he says sometimes has no relation to the actual situation."

The Princess appears

Fortunately, before any Monégasquets could be blown, Princess Grace and her husband appeared on the stairway. She wore a turquoise Givenchy dress, a diamond necklace, a diamond bracelet, diamond earrings and a diamond ring as big as a Brussels sprout. She also wore a smile that seemed to have been fixed into place by a plasterer. "I'm happy to be here," she said in an arch accent she never learned in the Kelly home. "I'm happy to be here." She said it again and again in a meaningless chant.

The prince stood nearby, half an inch shorter than his wife. "I'd marry you even if you weren't a prince," gushed one short matron. Rainier nodded and scuffed his Italian pumps.

Next morning, Mayor James H. J. Tate presented a speech ("A part of Her Serene Highness will always remain in Philadelphia") along with a picture of Independence Hall, in a ceremony at City Hall. Rainier, too, read a speech ("This is my second-most-important visit to Philadelphia. On my first, I decided to deprive you of your loveliest citizen"). Then, by motorcade, the entire cast was carted off to Convention Hall.

At the door of the big auditorium, Grace scissored a ribbon, and the procession began. Past the booths of Israel and the U.A.R. everyone marched; past Surinam and South Africa, past the Niagara Cyclo Massage, Ramar Back-rollers, and the Miracle Therapy booth. "This is where they play professional basketball," the princess said of the hall. Her husband nodded. Onward they trudged, past France and Düsseldorf, past the Vulcan Basement Waterproofing Company, and the Pocono Mountains Honeymoon Resort Association, which was giving away seven free honeymoons.

The royal procession swept forward. It wound past booths selling hearing aids, wigs, eyeglass cleaners, handwriting analysis, encyclopedias, and plots of ground in far corners of the U.S.A. An exhibit caught the royal eye. It was something called Princess Goldenrod's Penobscot Indian Village. The two princesses shook hands. Prince Rainier shook hands with Chief Half Moon. Then the royal couple moved to a counter piled high with beef sausages. The royal party filled their mouths with samples, and Jack Kelly yelled, "Oh my gosh, it's Friday!"

In the basement of Convention Hall Their Highnesses cast lines into a pool filled with 1,800 live but bored trout. The fish stared tiredly at the hooks, then drifted away. "These are pretty blasé fish," Grace said.

"Ha, ha, ha," said the owner of the pool and he held up a hooked fish, fully gutted, for the photographers to shoot.

"Do you give up, Gracie?" asked Jack Kelly.

She gave up.

The prince and princess did not stay that day for a variety show in the hall. They thus missed the Sons of Morocco acrobats; the Pearls of the Pacific, who walked on fire while rotating their hips; and twelve Haitians who danced "the secret rites of their voodoo gods."

But the couple was present several nights later as guests of honor at a ball in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The Philadelphia Museum has a collection of paintings which includes Botticelli, Rembrandt, Rubens, Cézanne, Monet, Corot, Picasso, Klee, and Miró, but its most popular exhibit is Grace Kelly's wedding dress. It was presented to the museum by the Kelly parents and today, like the *Mona Lisa*, it sits behind heavy glass, floodlighted and enshrined.

A hush fell over the crowd as the original owner of the dress entered the shrine that night. First, the Meyer Davis orchestra played the Monacan national anthem and Marian Anderson followed with *The Star-Spangled Banner*. A young, broad-shouldered Monégasque pianist, described as a protégé of Princess Grace, tangled with a number by Liszt. The hit of the evening, however, was Eddie Fisher. He dedicated a ballad to Her Serene Highness and while he sang, he climbed smilingly toward Grace, who was enthroned at the top of a staircase. At the last moment Fisher turned back. At the bottom stood Joe E. Lewis, the comedian, making an unscheduled appearance. "Eddie's failed with more beautiful women than I've succeeded with," Joe said. "Joe's one of the giants of show business," Eddie said gamely. "I've learned a lot from him. Like not to drink."

For a week, Grace and her husband kept popping up like pieces of toast. She dedicated the Princess Grace Fountain at John Wanamaker's department store. The prince presented the mayor with a painting of boats in the harbor of Monte Carlo. "If you don't like it, you don't have to hang it up," he said. One day the prince played golf with his brother-in-law, and that night Jack, a champion oarsman, told his radio audience, "I guess I can beat him at rowing, but he can beat me at golf. He was under 100."

The Grimaldis fish for trout at travel show.

The newspapers duly chronicled these events, time and again finding Grace "radiant," "beautiful," "stunning," and "gracious." Among the commoners reactions were more mixed. Most Main Line socialites, in whose company Grace had once been inaccurately placed by Hollywood press agents, were inclined to say, "Who? Oh, yes." The little old ladies on the street corners yelled, "God bless you, Gracie." But one waitress in a downtown restaurant declared, "I've had it right up to here," and drew a line across her nose.

Joe Ball, partner of Jack Kelly, counted the take from the Travel and Vacation Show and announced happily: "We cleared around $40,000. Next year, though, we hope to tone the class down a little and attract more of a mass audience."

And Rainier? What did he think of the visit among his wife's subjects?

"If he didn't enjoy it, and appreciate all that was being done, do you think he would have come?" said private counselor Martin Dale.

Perhaps not. At any rate, now Rainier and his golden-haired princess are back in their pink palace with its candy-striped awnings. They are gazing at the blue Mediterranean and listening. The sound they hope to hear is thunder—the thunder of the hoofs of a herd of American tourists this summer. THE END

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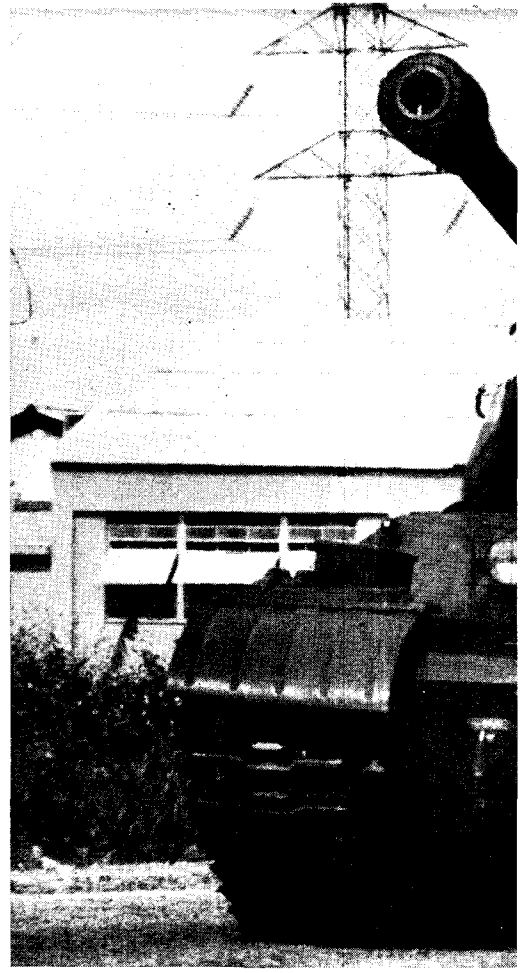
From Havana: A Post editor reports an epic failure.

Chaos in Castro's Cuba

BEARDS BRISTLE AS MARX OVERLOOKS CASTRO.

By Edward Behr



The Cuban revolution has failed. Four years after Fidel Castro's take-over, this once-prosperous Caribbean island is in an inextricable mess. Its agriculture and industry are nearing collapse. Under Castro's Communist-dominated regime, a paralyzing bureaucracy is wasting badly needed Soviet aid. In short there is a tremendous—indeed comical—discrepancy between the image projected by Cuba's propaganda machine and the reality of Cuba today.

I recently spent three weeks in Cuba, traveling to Matanzas, Varadero, the Bay of Pigs, and Pinar del Río. I worked on a sugar plantation as a volunteer *machetero*. I talked to scores of Cubans, both high and low. I visited "peoples' farms," schools, factories, and sugarmills. I talked to embittered Soviet-bloc technicians. In the company of a Polish engineer, I went on a tour of Havana's houses of ill fame, which Cuban officials say no longer exist, ending up in a brothel catering specially to Russian soldiers. I attended several Castro rallies and was inexplicably arrested at one of them, held for two hours, and just as inexplicably released. I came away with facts which contradict some rosy, recent reports.

This does not mean that Castro is about to collapse, or that he stands alone. Young Cubans still support him overwhelmingly—and more than 40 percent of the population is under 25—while most of the older people are resigned or only cautiously opposed. The poorest people are better off than they ever were before. And the Soviets are supporting Castro with about $500 million a year, plus 10,000 to 15,000 Soviet troops. They are "pledged to defend Cuba against attack," as Soviet Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky put it on May Day in Moscow, in the presence of a shivering and somewhat subdued Fidel Castro. Despite Soviet arms, promises and investments, however, I found in Cuba only one flourishing industry—the creation of Communist propaganda designed to hide the differences between the Cuban image and the truth.

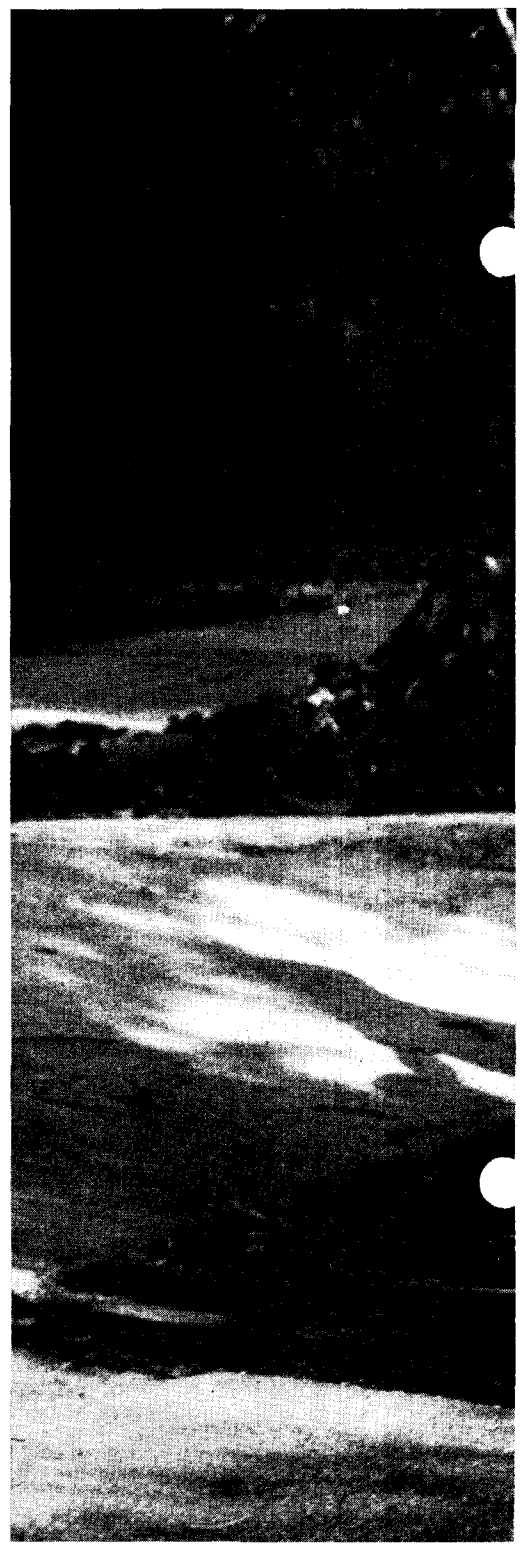
Cuba is one of the world's most isolated countries, linked to the outside world only by a few precarious flights between Havana and Prague, Moscow, and Mexico. Coming in from Mexico, a smiling Cubana de Aviacion hostess handed me a folder that said:

Welcome to Cuba, the happy land, now gayer than ever before and all set to give you the time of your life. Cuba has a flavor all its own. Enjoy it.

The flavor of Havana, as I soon found, is compounded of the smell of refuse rotting in the sun; of once-luxurious, now sleazy apartment buildings; of near-empty shops and bookstalls selling Liu Shao-chi's *How to Be a Good Communist;* of aggressive, booted, uniformed *milicianos* of both sexes, and of gaunt, silent elderly people ("The White Cubans," one local journalist calls them) with little to live for except their memories; of Cuban officials asking baffling questions about England, my own country, such as, "What were the British Government's state celebrations for the 150th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens? When did you last visit the tomb of Karl Marx?"

Radio Havana, "the voice of Socialist Cuba, the first free territory of the Americas," emits a constant stream of Lenin, Marx, and, of course, Castro. Receptionists answer the phone with "First with Fidel, Hotel Riviera speaking." Government officials often preface their phone conversations with, "*Patria o muerte*" (Fatherland or Death). You are expected to reply, "*Venceremos*" (We shall triumph). The Biblical beard of Karl Marx, Lenin's spade and Castro's own jungle growth dominate the walls of bars, shops, and restaurants. There are posters and slogans everywhere. Each week brings a new propaganda theme. When I left, even matchboxes warned that "Absenteeism is a dark and sinister enemy."

The biggest propagandist of the regime is Castro himself. To attend a Castro rally is to understand the hypnotic hold he has over Cubans. The preparations, before he actually speaks, are similar to rabble-rousing meetings the world over—the careful buildup by minor hacks, the use of choirs and music. When Fidel strides over to the speaker's stand—the klieg lights have



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CZECH-MADE TANKS RUMBLE THROUGH THE STREETS OF CASTRO'S ONCE-GAY CAPITAL. THE SOVIETS HAVE PROMISED "TO DEFEND CUBA AGAINST ATTACK."

CHILDREN MARCH CLOSE-ORDER ON WAY TO SCHOOL CLASS IN HAVANA.

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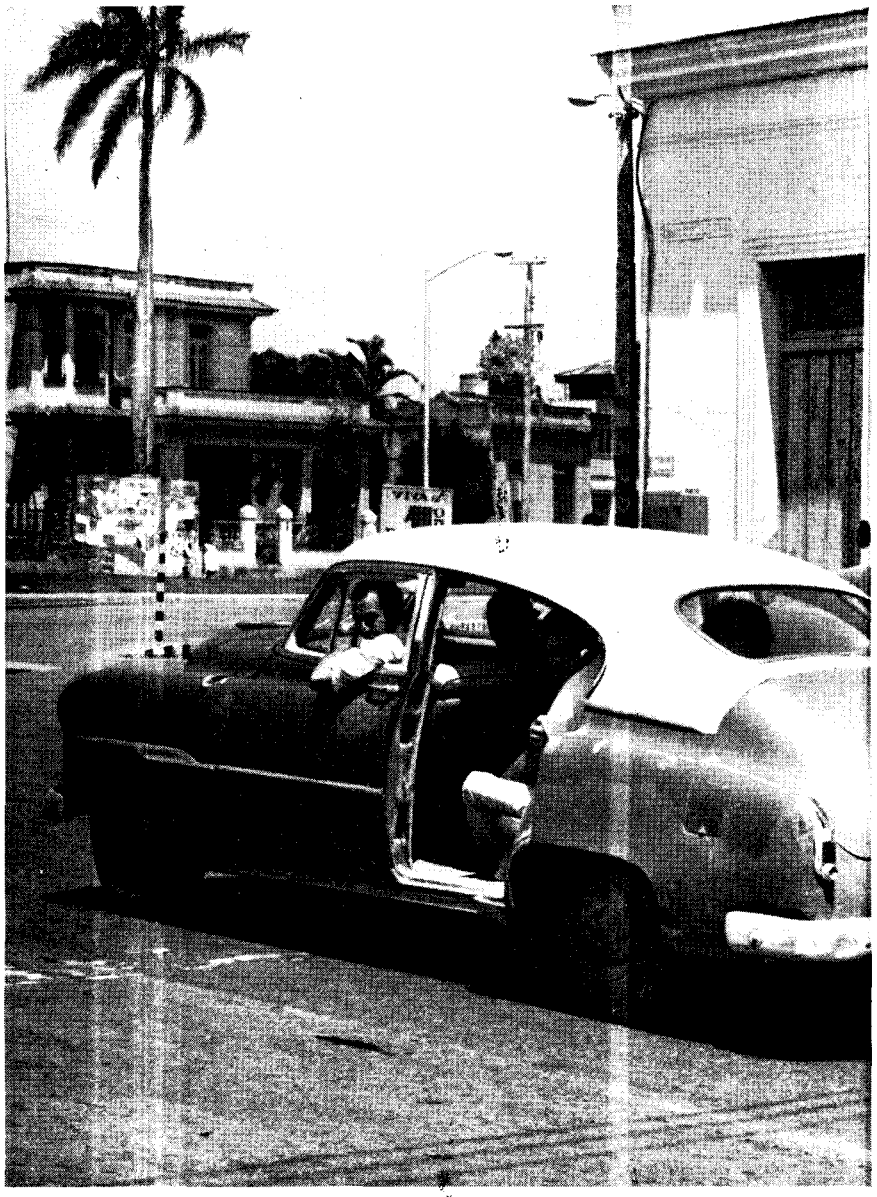

A RUN-DOWN AMERICAN CAR RUNS WITHOUT IRREPLACEABLE DOOR.

Dilapidated Havana shows how U.S. might look under Communism

never left him once—the audience goes wild, chanting "Fee-del Fee-del" for five minutes on end. Then, at a wave of his arms, they stop, and Castro begins.

To an outsider, the content of Castro's speeches is disappointing. He is long-winded, platitudinous. He is often crude, only occasionally humorous. As the speech progresses, the tone changes. He becomes louder, more violent. He dances up and down on his toes, spasmodically twitches his shoulders like a boxer about to knock out the microphones before him. But he never flags. After three hours' invective, his voice is just as booming as it was when he started. And the loudspeakers at street corners inexorably bring Castro's voice into every home.

Off stage, Castro reminded me somewhat of Orson Welles. He seems larger than life and moves swiftly and gracefully despite his bulk. He has an insatiable curiosity for things and people around him. He plunges into a new pet enthusiasm regardless of the work on hand. And most of the time, he can't bear to be alone. But this intensely strong egotist is also a manic-depressive, sweetly reasonable one week, darkly suspicious the next. And whether directing the unloading of an American Red Cross ship or running operations during the Bay of Pigs or just playing baseball with the boys, Castro is a superb actor on the world's stage. Cuban girls literally swoon when they see Castro ride along the Malecón, Havana's main sea-front drive, in his 1963 Oldsmobile—smuggled in from Brazil—with an attendant "goon squad" car.

But Castro's Havana is an incredibly dilapidated capital. Its dinginess has a special pathos. This, one feels, is how an American city might look under Communism. The *supermercados* are still there. So are the cafeterias, drugstores and the now-nationalized Sears Roebuck building. But everything is crumbling at the edges. Nothing works any more. Nothing can be replaced if it goes wrong. Havana's automobiles tell their own story of the past four years. This was a country where cars were changed at an almost American pace. Today cars in various states of disrepair litter the streets; and it's a common sight, on any of Cuba's roads, to come across a broken-down bus, its passengers bleakly waiting for relief. Only in a Cuban newspaper would a 1947 Ford be described as a "unique opportunity."

Cuba is ruled by Communism, but it is still a Communist country with a difference. It is warm, tropical, sensuous. Its people are still pleasure-loving and gay. Cubans strike up friendships quickly, talk freely and loudly. Communist theoretician Carlos Rafael Rodríguez boasts that, "All over Cuba, we are changing our national characteristics, and not only among the young," but it is obvious that Cuba still has a long way to go. Bars and night clubs are full, though the only available drinks are Cuban-made vodka, tasting of methylated spirits, and some very raw rum. At the Riviera night club, Cuba's brassiest, there is one impressive moment—the chorus girls scamper off the stage, the lights are dimmed, and a movie starts. It shows the same girls, in their stage costumes, patriotically cutting cane and waving to happy field hands. This is too much corn even for the French Communist beside me. "It is just not serious," he says, and adds, looking down at his plate: "The other weakness of the revolution is of a gastronomic order."

He is right. In the restaurants, run by a government department named the Nationalized Enterprise of Collective Nutrition, surly waiters serve fishhead soup, rice and beans, banana mash and, occasionally, some stringy meat. Ration cards entitle Cubans to three quarters of a pound of meat a week, adequate quantities of rice, one egg a week, with one chicken every fortnight, if they're lucky. Nearly all vegetables—along with soap and toothpaste—are rationed, and Cubans say that a quarter of their rations never turn up in the stores. In Havana's main supermarket a large blackboard carries cryptic notices: "Meat today for

THESE BUSES AND HUNDREDS MORE ARE IDLED FOR LACK OF PARTS.

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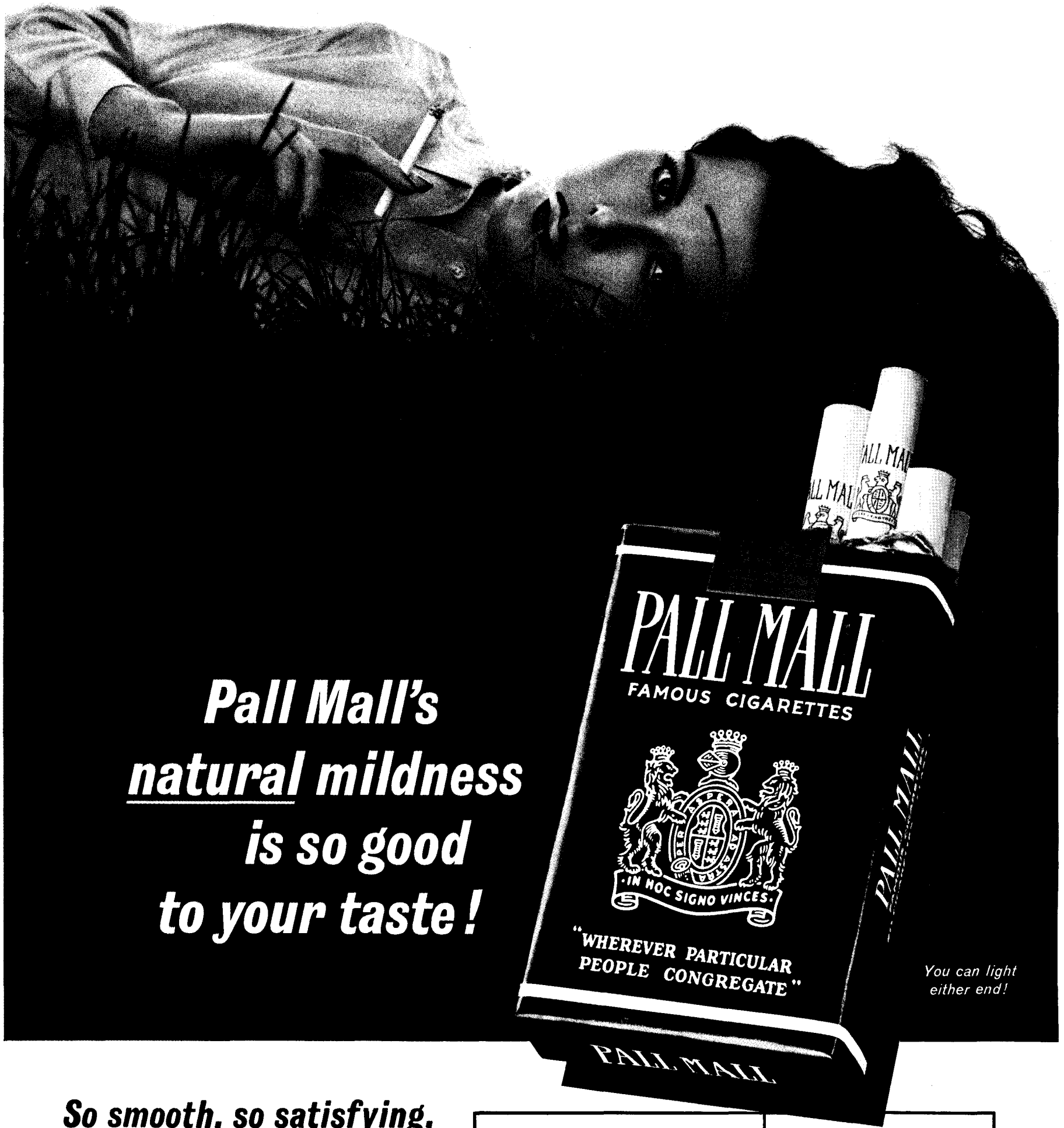

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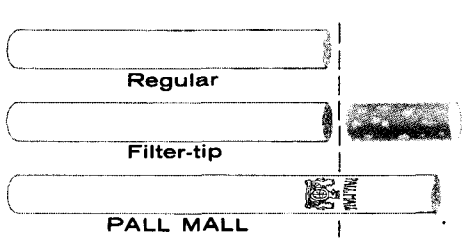

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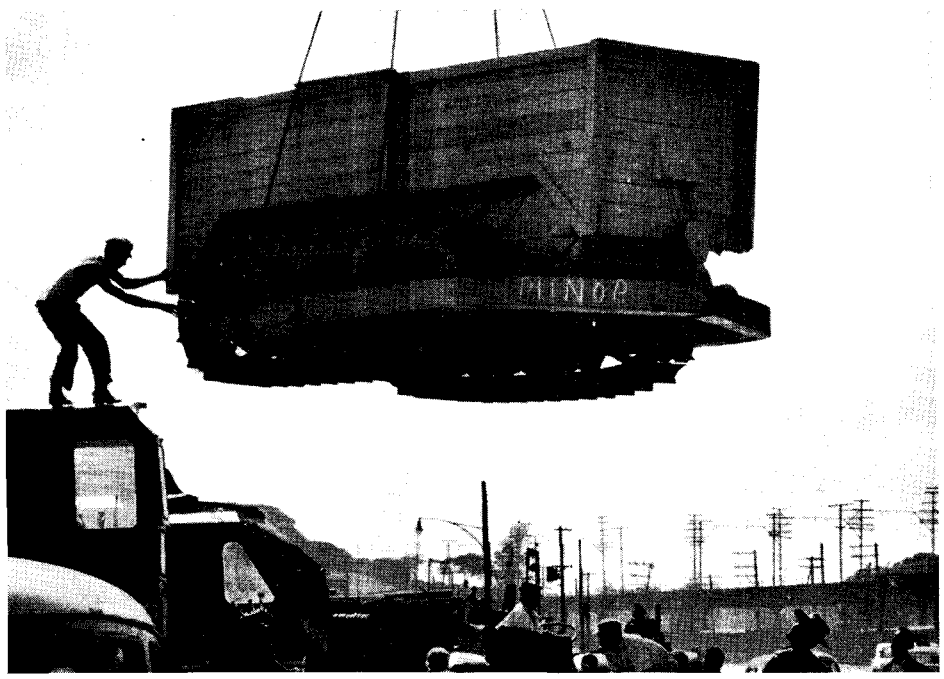
CHINESE COMMUNIST TRUCKS COME ROLLING IN TO HELP HARD-PRESSED CUBANS.

PEKING INFLUENCE SHOWS IN AUDIENCE OF CONFERENCE ATTENDED BY CHINESE.



A SOVIET-BLOC TRACTOR—PART OF $500 MILLION ANNUAL AID—COMES ASHORE.

"They ordered 100,000 hospita

INSIDE CUBA

J-35. Toothpaste for K-11." The only unrationed vegetables I saw during my stay were some wilted cabbages. Milk is reserved for children. Butter does not exist. Open-air stalls serve *croquetos*, Cuban hamburgers made of a pinkish paste which looks like meat but is actually composed of soy beans, coloring, and chili. Since the soy beans are believed to come from Red China, the Cubans call them "Chinese dogs."

But the Cubans are not starving. Children get special rations, and adults subsist on a starchy, monotonous diet—which threatens to ruin the already ample figures of the Cuban girls, who can scarcely wiggle into their dresses. Because there is nothing else to spend one's money on, Cubans splurge on food, occasionally risking a deal on the black market—and a 20-year jail sentence. Cubans used to keep late and leisurely Spanish eating hours; now they eat as early as they can, to get their share of what there is.

Much more than food, however, Cubans miss the benefits of American technology, along with such luxuries as American cigarettes—a pack fetches five dollars on the black market—and gum. There are no automobile tires available, and a reasonably new set of piston rings costs $80 on the black market. Carlos, a taxi driver who often chauffeured me, piloted his 1958 Cadillac in a cloud of smoke. "I use two quarts of oil a day," he said, "when I can find them." When refrigerators, cars, or air conditioners break down beyond repair, they are stripped for spare parts. With a third of Cuba's buses laid up for lack of parts, travel is often a nightmare.

Such hardships could be justified, in a Communist state, on the grounds that productive investments come first. But the story of Cuba's once-prosperous agriculture and its budding industry is a story of almost fatal failure. "It will take five years," a Russian economist working in Cuba said, "just to consolidate the country."

Take sugar, Cuba's main source of wealth. Before the revolution, the average crop was five and a half million tons. "This year," said Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the Communist head of the National Agrarian Reform Institute (INRA), "we'll be lucky if we get four million tons." Most reputable sugar experts in Cuba think he'll be lucky to get three million. Rodríguez admitted that in Camagüey Province, where most of the sugar comes from, "the harvest will take another fifty or sixty days." By May and June it takes twice as much cane to make a ton of sugar, for the cane progressively loses its sap. There is another hazard. If the rains come, as they normally do at this time, cane cutting is impossible. If there's no rain, next year's crop will be equally poor.

What has happened to Cuba's sugar industry, once the most efficient in the world? Absenteeism on a large scale has led to a shortage of cane cutters. Some professionals joined the huge army, others went to better-paid jobs in the towns or to easier work on the people's farms. In a disorganized attempt to diversify Cuba's agriculture, valuable sugarcane fields were uprooted to make way for something else—and nothing else ever grew. Now, spurred on by Castro's chief lieutenant, Ernesto (Ché) Guevara, "volunteers" go out to the fields every weekend. But enthusiasm is waning, and the "volunteers" now come mostly from government departments and the militia. They work only one third as quickly as the professionals. And most of the Soviet-made mechanical cane cutters have broken down.

Private farmers still own more than half the land. Bullied, dragooned and humiliated by inexperienced Communist officials, they responded in the way farmers always have. They slaughtered their cattle and stopped growing food except for their immediate needs. "We were faced," said Rodríguez, "with economic resistance of a particularly virulent kind—even with physical resistance to the Cuban army. The counterrevolutionaries effectively exploited the peasants' discontent." This led to Castro's massive purge of "old Communists," and a better deal for the farmers. "For the time being we leave them alone," says Rodríguez. "The organization of our people's farms leaves so much to be desired."

Down on the people's farms the twin troubles are bureaucracy and idleness. Rodríguez admitted to me that the minimum daily wage for farm workers—established by Castro himself—would have to go, to be replaced by more-productive piecework rates based on time-and-motion studies and "traditional norms." "Surely," I said, "there will be some grumbling when this is discovered?" Rodríguez leaned forward, his spectacles gleaming. "Not," he said ominously, "among the good workers."

There are other agricultural failures, some dramatic, some merely comic. Thirty percent of the latest rice crop was lost because it wasn't harvested in time, and another 15 percent has since been eaten by rats. More than a million oil-palm seedlings have been dumped on Havana's docks—no one admits ordering them. There's no room to be made for them without ripping up the valuable sugarcane fields. Tens of thousands of acres were spoiled by the distribution of fertilizer without any instructions to the farmers, who spread the fertilizer too heavily and "burned" their fields.

And the Japanese embassy is still chortling over the case of the Japanese watermelon farmer, long settled in Cuba, who produced 130 tons of watermelons on his 10-acre farm; the people's farm next door, which had planted watermelons over 130 acres, produced 10 tons.

Cuba's estimated 10,000 Soviet-bloc technicians include burly women cotton pickers from Uzbekistan, chemical engineers from Poland, police and army officers from East Germany, teachers and doctors from Czechoslovakia as well as Russians in almost every walk of life. Their children by now speak fluent Spanish. They themselves love Cuba's tropical climate, which is unlike anything they have ever experienced, but they are appalled by the confusion and waste. "Guess what happened today?" said one. "They ordered 100,000 hospital thermometers. They showed up today. They

RUSSIAN-TRAINED CUBAN IN STRAW HAT INTERPRETS FOR A RED FARM EXPERT.

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thermometers," cried a Russian. "They received weather thermometers!"

are *weather* thermometers, for God's sake."

"They want me to plant a million oil-palm seedlings in eight days," a French agricultural expert complained. "They don't even want to know where. 'Just take them away and get on with it,' they say."

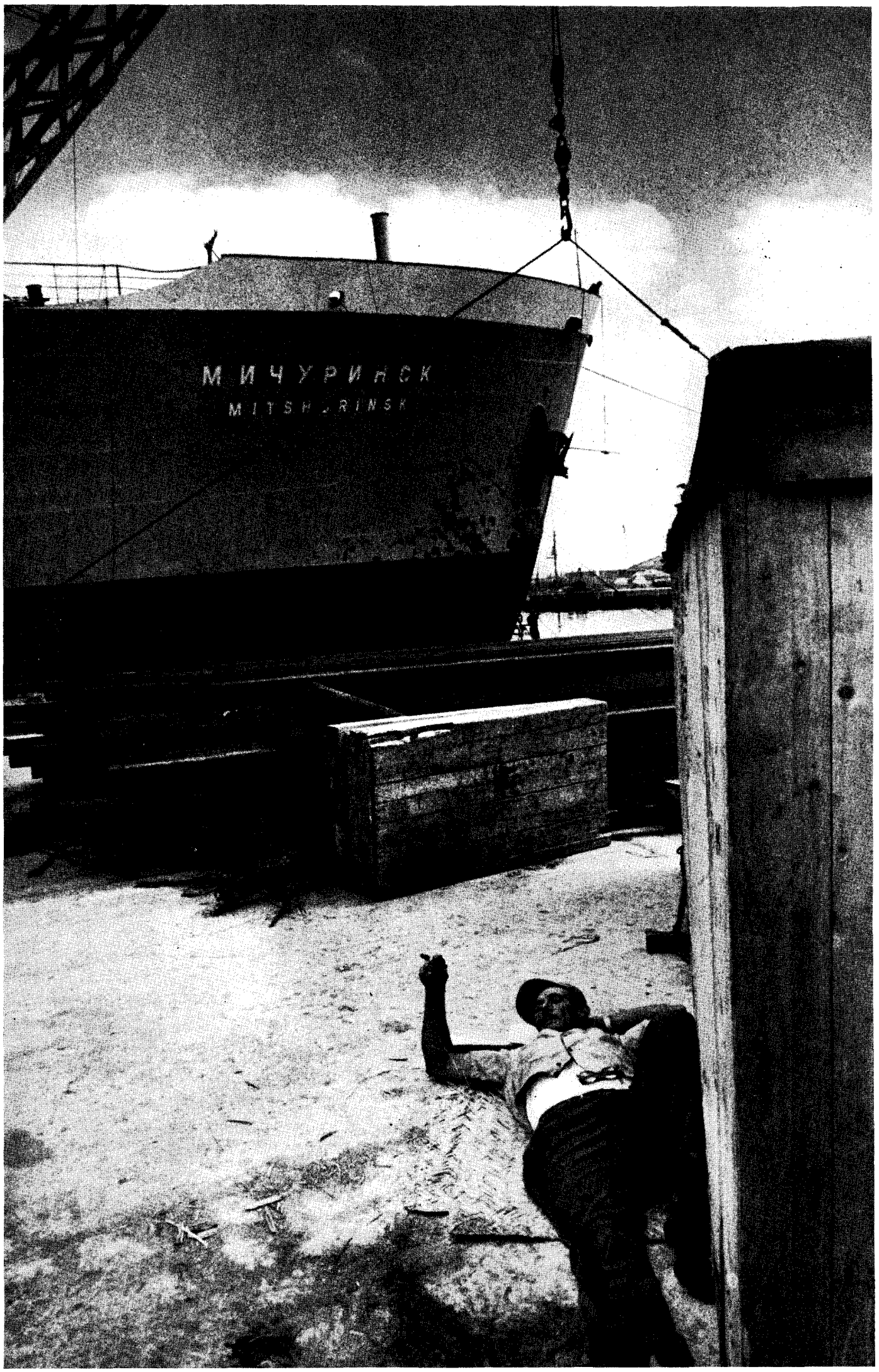
"How can I work under such conditions?" says a Pole. "Every time I produce a plan, the Cuban I work with goes over my head to his own minister and gets it changed."

Every single visit I made to a Cuban factory was an unmitigated disaster. In a sugarmill the absentee ratio was about 30 percent. A paper-pulp factory had stopped production because its American-made machines had broken down. Canning factories had nothing to can; soap factories were idle because of a lack of raw materials. Thriving on shortages and chaos, a few speculators are quietly making a fortune out of Cuba. One influential figure in Havana these days is "Black Max" Intrator, a chubby, fiftyish businessman who holds a Nansen (stateless) passport, but has applied for Cuban citizenship. Intrator was involved, after World War II, in currency scandals in Britain, then disappeared. Eight years ago he turned up in wide-open Cuba, and, largely because he had no other place to go, he decided to throw in his lot with the revolution. Today he rents a house next to Castro's own home on Varadero beach, overcomes the food shortage by ordering hams and turkeys from Montreal, flown in on a chartered Cubana de Aviación plane.

Max is the Cuban end of a Canadian-based supply system. Canada permits the export of some items, such as wood pulp and tallow. But part of Max's business involves the import of American spare parts, machinery and machine tools, bought by middlemen all over the world and shipped via Casablanca, Rostock, or Odessa. The process is slow and expensive (orders are paid for in advance in dollars, or in cigar exports). But it is practically foolproof, since Canada can't ban the export of American products simply on the suspicion they might reach Cuba. One firm does a two-million-dollar business with Cuba every year.

Not all Westerners in Cuba are businessmen. Some 170 hard-core fellow travelers hold jobs in Cuban Government departments. An Australian cartoonist, Harry Reed, who works for the Communist newspaper *Hoy*, says he's there because "any country that's against the States, I'm for." The handful of Americans in Cuba are rigid party-liners. One of them is rewriting Cuban school textbooks "from a Marxist-Leninist standpoint" because no Cuban could be found sufficiently grounded in Communist doctrine to do the job.

Some of them are still starry-eyed about Cuba. For it's the proud and not entirely untrue boast of Cuban officials that every child now learns how to read and that slums have almost completely disappeared. Schoolchildren and "exemplary workers" are now living in the homes of the 250,000 Cuban exiles, who represented the most prosperous part of the population. I visited a neat group of fishermen's houses, complete with refrigerators, TV sets and bidets. In one household, effigies of Castro and the



"ABSENTEEISM IS A SINISTER ENEMY," THE POSTERS WARN, BUT ONE CUBAN SHOWS HIS OWN WAY OF WELCOMING RED SHIPMENTS.

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"Whatever the exiles may say about it, there is

"VOLUNTEERS" CUT SUGAR CANE IN CENTRAL CUBA'S FAJARDO AREA. MOST ARE GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES WHO WORK SLOWLY.

HAVANA STORES LIKE THIS ARE NEARLY EMPTY. MEAT, EGGS, MOST VEGETABLES ARE TIGHTLY RATIONED. SIGN READS: "NOT TODAY."

Virgin Mary hung side by side. "Are you a Communist?" I asked the fisherman's wife living there. "Of course," she said.

"What does Communism mean to you?" She giggled, covering her mouth with her hand. Then she pointed to the wall.

"It means Fidel," she said. Millions of Cubans think the same.

What gains Communism brings to such people is open to some question. One employee in the Education Ministry told me how she watched a schoolteacher write a sentence on a blackboard for the class to copy. "Every word contained a spelling mistake, including the word 'school.'" Standards have plummeted even further in the universities. Though the study of English is compulsory in the higher levels, few students seem to speak it. Some teachers at Havana University complain that students attach primary importance to their good standing in the Young Communist League, aware that their future jobs will depend on it. A Polish lecturer at Havana University explains: "These people want a formula for everything. They have basically good brains, but they no longer think for themselves—in any field." Standards will fall still lower when, by 1965, nearly a million more young Cubans will have reached university age. Both Rodríguez and Guevara admit that Cuba will be dependent on Soviet-bloc technicians for a long time to come. But is Moscow prepared to pay the bill indefinitely?

That question poses the problem of Cuba's overall relations with the Soviet bloc. The Russian soldiers are slowly being pulled out. I watched truckloads of Russians, their broad Slavic faces and checked sport shirts identifying them as surely as if they were in uniform, speeding along the Malecón to Havana's harbor, and posing for one another for farewell group photographs. Not all Russian military transport uses Havana harbor, of course, but surveillance is constant. The United States radio ship *Oxford* has a permanent watch moving up and down the Cuban coast, with powerful radar devices. There is only one entrance to Havana harbor, and Western embassies keep close track of shipping in and out. In their view, the Russian troops really are being reduced and the missiles really have gone. They doubt that others are being set up in secret caves. To prepare even existing caves for operational missile use would require a concentration of earth-moving equipment, cement mixers, and a labor force which would be immediately spotted from the air (aerial reconnaissance of Cuba has never stopped). The only areas where such underground bases could be set up with relatively little detection are in the Escambray and Sierra Maestra mountains, where some anti-Castro bands still operate and would report such activity. Then there are other, more personal indices of Russian activity. In one of the various "houses" frequented by Russian soldiers in Havana, I saw four soldiers glumly waiting their turn while the Cuban girls argued interminably with a couple of Cuban militiamen who wanted to close the place down for the night. Last year, I was told, business was far more brisk.

Relations between Castro and Khrushchev have by now reached a kind of

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little real chance of revolt."

stability. "Castro," explains one East European diplomat, "went through a Chinese phase after October. But Guevara and Rodríguez were quick to point out that China couldn't help Cuba if the Russians pulled out. 'Whether we like it or not,' they told a party caucus, 'we have to stick by those who help us.'"

Though the fundamental quarrel between Castro and Khrushchev was over the Russian decision to withdraw the missiles, there is another quarrel that is less spectacular, but just as important. Castro is impatient to see Cuban-type guerrillas establish themselves all over Latin America, especially in Brazil and Venezuela. The Soviets' policy is far more cautious. Their policy makers believe that armed uprisings would be premature. They argue that years of careful groundwork and cooperation with the "national bourgeoisie" are required for successful longterm penetration in Latin America.

Even before last October's crisis, the Russians were not popular in Cuba, either with the Cubans or the other East Europeans. "They live apart from the rest of us," says a Polish factory manager. "They have their own restaurants, their own apartment houses, and their own beaches." They suffer, too, from two major drawbacks. They are utterly unused to giving, and—in a country where 60 percent of the population is colored or of mixed blood—they are profoundly racist.

Can the Soviets, or anyone else, control Castro? Or is Castro perhaps not as wild as he seems? In his wildest tirades, he rarely says anything which might embarrass him later. His latest speeches support the theory that Castro is heeding Soviet advice to go slow. They have been moderate, as though Castro felt secure from invasion, and therefore able to reduce the tension which he had carefully and methodically built up. On the other hand, Castro may simply realize that Cubans are becoming progressively insensitive to the once-powerful stimulus provided by the threat of a U.S. invasion. There has been more overt grumbling and more signs of indifference than at any time since the Bay of Pigs invasion. Whatever the exiles may say, however, there is little likelihood of an open revolt. One good reason for this is the Revolutionary Defense Committee.

The C.D.R., as it is called, operates in every block and every village. It does far more than issue rationbooks, dole out milk for children, and recruit for the militia. In return for minor privileges, and the satisfaction of power itself, its members are quick to report any activity detrimental to the Castro regime. Opportunities for persecution are limitless. Since the C.D.R. supervises the issue of everything from shoes to eggs, it enters into every aspect of Cuban life. Nobody can move from one apartment to another without its consent—and without reporting in on arrival. Not a stick of furniture, not even a chair, can be moved from one place to another without its authorization. As in every Communist country it's a patriotic duty to tell tales to the C.D.R. Any such tales can lead to an indefinite spell in a concentration camp, or to the notorious eucalyptus-tree-planting "re-education camps" in Oriente. I met a Cuban recently released from such a place. He had no idea why he had spent six months there, though he suspected that his boss in the government "didn't like me." He had lost 35 pounds.

In the face of the omnipresent C.D.R., the 80,000-man army, and the 250,000-man militia, what can any rebels do? Occasionally, discontented peasants lie in wait for an army truck. Last April, Maj. Alfredo Gamonal, head of Castro's personal bodyguard, died of wounds after such an ambush near Santiago de Cuba. According to Cuban newspapers, he died as the result of an automobile accident. So he did, in a way. Cubans who saw his jeep in a garage reported it was full of bullet holes. In a small town called Betancourt I came across a jeep-load of Cuban soldiers who had been fighting "counterrevolutionary mercenaries" the day before. "We killed ten," said the unshaven sergeant, "all former soldiers of Batista." Prisoners are seldom taken. "The situation is getting more solid on the island," one senior Cuban security official told me. "The CIA is finding more difficulty in recruiting counterrevolutionaries within Cuba than at any time since the revolution began. Nobody likes to die for a lost cause." Though CIA penetration is possible in lower-echelon posts, it is nothing compared to Castro's penetration of the Cuban exiles' organizations in Miami. "Every time anyone sneezes in Miami," boasted one Castro official, "we hear about it straight away."

In this state of affairs, it makes sense for President Kennedy to carry the fight against Castro not directly to the island, but to the area which matters most to Castro—Latin America, where, Castro feels, he must shortly have a Cuba-type revolution or watch his image start gradually withering away. So far the revolution has meant a steady deterioration in living standards among all but the poorest Cubans. That was accepted as long as Castro could make the United States the villain of the piece. I asked Rodríguez how Castro could hope to keep the Cubans' enthusiasm for the revolution going if ever relations between Cuba and the United States were to improve. His answer was interesting because it showed that this question remains a major preoccupation. "It may be difficult," said Rodríguez, "but I still feel that, whatever happens, 90 percent of the Cuban people will remain loyal to the revolution."

There's a tendency in the United States to waver between complacency and abject self-criticism. Cuba today affords several reasons for optimism, however. It is, to the Russians, a costly white elephant. It has yet to demonstrate that Communism brings anything but hardships, muddle, and economic regression. It is producing nothing but millions of half-baked Communists, so crudely untutored that they are, in the words of a Communist-bloc adviser, "unfit for export." And despite Castro's efforts over four years, he has failed to turn Cubans into virulent anti-Americans.

I found myself in a field on a people's farm, alone except for one field hand, a wiry man of about 40. Suddenly he touched me on the shoulder. "Before the revolution," he said, "the U.S. and Cuba—like *that*." And he knotted his hands into a tremendous handclasp. THE END

PICKETS IN MIAMI CHIDE U.S. NAVY FOR BLOCKING RAIDS AGAINST CASTRO CUBA.

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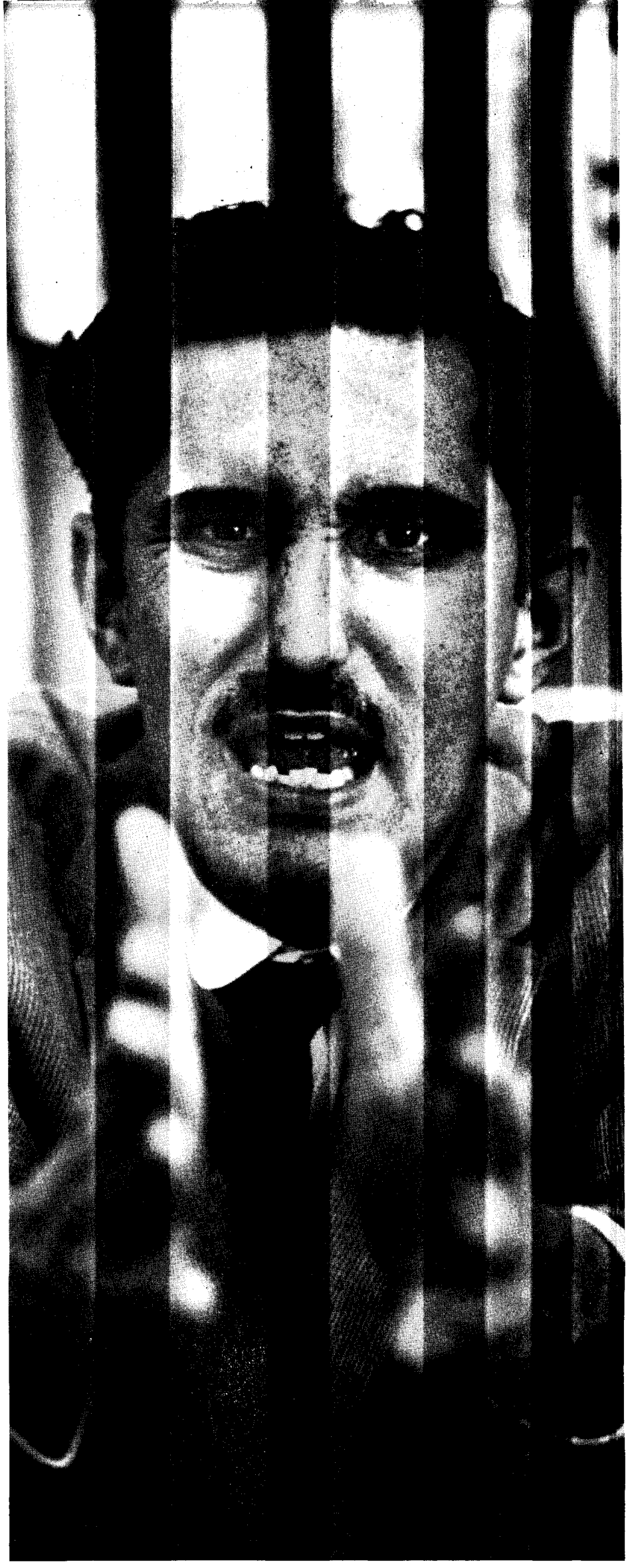

FIERY, MILITANT ANTONIO VECIANA MAKES FUND-RAISING SPEECHES—AND RAIDS.

"Help us fight!" cry the angry exiles

Frustrated by the U. S. ban on raids, the refugees say they could topple Castro and vow that they will do it.

By Harold H. Martin

Every day United States war planes fly patrols over all the Caribbean. Their mission is to watch ships sailing out of Cuban ports and to sound the alarm if they should see an invasion force from Castro's Communist state moving toward the shores of South or Central America. Every day, out of Opa-locka, near Miami, planes of the U.S. Coast Guard fly long patrols over the Keys and the 3,000 rocks and islets of the Bahamas. Their mission is to seek out raider camps and to watch for armed boats moving toward Cuba to do Castro harm.

The two flights with their differing missions illuminate our dual attitude toward Castro. With one hand we protect him; with the other we shield our Latin friends against him. To us, in the present circumstances, it seems an eminently reasonable policy. To nearly a quarter-million Cuban refugees in the United States it makes no sense.

The militant Cuban raiders number perhaps no more than 100 men, but in March a handful of them brought us dangerously near to another showdown with Premier Khrushchev when they attacked his ships as they lay at anchor in Cuban harbors. Today, as a result of the furor caused by these attacks, the hand of every government agency is against the refugee raiders. In Miami, where once their main concern was Castro's snooping spies, they now must elude the restraining clutches of the FBI, the CIA, the Border Patrol, the State Department's Security Division, the intelligence agents of Immigration and Customs, and every deputy sheriff and game warden in the keys.

"In Florida, where we once were welcome," said one frustrated raider mournfully, "we must now operate like guerrillas in the hills of Escambray. We are watched like criminals."

Despite all restraints, however, the exiles swear defiantly that their efforts to strike at Castro will still go on.

"It is a wide sea, with many hiding places, and Cuba's coast line is 2,000 miles long," said Tony Cuesta, a shambling, soft-spoken giant who leads a raider group called Commandos L. "If Castro's coast watchers cannot stop us from coming in, no power on earth can prevent our going there."

The challenge implicit in Tony Cuesta's words reflects the sense of anger and defiance that a quarter-million Cubans in exile share. The Cuban refugee is a deeply emotional man, given to outbursts of passion whenever he thinks of the fate that has befallen his country, and as his exile has lengthened, his temper has shortened. His regard for President Kennedy, which once verged on adulation, has soured into a bitter distrust.

This disenchantment with our policies exploded into open controversy in April. Dr. José Miró Cardona—hitherto looked upon by many Cubans as merely a mouthpiece for the Americans—resigned as president of the Cuban Revolutionary Council, which had been receiving an estimated $2,400,000 annually in United States support. As early as October, 1961, Dr. Miró Cardona charged, President Kennedy had assured him that the Cuban situation required a "military solution," and that Cubans, when the time came, would be in the vanguard of the attack. No invasion ever came off, however, and all official sources, including Mr. Kennedy, have denied that one was ever

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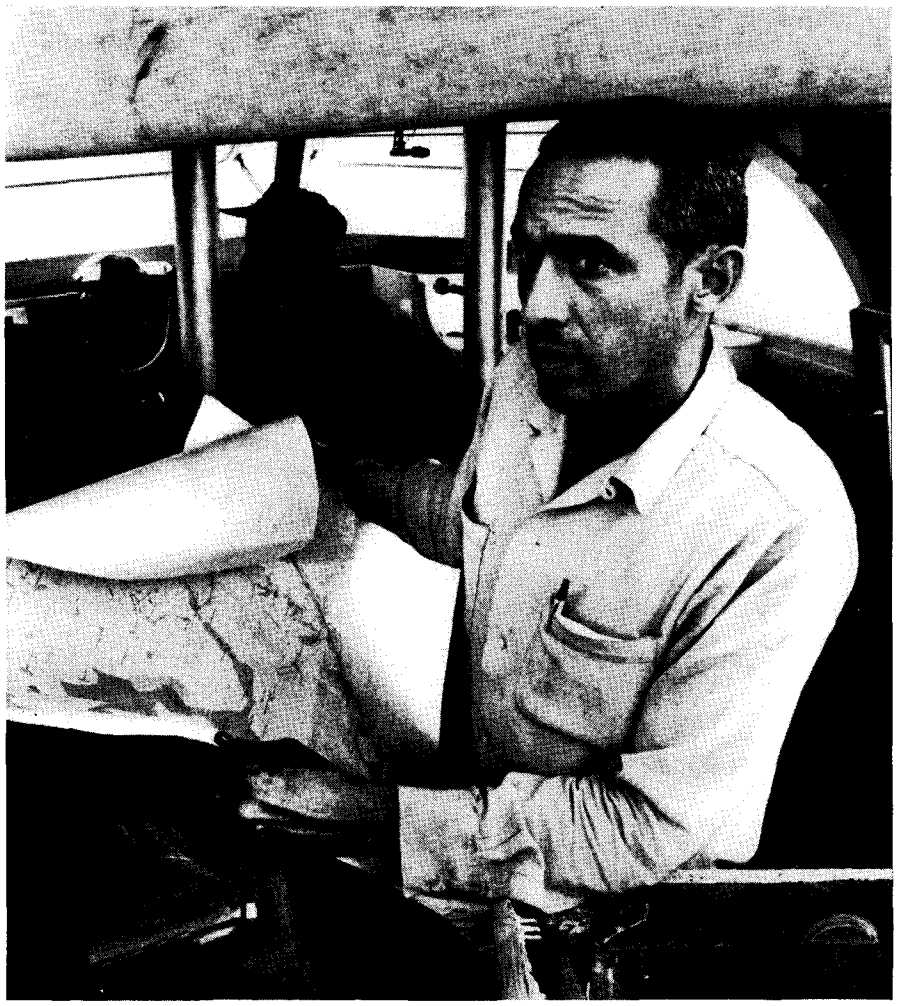

RAIDER MAPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH MOTHER SHIP. ENGINE FAILURE FOILED VENTURE.

MISSION A FLOP. HE BURIES GUNS IN FLORIDA. HE WAS JAILED RETRIEVING THEM.

promised. Even Dr. Manuel Antonio de Varona, Miró Cardona's second in command, has agreed that this is so. The only confirmation for Miró's charges, in fact, has come from Fidel Castro, who said recently that the Soviets sent in their missiles because of "these plans of aggression against Cuba. . . ."

It seems probable that Miró Cardona, in his hopeful eagerness, read into the President's words promises that were not there. The fact remains that, rightly or wrongly, thousands of Cubans today are convinced that our government did trim its sails—that whatever plans were under way for bringing about the quick overthrow of Castro were nullified by an agreement made with Khrushchev at the time of the October missile crisis, an agreement that has served to protect Castro and to perpetuate his regime.

Doctor Miró's report of a promised "military solution" receives little support from the bitterest and most disillusioned of the Cubans in exile today—the ransomed prisoners of the Bay of Pigs. "If there was any plan for an invasion, or for any other overt action against Castro," said Manuel Artime, a slim, handsome Cuban who went into the Bay of Pigs as "civil leader" to set up a beachhead government, "we found no sign of it upon our return. That was the bitter disappointment. We came home from nearly two years in Fidel Castro's jails to find that not only was the U.S. Government doing nothing to bring about Castro's downfall but it was forbidding the Cubans themselves to harass him.

"To us," Artime continued, "this was impossible of belief. Here in the United States were 50,000 Cubans of fighting age. Out of that number, a guerrilla army of at least 10,000 could have been trained in 18 months' time. In Miami there are 100 former pilots of Cubana Airlines who know the geography of Cuba as they know the wrinkles of their hand, ready and willing to fly supplies to forces in the hills. There are 500 officers of Castro's old 26th of July forces here—all of them eager to use against him the same guerrilla tactics they used to overthrow Batista. And here in Miami alone are 1,000 fishermen in exile, men who know every reef and rock and island in Cuban waters. All of them are here—fighting men, officers, pilots, sailors. All of them unused, all rotting in despair."

On a boat tied up in the Miami River, an old fisherman with a face the color of mahogany, nodded in agreement.

"Surely," he said in the accents of his native Jamaica, "I could go and come free as a bird if those people there"—he nodded vaguely toward the shore—"would just look the other way. I know the waters on both coasts of Cuba. I know the bays, the little islands, the hiding places. I ran guns into Cuba against Batista." He rubbed the smooth rail of the sturdy boat. "This boat took 80 tons of rifles and ammunition to the north coast at the time of the Bay of Pigs. And now I just sit here and wait."

Many another Cuban has not been content to wait. In his haste to demonstrate his defiance of U.S. restraints—and his patriotism—he goes lurching off on expeditions that are almost ludicrously inept. Small planes, carrying home-made explosives, sneak in on haphazard raids. Boats that would hardly be safe in the quiet waters of Biscayne Bay set out for the rough journey across the often turbulent Florida Straits—and their crews are found, bailing frantically, a few miles from shore. Expeditions have set out without water, without enough gasoline, with boxes of ammunition for guerrilla carbines—but with no clips by which the cartridges can be inserted.

"It seems to me that some of these people want to get caught," one Coast Guard officer said. "They talk so much that everybody in Florida knows what they are going to do."

There is much truth in this. The Cuban is capable of performing acts of great derring-do, but he finds it almost impossible to keep his mouth shut. If he carries out a bold raid, he holds a press conference. If he plans a daring act, and is caught before it can get under way, he boasts of this too, so that all may know he is a man of valor.

"Seven times I have started out. Seven times I have been turned back," said one young Cuban, with a curious air of pride. "I," said his companion complacently, "am a two-time loser."

Some of the Cuban efforts to prepare themselves for operations within Cuba have about them an air of play-acting, of unreality. For the past two years a quartet of American adventurers, led by a gigantic ex-Marine and ex-Fidelista named Gerald Patrick Hemming, have been taking small groups of eager young Cubans to an isolated island called No Name Key, south of Miami, for the purpose of training them in guerrilla warfare.

There, often hungry and bitten by mosquitoes, the trainees sleep on the floor of a battered frame house once used as a fishing camp. By day they fire Russian-made carbines, ordered through the mail, lunge at each other with wooden knives in simulated hand-to-hand combat, and practice judo. By night they crawl on their bellies through the mangrove thickets on "patrols." Food often runs out, and water is scarce.

Occasionally, when a television or news photographer will provide money for the rental of a plane, Hemming and a few of his companions will repair to an abandoned airfield in central Florida, where they demonstrate for the cameras how they expect to descend on Castro. Training for the jump consists of strapping a parachute on a nervous volunteer and showing him the ripcord handle. Not long ago a gaunt, hot-eyed young Cuban named Victor Velez, a one-time member of the "Dragons" gang in New York City, froze with fright on his first jump. "Push me! Push me!" he yelled as he stood in the door. His companions obligingly tore his clinging hands from the door and shoved him out. His leader, Oscar Pino, a sad-eyed, ascetic, deeply religious man who never smokes or drinks, heard of Velez's feat with approval. "We want only men who are not afraid to die," he said.

The Cubans who come to No Name Key for this sketchy, hazardous training are a widely varied lot, many of whom were born in this country and have never seen the island. One of a recent cadre was a chubby, soft-muscled draftsman whose last job was drawing the plans for the air-conditioning system in a new skyscraper in New York. Another was a grinder of optical lenses. A third, called *El Infante*, was so young he'd never held a job. He was made camp cook.

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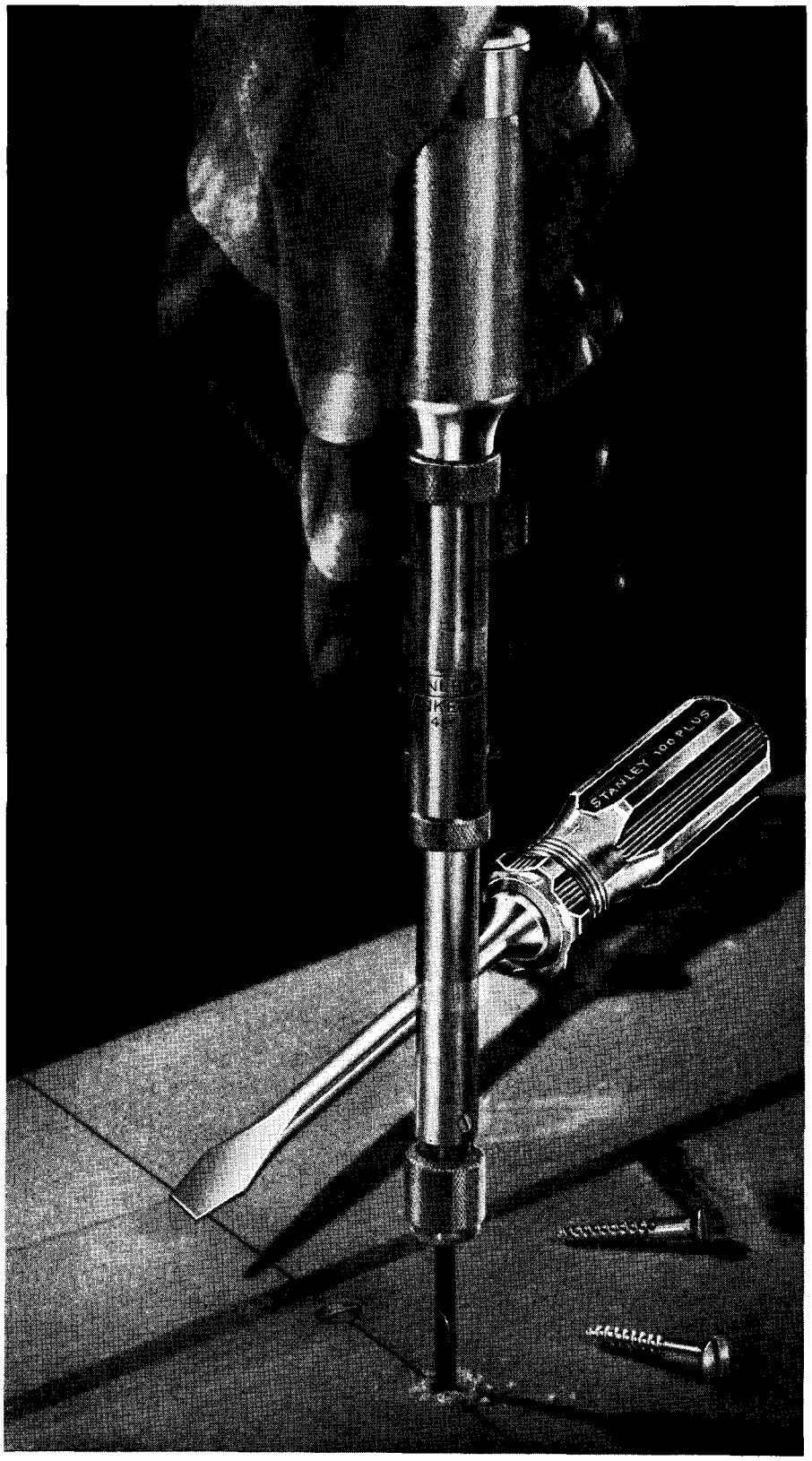

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ANGRY EXILES

Some 200 Cubans have been "trained" at No Name Key. Once they have finished their creeping and crawling, or have been driven back to Miami by hunger and mosquitoes, the Americans lose contact with them. "Some of them may go on a raid or two," says one of Hemming's companions, a man known only as Davey, "or try it and get caught. Most of them, I guess, just get a job and forget about it."

U.S. officials have long known about the "training" that went on on No Name Key and have chosen to ignore it, considering it a harmless escape valve for the Cubans' desire for *acción*.

"We don't give a damn how much they crawl around on their bellies down there," said one. "But if they try to leave for Cuba, that's different. We'll stop them."

To Cubans such as Oscar Pino, this policy makes no sense. Neutrality laws mean nothing to them when the fate of their country is at stake, nor can they emotionally accept the fact that Cuba is only one small pawn on the great chessboard of our global diplomacy. Their policy toward Castro and Communism can be summed up in the one word, "*guerra*"—war.

"We do not ask the U.S. to rescue Cuba," says Fernando Rocha, blue-eyed, handsome leader of a student group called D.R.E. "We do not ask for the U.S. Marines. Castro and Communism are a Cuban problem, and it must be solved by Cubans. All we ask is help, a pat on the back instead of the hand of a cop on the shoulder. We don't understand this policy of restraint. All we ask is the same help that Russia openly gives to Castro—one tenth the help that the U.S. gives to South Vietnam. Give us that help. Then let us fight."

"OK, we are agreed," says one American official. "We want Castro out of there. So why not help the exiles do the job? But, once you mount that toboggan, how do you get off? First, they need money for boats and gasoline, and shortwave radios for communications. Then guns and ammunition and the demolition stuff. Pretty soon there's a little shooting going on nearly everywhere, and a rebellion starts before it's ready.

"Then Castro moves in to put it down. What do we do then? Obviously we'd have to go in there with all we've got, for we couldn't stand ashamed before the world while another Hungary died on our doorstep. There's another consideration: If Castro were suddenly shot out of the saddle, what would we do when civil war broke out among all the 'patriot' factions that would start fighting each other? And what about Khrushchev? If American troops started shooting Soviet soldiers in Cuba, would Russians start shooting Americans in Berlin?"

The Cuban exiles are profoundly unimpressed by this appraisal. They argue that any policy of moderation toward Castro and Communism proves that the Government of the United States lacks *machismo*, meaning maleness—courage, audacity, power and the willingness to use it. "President Kennedy predicts that Castro will fall within five years," says Nestor Carbonel, Harvard-educated spokesman for the old Revolutionary Council, now cut off from United States support. "Five years will be too late. Even two years will be too late. By then all of Cuba will be one vast underground fortress, vulnerable only to a nuclear bomb. By then nearly seven million Cubans will have lost all hope of help from the outside. Cuban children will be converted into brain-washed robots."

The exiled Cubans' disenchantment with our policy began shortly after the Bay of Pigs. The exiles' reaction to that tragic fiasco was the same as that of most Americans—a mixture of anger, humiliation and bewilderment. A few months after the debacle, however, in all the little restaurants of southwest Miami, small groups of patriots again were plotting hopefully over their coffee cups.

Their idea was to move in progressive stages. First, to restore contact with what was left of the underground. Second, to strengthen and protect the underground by enlisting sympathizers in the militia and the army. Third, to create new guerrilla forces, and to provide them with arms and supplies. Sabotage teams would be organized to blow up oil refineries, telephone exchanges, factories of all descriptions. Once the campaign of sabotage was well under way, and Castro's internal communications and transportation had been paralyzed, then the raids from outside could begin.

All they wanted from the U.S. was "help," meaning money, and a few tough men in green berets from the U.S. Special Forces, to train leaders in the techniques of guerrilla war. Plus, of course, whatever odds and ends of war-surplus boats and weapons might be lying about. To obtain these things, they turned to the only Americans they knew, the CIA, the men they had known as "The Company" or "*Los Amigos*" when the Bay of Pigs invasion was being organized. *Los Amigos* listened sympathetically. But as for money to promote violence within Cuba—sorry.

"They sought to pay us money to do nothing, to sit in an office and talk," one Cuban leader complained bitterly. "They did not help us. They sought to discourage us. They told us that Fidel's spies would infiltrate our movement."

Without active U.S. help, what could be done was little enough. A few boats began to go in quietly, carrying food, medicine, shoes—bribes to buy the loyalty of the sick and hungry. Inside Cuba, however, pressure for more drastic action began to build. Couriers began bringing out elaborate plans for sabotage.

"Look," said one slim Cuban, his black eyes hot with anger, "here is the layout of a glass factory. It shows where the machines are placed, how they function, the place to put the explosive to destroy it all. Here are the names of the directors and foremen, with a character analysis of each, the ones we must be wary of, the ones we can count on for help. Here is the request for explosives, 500 pounds in 25-pound pieces. It is a perfect plan. I go to the CIA and explain to them. They still say, 'No, No. No.'"

Despite the rejection by the CIA, the efforts went on. Men sold their blood to hospitals to raise money to buy rifles and C-3, an explosive so powerful that a matchbox full will disable a truck. Occasionally the jealous, bickering groups would help each other, an indication that if there were some strong, centrally directed action against Castro, they all would cooperate. Now and then groups would pool their resources in a joint operation, one furnishing the boat; another, gasoline; a third, arms and high explosives. Everybody wanted to get into the act, for there was politics, as well as patriotism and personal pride involved in these operations.

"Every one of these guys," said an American observer, "is running for President of Cuba."

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Manuel Artime has another explanation: "Once Castro is overthrown, there will be only two kinds of Cubans. Those who fought him and those who were afraid to fight. Those who did not fight can never go home."

Soon it became clear that the desperate makeshift operations, quietly carried out, were doing little to raise the spirits of those inside Cuba. The letters coming out still were begging desperately for more drastic action. Nor did the clandestine operations open the pocketbooks of wealthy Cubans, who many times had financed "quiet" operations which they later had reason to suspect had never come off at all. Obviously some spectacular deed was needed that would be given wide publicity.

The first "psychological raid" came last August, when the students made a bold foray into Havana harbor to shoot up a waterfront hotel. The result was gratifying. It proved to the Cuban people that they were not forgotten, that Castro's island fortress, with its Russian guns and Russian soldiers, was not invulnerable. In Cuba, the people responded to the raid with a flurry of sabotage, the students reported. In Miami, morale among the exiles soared, and the students walked the streets as heroes.

Raid on a British ship

The implications of this raid were not lost on a tall, dour Cuban named Antonio Veciana, political leader of a group calling itself Alpha 66. Veciana was a "polemic" character, in the Cuban phrase, a figure of controversy whose motives and loyalties, to some Cuban refugees, were suspect. A spectacular raid, Veciana obviously felt, would improve his image. In September his action group, led by the big, calm Cuban named Tony Cuesta, slipped into the port of Isabela de Sagua and put a few shells from a Finnish cannon through the superstructure of a British ship.

Before Veciana could harvest the fruits of Cuesta's action on a money-raising tour, the October crisis came. The U.S., which had been looking the other way, now barred any operations that might disrupt the tense negotiations. With Khrushchev's backdown on the missiles, however, the exiles were jubilant. Hopefully they awaited word that they would be turned loose to strike. From as far away as Hawaii, exiled Cubans poured into Miami, ready to fight. Instead, the restraints remained. Soon the negotiations for the return of the Bay of Pigs prisoners were on, and it was obvious to even the most impatient patriots that this was no time to stir Castro's wrath.

By the end of December, however, the prisoners were safely home, and Mr. Kennedy had made his famous welcoming speech to them in the Orange Bowl, where he promised that the flag that had flown over the Bay of Pigs would fly again over a free Havana. "We are reborn," an exultant old man yelled.

To their bitter disappointment, the hopeful exiles soon learned that Mr. Kennedy was working on a timetable different from their own. They were thinking of war tomorrow. He was thinking of quieter and slower methods.

The more impatient Cubans were not content with quiet methods. From a base in the Bahamas, on the night of March 17, one faction of the Alpha group struck a Soviet freighter, the *Lvov*, lying at anchor at Isabela de Sagua. Damage was negligible. According to underground reports, the raiding boat had fired from about 800 yards, hitting the ship's smokestack with a few 20-mm cannon shells. The publicity, however, was fabulous. Khrushchev reacted with a most satisfying roar, and our State Department sternly denounced such fleabite operations. Veciana was overjoyed. Setting out on a fund-raising tour of the Eastern Seaboard, he found exultant Cubans eager to thrust funds upon him. In Augusta, Ga., exiled Cuban doctors gave him $1,800 to buy two motors for his raiding boats. In Atlanta exiles pledged $10,000 in support of the 20 raids he promised would follow.

To the less publicity-minded men of the old Alpha this raid was a challenge to their *machismo*. Now calling themselves "Commandos L," they roared by speedboat into the harbor at Caibarién on the night of March 26, firing three NATO rifles and a 20-mm Finnish cannon at a Soviet freighter, the *Baku*.

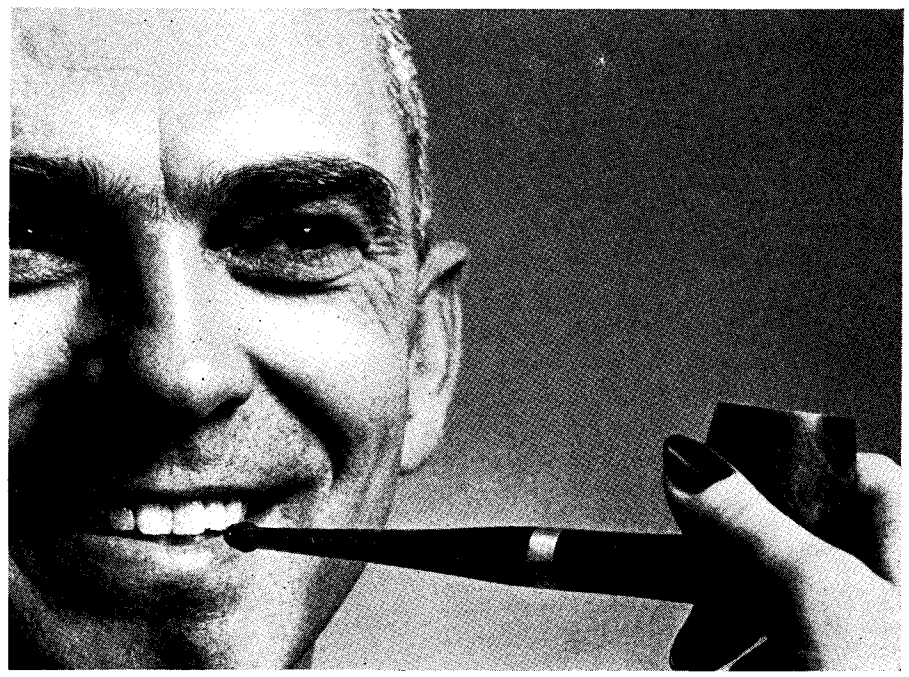
"The ship was all alight, and as we fired we could hear the Russian sailors running and shouting," said Tony Cuesta. "We had a homemade mine, of 50 pounds of TNT, which we placed against the hull. We were only 100 yards away when the explosion came."

The explosion tore a 13-foot hole in the *Baku*'s hull and the inrushing waters ruined 10,000 sacks of sugar, Moscow announced. It also tore, beyond repair, the already strained relations between the exiled Cubans and the U.S. Government. While Khrushchev demanded damages, and threatened to take steps to protect his ships, Mr. Kennedy sternly warned the exiles that the U.S. could not allow itself to become involved in incidents that might lead to counteraction against American ships and forces. Full-scale repressive measures went into effect. Known raiders were given notice that if they left the confines of Dade County they would be jailed, and the assorted exile-watchers redoubled their efforts.

There the situation rests, uneasily, today. In the greatest sea hunt since the submarine patrols of World War II, the U.S. keeps watch throughout the Caribbean. The angry exiles, still determined to fight, pore over coffee-stained charts, hunting some safe haven where neither the U.S., the British, nor Castro can harass them. The charts hold out slim hope. The islands off Yucatán are near—"but Castro's people are already there." The Dominican Republic? "Too many Communists are already there." Guatemala? Honduras? Here their eyes light up. But these places are too far away for fast night-raiding small boats.

Thus the dilemma remains. The exiles' great potential—their courage, patriotism, knowledge of the country and the language—is still unused because we have found no way to use it without running the risk of war. The pin-prick raids have been outlawed, and there is little likelihood that policy will be changed. There is still work, however, that brave men could do—as they were doing in small independent groups before the suppression came. It is the silent, dangerous work of organizing an underground.

This, however, would require that the jealous leaders of the bickering factions swallow their pride and work in unity for the common good; that the men who make the forays into Cuba should do so quietly, without coming back to boast of their great deeds; that the unified exile groups should agree to accept not only "help" but guidance from the United States. But that, unfortunately, is not the Cuban way. THE END



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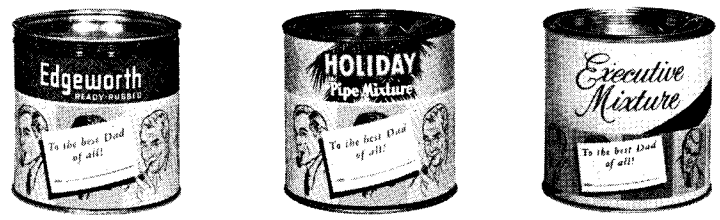

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Lubrication	X	X	X
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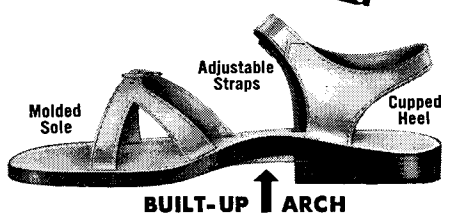

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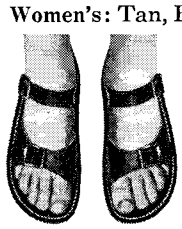

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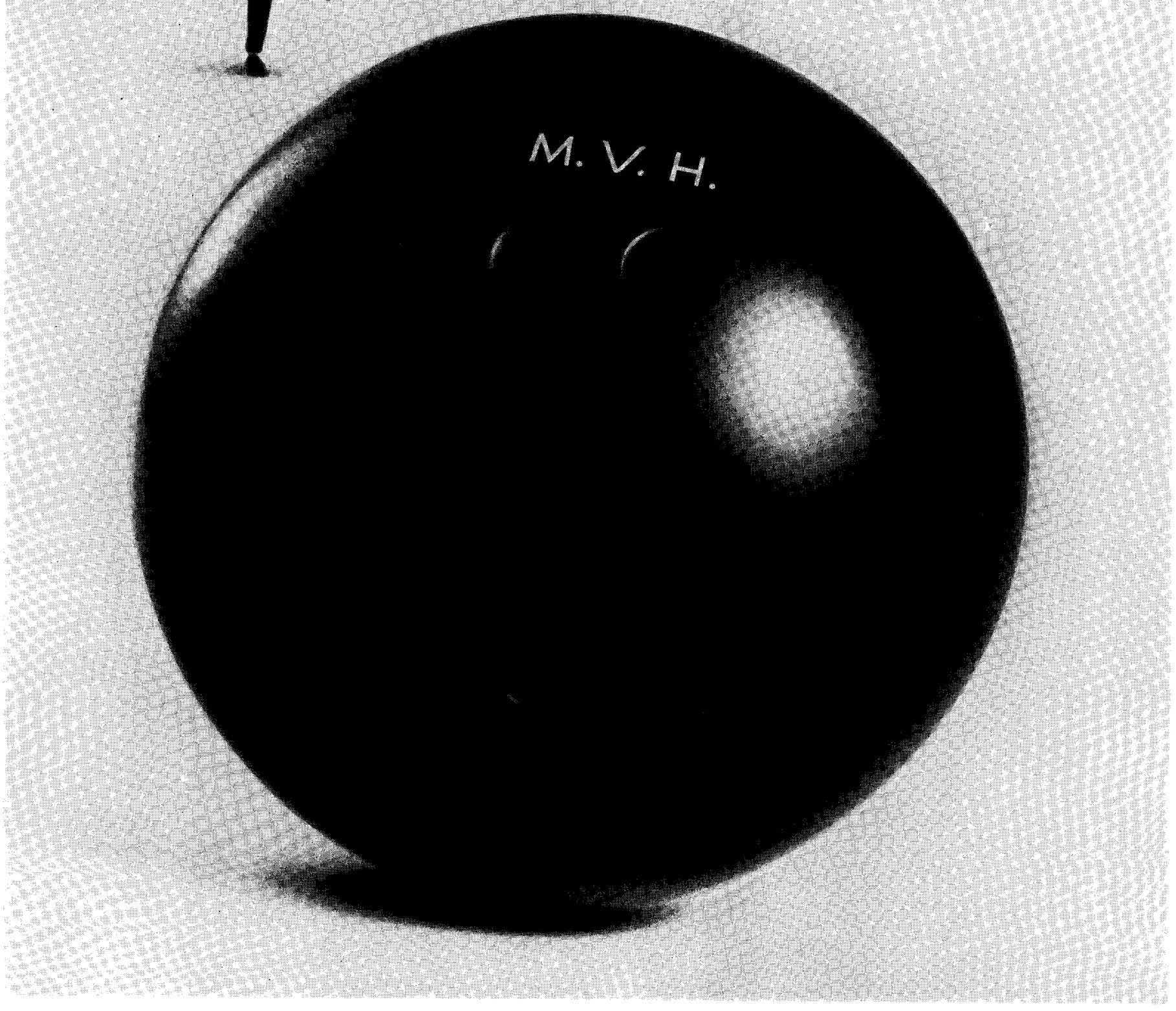

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Edwin Lanham

The first of Edwin Lanham's twenty novels was published in Paris in 1929 by Contact Editions, a publisher celebrated for having brought out the early works of such notable writers as Ernest Hemingway and Gertrude Stein. Since then, seven of Mr. Lanham's books and many of his short stories have appeared in *The Post*. His most recent novel, "Monkey on a Chain," will be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace & World. Now a Connecticut resident, Edwin Lanham was born and raised in Texas, the setting of "Front Seat on the Roller Coaster."

FRONT SEAT ON THE ROLLER COASTER

Hortense Calisher

A native New Yorker, Hortense Calisher began to keep notebooks at the age of seven; "I always wanted to be a writer," she explains. But it was only after a variety of jobs—model, sales clerk, social worker—that she settled down in earnest to writing. Her stories are regularly included in "best of the year" anthologies. "She has produced," said a *New York Herald Tribune* review, "some of the most discomfortingly vivid writing of this decade." Of her novel "Textures of Life" (published last April by Little, Brown) *The New York Times* said, ". . . Miss Calisher brings to the art of fiction an unusual sensitivity to shades of human emotion and a brilliant skill with language." She and her husband, the novelist Curtis Harnack, live and write in New York.

LITTLE DID I KNOW

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We were young but ready for manhood.

FRONT SEAT ON THE ROLLER COASTER

This was our year of discovery.

By EDWIN LANHAM

"You know Frank Neal," they used to say of me in high school. "He goes around with Clay Peebles, and he's a longish, scrawny-looking boy with a red neck and a cowlick—drives a Franklin car." It was my social fingerprint, that air-cooled Franklin, for a boy was identified in those days by the car he drove as well as by the company he kept. Clay Peebles had an Essex, for instance, and Harry Cone a Hupmobile, and Sam Isham, whose father had struck oil at Ranger, owned a Willys-Knight in his own name. Any kid old enough to argue could shout out the make of any car at a glance: they were that distinctive. Life was simpler in the early '20's, had a clearer definition, but still it was a time of change and challenge, and growing up could be a risky adventure.

I drove a Franklin, true, but only when my Aunt Caroline gave permission, and to use his father's Essex Clay often had to roll it out of the garage after dark, with me helping, and push it along the driveway to the street, where he could set it coasting down the slope before he turned on the ignition and let in the clutch. The year was 1923, and we were seventeen years old.

Clay Peebles had a mouth as wide as a laughing dog's and a flat, mashed-looking nose, and skin the color of rawhide, a lean, wiry boy with a wistful softness in his brown eyes. He was like a globule of quicksilver that runs crazily from a pencil nudge on a school desk until it meets another drop of quicksilver and becomes one with it. Like the drops of quicksilver, Clay and I joined up. We had the feeling that the world was born new for us, and we wanted to take it apart like a dollar Ingersoll watch and put it back together again to suit. Every kid has to do that in every generation, and if he's lucky it will still tick.

Clay was new at the high school, and I didn't get to know him until one day I stopped for gas at the garage around the corner on Dudley Street after it had reopened under new management. Clay was fixing a flat. He had a Negro boy about fifteen years old helping him, holding the casing while Clay pried it into place. When I stopped the Franklin at the gas pump, Clay put the tire iron down and came over, and I got out to stretch.

You pumped gas by hand then, and while he was working the handle Clay looked me up and down and said, "Bo, that's a snappy pair of boots you've got. How much did they set you back?"

"Custom-made in San Antonio," I said. "And I've got a lariat cut off the same coil where the world's champeen roper got his. You happen to see him at the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show last year?"

"We only moved to town a couple of months ago," Clay said, "when my old man took and bought this garage."

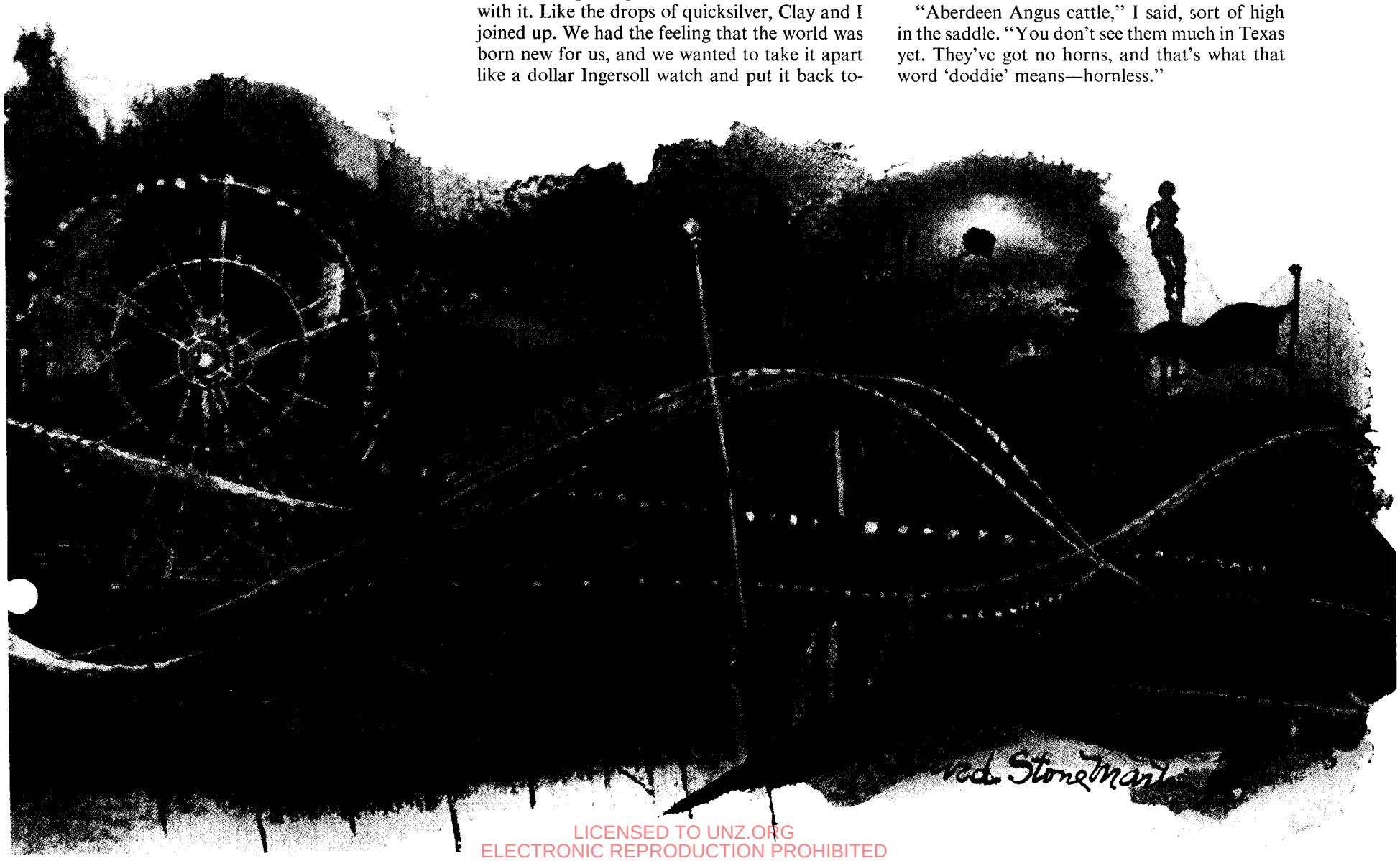
"I took that lariat and I lassoed a cedar fence post and half-hitched the other end to my pommel, and I had my little old cow pony pull the green out of it," I said.

"Where was all that?" he asked.

"My father's got a ranch twenty miles west of town," I said. "We raise black doddies."

"You raise what?"

"Aberdeen Angus cattle," I said, sort of high in the saddle. "You don't see them much in Texas yet. They've got no horns, and that's what that word 'doddie' means—hornless."



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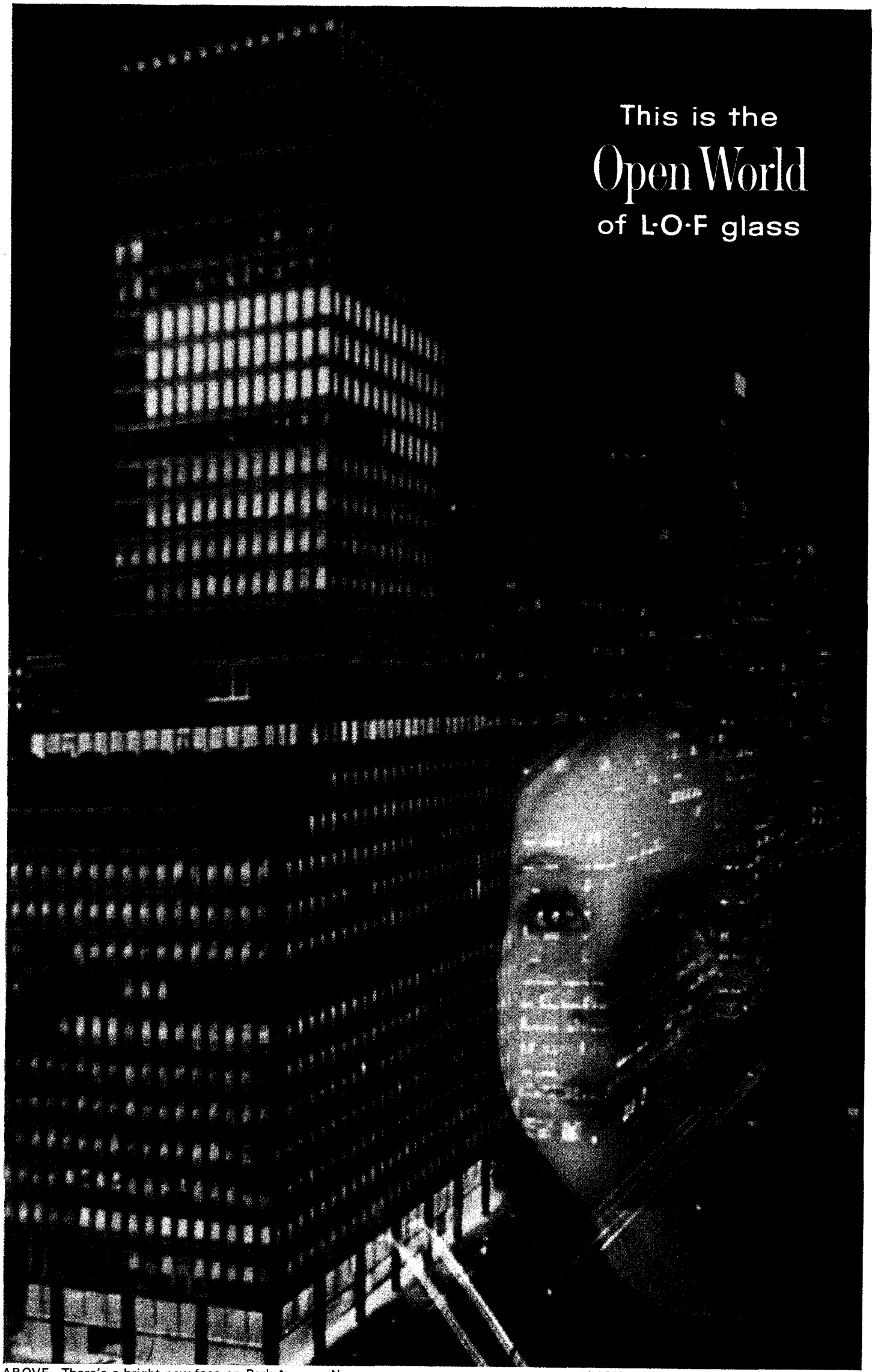
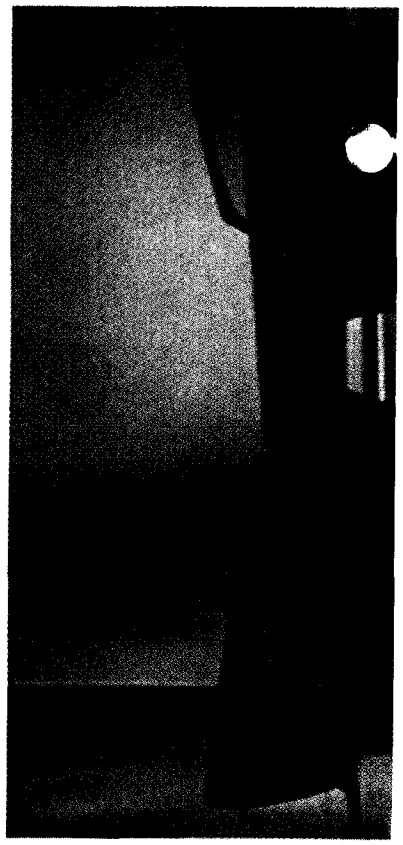
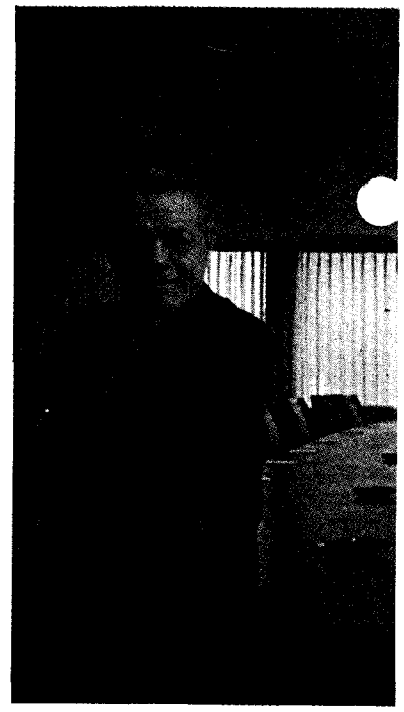
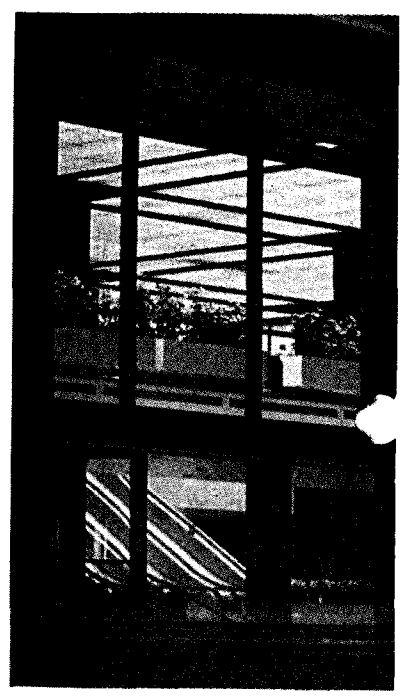
This is the Open World of L·O·F glass



ABOVE—There's a bright new face on Park Avenue, New York. It's the new Bankers Trust Building, 30 stories encased in floor-to-ceiling windows of L·O·F plate glass.







RIGHT—Money never looked so inviting as through this *Parallel-O-Plate*® glass entrance. The banking office is on the mezzanine.

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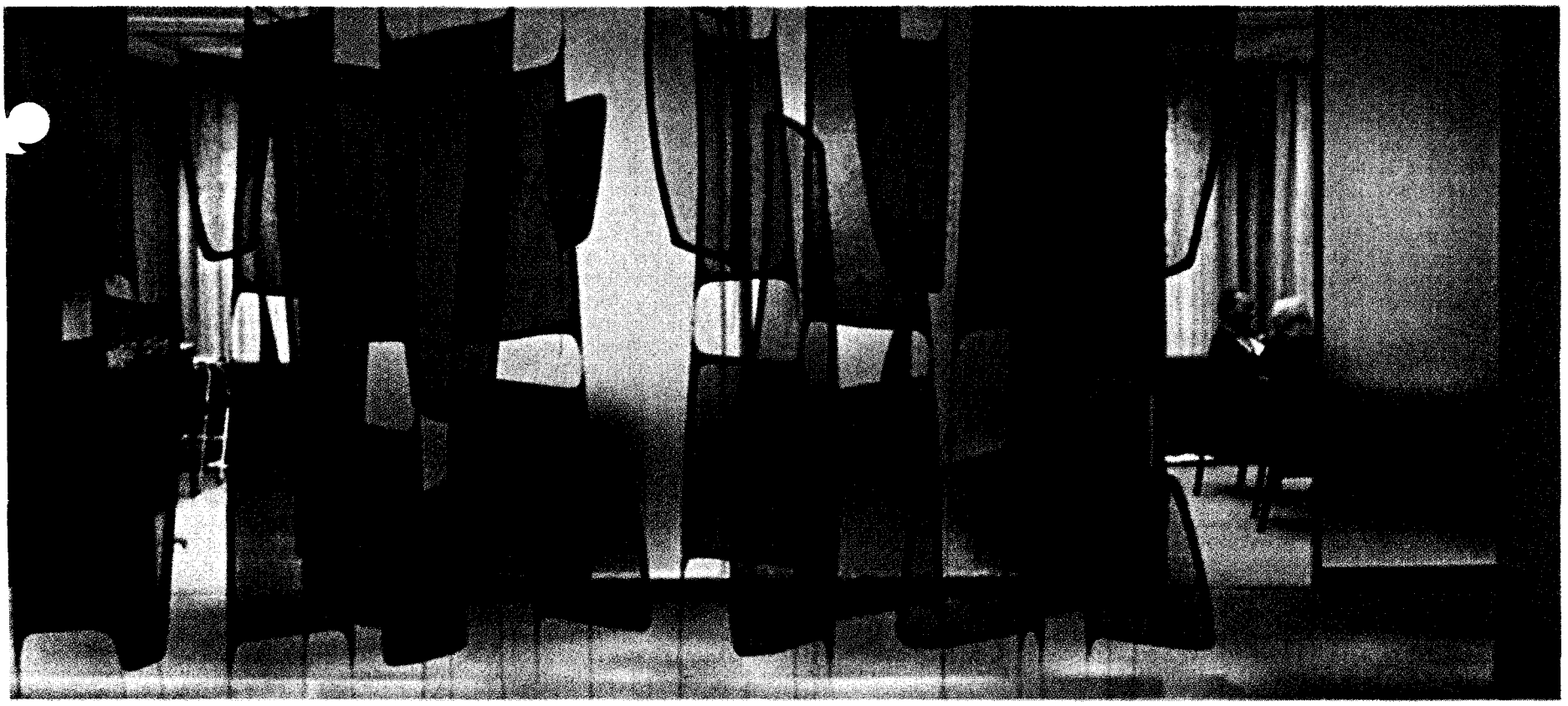
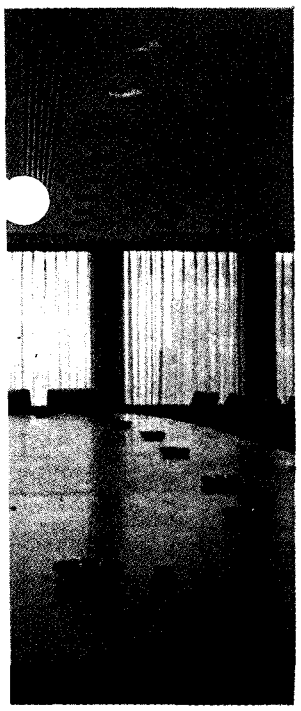
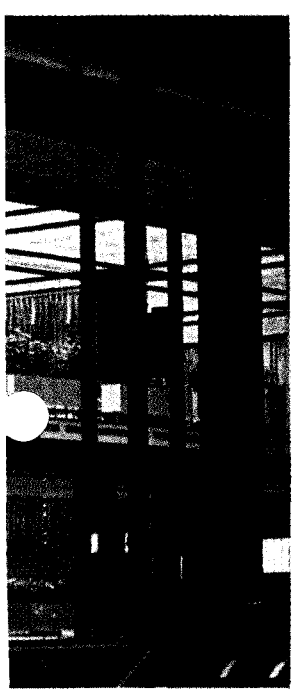
WHAT CAN'T you do with glass? Henry Dreyfuss, designer of Bankers Trust, has demonstrated the scope of this versatile medium, using it both decoratively and functionally. Below, a modern stained-glass sculpture stands before an L·O·F rough plate glass partition which screens executive offices while admitting light to inner areas.







LEFT—The Directors' Room has two exterior walls of *Parallel-O-Grey* plate glass. Vertical blinds control the light. A 30-foot board table is another feature. CENTER—New York at your elbow. Offices command panoramas of the metropolitan skyscape through *Parallel-O-Grey* window walls. RIGHT—Outside inside. Two garden spots like this decorate reception areas, defined by partitions of *Parallel-O-Plate* glass.

Freshest new face on Park Avenue

This is the new Bankers Trust Building on New York's Park Avenue—a few miles and *60 years* from where the company started. What could better express the progressive attitude of this famous financial institution than the "Open World" design of this new building? Great walls opened by *Parallel-O-Grey*® plate glass made by Libbey·Owens·Ford. Wherever you go today, you'll find buildings with this Open World architecture. Because glass makes it possible, L·O·F makes it practical. And L·O·F Glass Distributors make it available everywhere.

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ROLLER COASTER

"What are you living in town for, if you've got all that?"

"To go to the high school."

He eyed me a minute and asked, "Do you know Agnes Tolbert?"

It was like a password—did I know Agnes Tolbert?

"She goes to the North Side High School, doesn't she?" I asked. The stockyards were over there on the North Side, and when the wind blew from the north you knew Fort Worth was a cow town.

Clay grinned and winked at me, and the Negro boy, seeing Clay's grin, showed one of his own. I found out later he was always imitating Clay. His father, Charlie Richards, had quit his job as porter in the barbershop of the Prairie Hotel to go to work for Mr. Peebles, and the boy hung around the garage after school, helping and running errands for small change.

"What about Agnes Tolbert?" I asked.

"I took her out to the lake Saturday night," Clay said. "My old man's got a cabin out there, and I had a dupe key made."

"Yeah?" I said, awed by his sophistication.

"I just barely got the Essex back into the garage in time," Clay said. "It was getting daylight already. Lucky for me my old man sleeps as sound as a night watchman."

"He's watching you out the window, Clay," the Negro boy said anxiously. "We best get working on that flat." He said it as if he was concerned for Clay, not himself.

"This here is Jellybean," Clay said. "He's a real good boy."

"Where did he get a name like that?"

"Why, he's a real dude when he's got his fancy pants on," Clay said, and gave the boy a friendly palm-rub on the head that made Jellybean bob and grin. To me he said, just to make the point that the flat could wait, "How do you like your Franklin?"

"This is my Aunt Caroline's car," I said. "I'm staying with her while I go to high school."

"Not enough power in a Franklin," he said.

"They're air-cooled, though. They won't boil over."

"Sure, that's a good point out there on a ranch," he said.

"Out at the ranch we've got a Packard," I said. "And a Model T, of course, and a Case tractor. And horses."

"I was never on a ranch," Clay said, a generous admission from a boy who had made me feel pretty wet behind the ears in the matter of Agnes Tolbert.

"Maybe you can come out there some Saturday," I said. "We've got plenty of horses."

"I know a lot more about autos than I know about horses," he said. "Back in Waco, before we came here ——"

A high-pitched, commanding voice cut the air like saw teeth rasping in pine wood: "You, Clay, didn't I tell you to get that flat fixed? Now you hump it before Mrs. Crawford comes after it."

Mr. Peebles had come out into the sunlight, his hands in his pockets and a wide-brimmed hat tipped forward on his head. He was wearing a striped silk shirt with black sleeve garters, and both a belt and suspenders held his pants a sock-proud three inches above his shoe tops. He could dress like that because the Peebles Garage did no mechanical work—just vulcanizing and greasing and oiling and gassing—and Charlie Richards and Clay and Jellybean were the only ones who dirtied their hands. There was only the one gas pump, but the garage was pretty tony. It had Moorish arches of pink stucco trimmed with green, and there was a canopy over the area where the cars gassed up.

Mr. Peebles's shirts were always fastened at the wrists by gold cuff links in the shape of lions' heads, with tiny rubies for eyes, and he kept his hat on all the time, so that only his hands were tanned; his face was blue-white like skim milk. But his neat clothes and his masklike face hid some kind of inner frenzy; it showed in the habit he had of clearing his throat and pulling with his right forefinger inside his collar, while his head jerked the other way. I understood right off why Clay and Jellybean didn't have to be told twice to get working on that tire.

As I drove away I was ashamed that I had bragged about Pop's ranch, but that was a weakness I had. I used to let out that it was around five thousand acres, but it wouldn't survey at more than twenty-two hundred, and by Texas standards that was small onions, even though a registered herd of Aberdeen Angus grazed it. But it *was* a ranch, and any boy raised in the saddle stood tall and proud. My saddle had Mexican tapaderos on the stirrups, and I had a horse of my own to bridle and those pointed boots that had caught Clay Peebles's eye and a pair of spurs with star-shaped rowels, and I could even look bowlegged when I walked. And I could ride out on the prairie and choose a vista of hill slope and pecan trees along the creek, and all the land for as far as I could see would be Neal land, so long as I didn't swivel my head the other way.

What I mean to say is I was pretty much a country boy. I had made do at the crossroads schoolhouse, riding there horseback, until I came of high-school age, and then I went to live with my Aunt Caroline in town, hungering for the summertime when I could get back to the ranch. The first two years were pretty slow—bike-riding and playing softball with boys in the neighborhood and teasing Maxine Knauer by whooping and making out we were going to hold her down and bob her hair. But then came a sudden change.

It was like when a plow breaks prairie ground and away go the wild flowers and the grass and the pebbles and the small, limy rocks of the familiar landscape, and the raw earth shows, the clay-yellow color of a pongee suit. I fell in with some knowledgeable fellows at the high school, like Sam Isham and Harry Cone, and I got interested in girls.

There was still a lot I didn't know, like using the right slang words or memorizing the lyrics of the new songs off the Victrola records, or dancing. But the girls were lively and outgiving, and Wilma Bates taught me the simple steps—to make a box and dip in time to the music and not to stick my left arm straight out like the branch of a dead tree. I went with her to my first dance, where the Five Jazzbos were playing *Margie*, and I didn't land too solid on anybody's feet.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had showed at the movie palace downtown, followed by *The Sheik*, and every boy wanted to slick his hair down like Rudolph Valentino. You used hair oil and you wore a skullcap to bed at night, but if you were a boy with a cowlick, like me, you'd always have a few stray hairs sticking straight up. I had a pair of military brushes on my bureau, and I carried a pocket comb and used hair oil thick as mucilage, but still that cowlick would rear up. I knew I wouldn't ever be a Rudolph Valentino, but I kept trying, and I was pretty envious of Harry Cone, who had hair smooth as black paint and could raise either eyebrow at will, like Valentino, and show a sophisticated sneer.

Harry had girls on his mind. He was forever whispering to one in a corridor, generally Elsie Mae Crawford, and after school he'd be waiting in his Hupmobile to take her for a soda at his father's big drugstore down on Main Street. I remember one day that spring, when Clay and I were starting home afoot, Harry was already behind the wheel and he called out, "You fellows want to get a couple of girls and take a ride out to the lake?"

"Can't," Clay said. "I got to work this afternoon."

"Fixing flats for your old man?"

"That's right."

"Don't you guys ever go around with girls?"

"We can beat your time any night, bo," Clay said. "Just last Saturday night me and Agnes Tolbert ——"

"Oh, *Agnes*," Harry broke in, with one eyebrow up. "Sure, if that's what you want, a jug that's been passed from hand to hand all over the North Side. But you'd better watch your step if you go out with those North Side girls. Any girl over there is apt to have a guy in a bed sheet for her daddy, and for her big brother, too."

"You talking about the Ku Klux Klan?" I asked.

"He's just talking through his hat, bo," Clay said.

"You take my advice and you'll leave those North Side girls alone," Harry said.

I had heard whispers about the Klan, but people didn't discuss it much in public in 1923; it was a secret, evil thing that crept in the shadows of the night, and where reason could not penetrate, fear lived. I had heard stories of fiery crosses burning on hilltops and floggings out on the prairie, and just last fall, they said, a man had been pushed out of a moving car on Main Street in the dead of night, a tarred and feathered man who had run so fast that a policeman chasing him never caught him. Even kids our age sometimes felt uneasy when they parked a car in a lonely place at night, because of rumors that Ku-Kluxers had disciplined adolescent behavior with a whip, and I admired the bravado in Clay's voice as he said, "I'm not worried about any guy in a bed sheet. I guess I'll go out with any girl I want."

"Take my advice and pick somebody closer to home," Harry said. "How about Maxine Knauer? Doesn't she live right around the corner?"

"It is to laugh," Clay said.

Maxine was a stubby, freckled girl with rust-brown hair who wore glasses and walked with her head down, as if she expected any minute to find a gold nugget embedded in the sidewalk. She lived on Sycamore Street, a block from me, and more than once Clay and I had ducked around a corner to avoid walking home with Maxine. She was a lonely, watchful girl, and she had a way of latching onto boys she had known a long time, like me. From the window of her room, high in the back of the house, she could look down across the back lots and see the Peebles Garage on Dudley Street and watch Clay fixing flats. Any afternoon we could look up there and see her at the window.

"Maxine can be kind of bossy," I said. "But she's all right, and she's a nice girl."

"Wilma Bates is having a dance at the country club a week from Saturday," Harry said. "You going?"

"I reckon so," I said.

"Me and Frank were with her to the vaudeville show last week," Clay said.

"That was some invitation she sent out," Harry said, "with the R.S.V.P. and all, and I guess it will be a pretty tony dance. You fellows got a tux? My old man promised me a tux."

"They had this guy on at the theater," Clay went on. "Bert the Bouncer, he calls himself. You see him? He had a trampoline up on the stage, and he asked for volunteers to come up, and the winner would get a gold watch. You hear about that?"

"I missed the show last week," Harry said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I couldn't find the olives, so I used some preserved strawberries."

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"I won that gold watch, it happens," Clay said. "The audience clapped the loudest for me."

That was true enough, as I could testify. Wilma Bates had been my date that night, but we had met Clay in the line at the box office and we had bought our tickets together. Clay had gone up on the stage, just as he said, and bounced on the trampoline with abandon, and had managed a back somersault and fallen off on the rebound, but Bert the Bouncer had been there to grab and steady him. I hadn't forgotten the look on Clay's face when Bert gave him the watch. His eyes had shone in the spotlight, and his wide mouth had drooped comically, and he had peered out into the dark, wild laughter like a man defying the thunder; then he had laughed too. It was a trick watch, of course, and had flown into bits out of Clay's hand, with little cogwheels rolling across the stage.

The way Clay had changed the subject made me wonder if Wilma had sent him an invitation, and the next time I saw her alone I asked her about it. The way I happened to see her was I drove past her house. I had the Franklin that afternoon, and I drove past slowly, but I didn't see her, so I went on around the block, and when I came back she was sitting in the glider on the porch.

I wanted Wilma to go with me, but she was about the most popular girl in the high-school crowd, and a lot depended on how often I could use the Franklin and how far I could make my allowance stretch. I hoped to cut the other guys out altogether, and I'd burn with jealousy when I'd see her at the movies or parked for a limeade in front of Cone's Drugstore on Main Street or driving off from school in a Willys-Knight or that Hupmobile. If you went with a girl in those days, it meant you were usually invited places together, but you had no claim stake; any time at any dance some boy would be trying to beat your time.

We were the postwar kids, and everything was new for us. The word "flapper" was coming into the language, and, though nobody had thought up the Charleston yet—not until October—there was a new dance step almost every week, and all of them hard to catch the swing of. And there was a challenge in the air that drove a boy to test his manhood with corn whiskey. You wouldn't have a pint in the car if you were out with a nice girl like Wilma Bates, of course, but maybe there would be a subscription dance at the Elite Hall, and Wilma would be there with another boy; then maybe you'd choke down a swallow to put a smell on your breath, and you'd go back into the dance hall and cut in on Wilma and let her whiff your breath and pretend to be a little bit unsteady on your feet and a hell of a fellow—nonchalant, sophisticated, a real rounder, even if your cowlick was sticking straight up. That was Prohibition, and that was kids.

Wilma had a lovely, roundish face and lots of blond hair and soft, full lips that always looked moist. The little blond hairs at the nape of her neck often looked moist, too, on a warm night, and she was gentle and eager and trusting, and she could also ride a horse. You should have seen that girl sit a horse. Out at the ranch one April day her horse's hoofs set sparks flying on a stony hillside, and she put him over a gully that made me hesitate.

"Wilma, thanks for the invitation," I said that afternoon. "Am I bringing you to the dance?"

"You want to?"

"Sure, if you want."

"All right, you bring me," she said. "That's why I didn't put on your invitation who to bring, to give you a chance at least to show some manners and offer to escort your hostess."

"You having a big crowd?"

"Thirty couples."

I cleared my throat. "Harry Cone said he was going."

"Yes, he's bringing Elsie Mae."

"How about Clay Peebles—who's he bringing?"

"I haven't sent out all the invitations yet," she said.

"Old Clay is a pretty good friend of mine," I said.

She gave me a slow look and said, "They say he's pretty wild, Frank."

Wild? Yes, maybe he was. To hear him talk, he was, but it was loneliness that had driven him when he first came to town, beyond a doubt, and he hadn't done anything lots of other high-school boys hadn't done. And he wouldn't be wild around nice girls. I knew that, and I told Wilma so.

"It's Mama," she said. "You know how Mama is, Frank, and what with Clay's father being a bootlegger and all. . ."

"A *what?*" I said. "Where did you get a crazy idea like that? He runs that garage on Dudley Street."

"Mrs. Crawford told Mama that Mr. Crawford told her that if you call a certain number and ask for a set of spark plugs a man will come around with a half-gallon jug," Wilma said. "He's a colored man that works for Mr. Peebles."

"You mean Charlie Richards?"

"I don't know what his name is."

I was kind of staring at her, because it did fit into a piece. Charlie never seemed to do much work at the garage, and he sat around the office a lot when Mr. Peebles wasn't there, answering the telephone and between calls blowing softly on a trumpet, with a mute in his left hand. He was a round, good-natured man with a big smile and a callus on his upper lip from blowing his horn, and he asked you questions that showed he knew a lot about your business. If he heard you mention a boy's name, like Harry Cone or Sam Isham, he knew all about them, too, and he knew their daddies. It was because he went to their doors with spark plugs, maybe, but on the other hand a former barbershop porter could know all kinds of people, and so could a trumpet player in a jazz band that hired out for Saturday-night dates. Maybe Mr. Peebles had hired him out of the barbershop because of the potential customers he knew.

"Well, what if Mr. Peebles *is* a bootlegger?" I said. "What of it?"

"Frank, you don't know very much," Wilma said.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean you're still just a country boy from the forks of the creek."

"All right, so I'm a country boy," I said. "What else is a cattleman supposed to be? I'm no Rudolph Valentino, but I'll bet I can rope and brand a steer better than him."

"What I'm trying to tell you is that there have been Neals around these parts for generations," she said. "People know who the Neals are. You see what I mean?"

"No," I said.

"I mean what does anybody know about the Peebleses? They only came to town this year, and look, Frank, people don't invite the *bootlegger* to a dance at the country club."

"It's not Clay's fault," I said. "I'm surprised you feel that way, Wilma."

"It's not me; it's Mama. That's what Mama says. And doesn't Clay go around with Agnes Tolbert?"

"Sometimes," I said. "But what of it?"

"Girls know a lot more than you suspect," Wilma said. "We're not blind. Maybe you've been going out with Agnes Tolbert yourself."

"If I wanted to, I would."

"You'd just better not," she said. "There aren't too many Franklins in this town, you know, not with wire wheels, and if anybody was to see that Franklin somewhere out on the Meandering Road you may be sure I'd hear about it."

"Gee, Wilma, you asked me and Sam Isham and Harry Cone," I said. "How could I go off to that dance and leave old Clay behind? I'd just have to pass that dance up."

"You wouldn't!" she cried.

"I expect Clay and me could scrape up something to do instead," I said darkly. "Out at the lake, maybe. Clay's father has a cabin out there."

"You're wrongheaded like all the Neals," she said.

"You don't know any other Neals."

"I know your Aunt Caroline."

"She's not a Neal. She married my uncle."

"All right," she said. "All *right*, Mister Wronghead. I'll talk to Mama, then. I'll tell her we need somebody to bring Maxine Knauer; that's what I'll do. So are you satisfied, Mr. Damon or Mr. Pythias or whoever you are?"

"I'm deeply obliged, Wilma," I said.

"But what you see in that Clay Peebles I'll never know," she said. "Why can't you go around with somebody more respectable, like Harry Cone?"

"I guess you don't know much about Harry Cone."

"I know he's a perfect gentleman."

"He's just a jellybean," I said.

"Better than straw in the hair," she said. "And when we go to the dance, please do me a favor and wear proper shoes instead of those cowboy boots."

"I know that much," I said. "But these boots were handmade in San ——"

"Oh, lordy," Wilma said. "You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of. . . Well, so long." She jumped out of the car and slammed the door hard.

I drove over to the garage on Dudley Street. Clay was down in the grease pit doing a job on a Pierce-Arrow, and Old Man Peebles was sitting in his office, where there were two telephones. He always looked like a man whose thoughts had been weighted by stones and sunk down a well, and I figured that he was probably waiting for a call from someone wanting booze, and I wondered where he kept it. I was pretty sure Clay knew, but I didn't want to ask him.

I squatted by the pit, waiting for Clay to get finished, and the Negro boy called Jellybean came over and hunkered down beside me. "Jellybean" was a word we used a lot that year. It meant dude, slicker, lounge lizard, and applied to this boy it was a joke, of course. Clay had given him the name because of a pair of corduroy pants Jellybean wore—tight at the knees but flaring wide at the bottoms, into which had been let triangular inserts of red velvet. There had been a sudden rash of such pants at the high school, as part of the Valentino cult, but ridicule had cured it, and some parent had passed a confiscated pair along to Jellybean. The boy thought they were real dashing and stylish, and he saw no mockery in the name Clay had given him; he plain worshiped Clay.

"Jellybean, what do you know about spark plugs?" I asked.

"I just wipe up and sweep around here," he said. "I don't know nothing about the insides of an auto."

"Well, what if I wanted a set of spark plugs?" I asked.

"I guess you'd have to go ask Mr. Peebles," Jellybean said, in obvious innocence. "He's the boss."

Clay climbed up out of the pit and gave me an odd glance as he wiped his hands; he had heard, undoubtedly, and I had intended he should.

"Clay, Wilma hasn't sent out all the invitations yet, but yours will be coming in the mail," I said. "It will say 'R.S.V.P.' on it, and that means you've got to write an answer saying yes, and probably it will say on it which girl you're supposed to bring, and you'll have to call her up."

"I don't care about any old dance," he said. "When is it—a week from Saturday?"

"Yes."

"I can't say offhand if I've got anything on that night," he said. "Maybe I can make it."

So Clay Peebles went to the dance as Maxine Knauer's escort. Wilma was loyal to Maxine the way I was to Clay. She had known Maxine since grammar school, and she wanted to help, but what could you do about a girl like Maxine, who had a face rigid with shyness, and anxious brown eyes, and a way of dancing that began with a determined grip on your hand and a shove of her body that initiated a momentum practically nothing could stop. At dancing school, where there hadn't been enough boys to go around, the teacher had given Maxine the boy part, and she had never got over a compulsion to do the leading.

The night of Wilma's party Clay wore a brand-new pongee suit and two-tone shoes. All the rest of us were in blue serge jackets and white flannel pants and chalked-up white shoes, except for Harry Cone, who had his promised tux, the first boy in our crowd to wear one. Clay was sweating a lot and asking the guys to please help him fill out Maxine's dance card; he didn't want to get stuck. I took the second dance, and Sam Isham and Harry Cone put their names down, and by moral suasion, bribery, or threats Clay managed to get that entire twelve-dance card filled out; of course he also gave his promise to cut in on every encore.

The local bands in those days were composed of Negroes in uniforms and caps that John Philip Sousa would have approved, and the bass drums bore such names as MAX'S MERRY MAKERS or THE FIVE JAZZBOS, and those boys could play in a hot and syncopated way that would have made old Mr. Sousa lay down his baton. The trumpet man with the Five Jazzbos that night was Charlie Richards, Jellybean's old man.

That night they played *Alice Blue Gown* and *Lovin' Sam* and *Ain't We Got Fun?*, and a brand-new one, *Barney Google*. It wasn't like those subscription dances, usually promoted by high-school social clubs, where you paid two dollars a couple to get into a hired hall and anybody could come. There you'd see the older fellows clustered in a corner, passing a pint around, and you'd see couples dancing where the shadows were deep-

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est—dances like the Chicago, which was a sort of low-down double shimmy; a girl who was proficient at it, like Agnes Tolbert, would have a stag line all her own. Naturally you didn't see anything like that—nor girls like Agnes, either—at the country club, where the chaperones meant business.

I got through my contracted dance with Maxine that night, and as she steered me here and there I noticed she had left her glasses home, and I was ready to sound off like a Klaxon when we made a quick turn, as a fair warning to the other couples. But without her glasses she wasn't too bad-looking, I thought; it was just that she had always been so shy, and when a girl is left out of things she tenses up, she gets a clipped sound in her voice when she does latch onto a boy she knows, like he owed her something, and she pushes the conversation, trying to be interesting and gay. She was a sad case, that Maxine, and she said accusingly to me, "We all have to walk home from school the same way, you and me and Clay, but why is it I hardly ever see you two? Where do you go?"

"Well, we've got things to do, Maxine," I said.

"But by the time I get home Clay is usually at the Peebles Garage already, fixing a flat," she said.

"He has to hurry home, you know," I said. "His old man keeps him busy."

"He's an awfully good dancer," she said.

"He knows how to keep his feet out of the way, anyhow," I said.

"Get him to teach you," she suggested. "Why don't you?"

When Harry Cone came up and bowed for the next dance, looking like Valentino with sand fleas down his neck, I went off to find Wilma. It was a tremendous night for me; it was like gulping spring air from the saddle of a running horse, filling the lungs until they were about to bust. After I claimed Wilma for the last dance, which was always *After the Ball*, and no cutting in, I drove her down for coffee and eggs at the Prairie Hotel, and then I took her home, and she let me kiss her at the door. When I said, as hoarse and husky as a calf at a dry water hole, "Are you my girl, Wilma?" she whispered something back before she shut the door, but I didn't hear what it was. Two days later, because I had been just too country shy to call her up, a letter came that said in red ink, "Can a girl believe anything you say, Mr. Frank Neal? Give my regards to Agnes." It was signed, "Yours till Kewpies wear dresses," and the initial "W," as big as a cattle brand.

Well, I walked on air, and I noticed that Clay had a funny, half-shy smile, too, like a boy who had got exactly what he wanted for Christmas. I knew he had had a good time at the dance, once he had gotten Maxine Knauer's card filled out, because I had watched him cutting in all over the floor, mostly on Elsie Mae Crawford, but he didn't seem to want to talk about the dance. He hurried off to the garage after school two days running without waiting for me, and the second day Maxine waylaid me at the corner and said, "Wasn't Wilma's dance just marvelous Saturday night?"

"It sure was," I said, resigned to walking her home.

"Clay Peebles is such a good dancer," she said. "And he cut in on me every single encore. But I don't understand about him, Frank. Why doesn't he ever call a girl up? I wish you'd tell him to call me up sometime."

"Sure, Maxine," I said. "I'll do that."

"I suppose he's over at the garage now," she said.

After I left Maxine off at her house, I begged the use of the Franklin off Aunt Caroline, and I stopped for gas at the Peebles Garage before I went on to Wilma's house. When Clay came out to work the pump I said, "I haven't hardly seen you since the dance. I noticed you cut in a lot on Elsie Mae Crawford. Did Harry Cone have anything to say about that?"

"I can take care of Harry Cone any time," Clay said. "And she's not his girl."

"He thinks she is."

He gave me a quick, wide grin and brought out what had been bottled up in him like fizz water: "I got a date with Elsie Mae Crawford for Saturday night, Frank. How about you get Wilma and we make it a double date? There's a good show on at the Majestic."

"OK," I said. "Whose car?"

"Maybe you can get the Franklin," he said. "Dad found out I sneaked the Essex on Saturday, and he skinned me for it."

"What did he do?"

"He just plain skinned me," Clay said, with his mouth pinched in at the corners. "He took the set of keys I had, and he aims to padlock that garage from now on, and he says I won't ever get to use the car again."

"Gee, that's tough. Does he mean it?"

"My old man always means it," Clay said. "But I'll get me a dupe key to that padlock somehow."

It was downright mean, I thought. Just when Clay had broken through and made a date with Elsie Mae his old man was putting a padlock on the Essex. I knew it had meant something to Clay, going to that country-club dance, and even if he had felt a little out of fashion in his pongee suit and two-tone shoes, and even if he didn't have the dancing-school manners the other kids had, he wasn't any more inept than me, and he *had* been accepted at the dance, and he *had* managed to make a date with Elsie Mae Crawford, whose father was vice-president of the Southwest National Bank.

I had put Mr. Peebles down as a hard case, but I didn't know the half of it. When Saturday came I learned more about that strange, cold man with the milk-white face, and I learned something about Clay too.

I drove around to pick Clay up before we called for the girls, and Mr. Peebles was sitting on the front porch, reading the evening newspaper by twilight. He gave me a nod and went back to his paper, and he didn't speak a word until Clay came out a couple of minutes later, wearing his pongee suit; then he lowered the paper and said, "Where do you think you're going, all slicked up?"

"Me and Frank are going out," Clay said. He gave me a worried glance and shuffled his feet a little.

"Not tonight you're not," Mr. Peebles said. "You're not going anyplace except down to the garage." His right forefinger went into his collar and he gave it a little tug as his neck pulled the other way. "Charlie has got a band job tonight, and I need somebody at the garage besides Jellybean. That's where you'll be tonight."

"But I've made a date, Dad," Clay said, and an odd, whining note trembled in his voice.

"You'll just have to stand your little chippy up," Mr. Peebles said.

"But it's Elsie Mae *Crawford*," Clay protested.

"I know well enough who it is," Mr. Peebles said. "Her old man may be Mr. High-and-Mighty, but that cuts no ice with me."

"But you can't stand Elsie Mae *Crawford* up, Dad," Clay said, and the desperate sound in his voice made me turn my head away.

"You heard me, boy," Mr. Peebles said.

"But I told you I was going out," Clay said. "Why did you go and wait until now, with Frank here ready? He's got the Franklin, and we bought the tickets and all. I can't just go hang around that garage. I *got* to go out."

"Nope," Mr. Peebles said, and raised the newspaper again.

"I am, though," Clay muttered. "I got a right."

"What's that you say?" The newspaper whisked aside and fell to the floor, and Mr. Peebles was suddenly on his feet, his finger hooked deep in the neckband of his shirt, his head jerking like a pasture bull tossing its horns. His voice had that saw-tooth sound. "Let's have that again. Did I hear you right?"

Clay's face stiffened and he backed away. All the starch had gone out of him, and he said weakly, "It's just not fair. No, it isn't. Ask Frank. I made this date a week ago at the dance."

"I'll give you a tune to dance to," Mr. Peebles said. "You'll dance, boy."

"I didn't mean nothing," Clay said, with a frantic glance at me. "Sure, Dad, I'll go to the garage."

"You bet you will," Mr. Peebles said. "But you'll just step out back first. Now get going."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Clay's face turned white as he backed down the steps, biting at the knuckles of his right hand. I just couldn't take it in. Here was a boy who didn't think anything of prowling around the North Side, a boy who had bragged that no Ku-Kluxer could scare him, but when his father fixed that fish eye on him he simply wilted and bowed his head.

I stood there with my mouth open and watched him walk with his head down, along the driveway beside the house and into the one-car garage in back. Mr. Peebles was a step behind him, his hands sliding along the buckle of his belt, and I remember wondering if this was why he wore suspenders, too. I heard a moaning sound, and Mrs. Peebles came running onto the porch, a pale, thin woman, her fingers twisting and working in her apron. She didn't say anything or look at me, and I walked back to the Franklin and drove away.

I parked on Dudley Street a block from the Peebles Garage and waited, and I tried to figure it out. I tried to put myself in Clay's shoes, and I asked myself what I would have done, but what did I know about it? Mr. Peebles's milk-white face loomed in my mind, the eyes like dark slits in a hood. What *could* a fellow do if he had a man like Mr. Peebles for his father? I was seventeen years old, the same as Clay. I could spin a rope. I had branded cattle. I owned pointed-toed boots and a pair of star-roweled spurs and a 16-gauge shotgun of my own. I looked on myself as a fellow just short of a full-grown man, but I hadn't faced a hard case like Mr. Peebles every day of my life. It was pure terror I had seen in Clay's eyes, and I felt a sort of chill.

After a while Mr. Peebles drove up to the garage and let Clay out; then he went on again. As soon as he turned the corner I drove up under the canopy and honked. Clay came running out and got in the car and said, as if nothing had happened, "Let's get going."

I had known he would come. I had known he would have to, after his old man had given him a strapping in front of me.

"Dad has his mortgage at the Southwest National Bank," Clay said in a flat, toneless voice.

That was all he said, and I was supposed to figure it out from there. Mr. Peebles didn't want to be beholden—was that it? He didn't want Clay going out with a girl when he was beholden for his mortgage to the girl's father. Or maybe he didn't want Clay going out with a girl whose father expected you to take off your hat and balance it on your knees. I don't know.

"I hear the show tonight is real good," I said.

Clay didn't look at me. He stared straight ahead at the dark, leafy street, and it was a long time before he said, very low, "Frank, it's not the first time he's skinned me. It goes back about as far as I can remember. When I was no bigger than a goober he skinned me good just for borrowing a popgun off a little colored boy and going 'Bang, bang' in the back yard."

"What did he do that for?"

"Because that boy had something I didn't have, and he didn't want me beholden to a colored boy, I guess," Clay said. "But he never looked for much reason, Frank. If I had bad marks at school he'd skin me, or if I forgot to do something he'd told me to do he'd skin me, or just if he came home liquored up he'd take off his belt. I guess your old man never did you like that, did he?"

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"No, I guess not," I said.

"Well, it doesn't hurt much," he said. "He just goes for your legs, to make you dance. He just likes to see somebody dance."

"Why don't you just leave home?"

"I've thought about that," he said. "But I don't know just where I'd go."

"There's room for you out at the ranch, I guess," I said. "I could speak to Pop."

He just looked at me as if I talked a different language, and then he said, "When I get to be eighteen, then I guess I'll do something."

We had reached Wilma's house, and she was waiting at the door. She let her annoyance show a little, because she hadn't liked the idea of a double date with Clay Peebles and Elsie Mae in the first place. Flouncing down on the front seat between us, she said, "Well, I was just looking at the calendar to see if this *was* Saturday night."

"I'm sorry we're late, Wilma," I said. "We'll only miss the acrobats."

"I like the acrobats," she said.

Elsie Mae Crawford was waiting on her front porch. You didn't sit in the car and honk for girls like Elsie Mae and Wilma; you had some manners and went up to the door and rang the bell. But Elsie Mae came running down the steps and across to the car. Clay had opened the door and was still getting out when she was there saying, "I can't make it tonight."

"But Elsie Mae ——" Wilma began.

"Daddy says I can't go," Elsie Mae said. "My Aunt Birdie is visiting us, and I've got to stay home. I'm sorry, Clay. I forgot all about her coming here to visit or I wouldn't have said yes in the first place."

"Sure," Clay said. "That's OK."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Maybe next Saturday night?"

"No, I guess not," Elsie Mae said.

Clay got back in the car without a word and shut the door. Elsie Mae had spelled it out plain enough. Mr. Vice-President Crawford's daughter wasn't going out with any bootlegger's son; Mr. Vice-President Crawford had foreclosed the mortgage on Clay's social life. Everybody would hear about it; notice had been given that if Elsie Mae was asked to a party—well, better not include that Peebles boy. Wilma's mother would lay down the law, and I'd hear from my Aunt Caroline, "Frank, I don't think you ought to go around with that Peebles boy."

"Well, we've got an extra ticket," I said as we drove away. "Who can we get?"

"You've got *two* extra tickets," Clay said. "Better just drop me off at the garage, Frank."

"You might as well come enjoy the show, Clay," Wilma said.

"Nope," he said. "Just drop me off."

On the way to the garage on Dudley Street he said in a low tone, "I'm leaving this town. I'm getting out of here."

"But where will you go?" Wilma asked in a worried voice.

"Out to the oil fields," he said. "I can get me a roughneck job, maybe. I'm going on eighteen."

"But you shouldn't do that, Clay," Wilma said, and I noticed that she tried to touch his hand, but he pulled it away. "You ought to finish up at the high school."

"Nope," he said. "I never did like this town, anyhow."

Wilma glanced at me, and I saw that her eyes were teary and that her underlip was pushed out a little. All I could do was shrug.

When I stopped the car under the canopy I saw a light in the office. The Essex was parked around beside the garage and Mr. Peebles was inside, waiting. I gave Clay a look, but he didn't say a word, didn't even turn his head. He just flipped his hand and said, "So long, you two," and walked into the garage.

I started to drive away; then I jammed on the brakes and turned off the ignition. I didn't want Clay to walk in there alone, so I jumped out of the car and followed him. I couldn't just drive downtown to the theater and laugh my head off at some funnyman in blackface. I went through the office into the main part of the garage and found Clay and Mr. Peebles there, and Jellybean in his fancy corduroy pants.

Mr. Peebles was tugging at his collar, and his head was jerking, and he was saying, "Jellybean told me you were out on a road call. You weren't out on no road call."

"I just went to tell Elsie Mae Crawford I couldn't go out tonight," Clay said, with that whine in his voice again. "Isn't that right, Frank?"

"Sure, that's right," I said. "We had to do that, Mr. Peebles."

"Better girls than Elsie Mae Crawford have been stood up," Mr. Peebles said. "But I don't care about that. What I care about is that this here Jellybean lied to me. He told me you went out to fix a flat for a lady over on Eighth Avenue, and that was a lie he told me. Ain't that so, Jellybean? Didn't you lie to me?"

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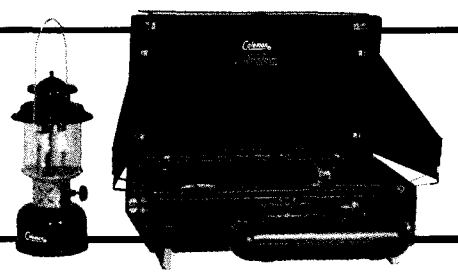

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ROLLER COASTER

Jellybean backed away, looking anxiously at Clay, and Mr. Peebles said, "Answer up, boy."

"Yes, sir," Jellybean said. "I reckon I did, Mr. Peebles."

"I don't allow no nigger boys to lie to me," Mr. Peebles said, and his hands slid down to his belt buckle.

Jellybean had backed away until he came up against the fender of the service truck with PEEBLES GARAGE painted on its side. Clay's eyes were fixed on his father's hands as they unbuckled the belt, as they brought it sliding out through the loops, as the strap swung from his right hand.

Mr. Peebles took a slow step toward Jellybean and swung the belt, aiming at the corduroy pants where they flared wide below the knees, and Jellybean howled as if he had been hit, but he had danced away. The hand came up again, and the belt made a snake-coil in the air, but before it could hiss toward Jellybean, Clay made a strange, high, strangled sound and jumped. He grabbed at that belt and jerked it away, and then he stood there with the belt dangling from his hand, his arm up as if he was about to swing it.

Jellybean howled again and ran out of the garage, and then Clay looked at me with his eyes big and puzzled-looking and let his arm droop, let the belt fall to the concrete floor. He turned and walked out of the garage, taking his time about it, not saying a word. Mr. Peebles just stood and watched him go, and so did I.

"Now, who'd have thought he had the spunk?" Mr. Peebles said, and bent over to pick up his belt.

I didn't see Clay again that night. Wilma and I drove around the block twice, and I whistled soft and low, but got no answer except that I saw Maxine Knauer come to her front door, and then Wilma and I drove on downtown to the show, missing the first three acts.

If Wilma had seen what happened in the garage, she didn't let on, but I think she must have, because she asked no questions. And we didn't talk about Mr. Crawford or Elsie Mae because there wasn't much we could say. If we had got to talking she might have said, "Well, Mr. Peebles *is* a bootlegger, after all, and I guess you can't blame Mr. Crawford too much," or, "It's not Clay's fault who his father is, but still and all. . ."

People are apt to make more excuses for other people than for themselves, it seems to me, and I guess it's from the shame of not taking a stand of their own. I guess I could have stuck up for Clay more than I did. I could have shown a little more understanding in the weeks that followed, but, as Wilma said, though you had to feel sorry for Clay and all, probably the best thing for him was to go on out to the oil fields. Maybe he'd make a potful of money and come home driving a Pierce-Arrow, and wouldn't that be something? And I said that I'd sure like to see Clay go into the Southwest National Bank and plunk down a deposit of about a million dollars. Can you imagine the look on Mr. Vice-President Crawford's face?

But you can't fight fact with fancy, and we both knew that. After the show I drove Wilma home and said good night, and then I went straight home and put the Franklin in the garage, and I didn't know until after church the next day what had happened.

Harry Cone drew me aside on the church steps after I had put Aunt Caroline in the car. "You hear the news, Frank?" he said. "Just listen to this! First of all, somebody broke into the Peebles Garage last night and stole a lot of money. All that bootleg whiskey money from the weekend, I don't doubt it was, and nobody knows how much. The cops came, and they saw that nigra boy, Jellybean, running away, and they're hunting him. They recognized him on account of those Valentino pants he wears, and they had his father down at the police station, but I guess they didn't get anything out of Charlie because they haven't caught that little old Jellybean yet."

"It doesn't seem like he would steal," I said.

"But that's not all," Harry said. "This is the big news. The sheriff's men raided that garage first thing this morning, and they arrested Mr. Peebles."

"They *what?*" I said. "What for?"

"You know that service truck of his with PEEBLES GARAGE painted on the side of it? Well, it's got a false bottom, and when they took up the floorboards they found it plumb full of corn whiskey, all in half-gallon jugs. They've really got the goods on Mr. Peebles."

"Where's Clay?"

"I don't know. I passed by his house and honked, but Mrs. Peebles came to the door and told me to go away. You know what, Frank? The sheriff's men went down there because somebody telephoned them and told them Mr. Peebles had a lot of bootleg whiskey right where they found it."

After Sunday dinner I telephoned the Peebleses' house, but Clay wasn't there. Mrs. Peebles said, "He didn't come home at all last night. I'm getting real worried, Frank."

"Maybe I'll take a look around," I said.

I had an idea where he might be, and I asked Aunt Caroline if I could use the Franklin. I drove out of town, thinking that things had really piled up on Clay. Besides Elsie Mae, his father was in the jailhouse and everybody in town knew now that Mr. Peebles was a bootlegger. But Clay had lit out Saturday night before the raid, and maybe he didn't know his father was in the jailhouse. Maybe he didn't know he could come home without having to feel that belt.

There was a gravel road, the Meandering Road, that circled the lake, and I took it pretty slow, watching for the names on the mailboxes. I found the name PEEBLES on a box across the road from a three-room frame building with canvas let down over the side screens. Clay was there. He had hitched a ride out as far as the amusement park on the lake, and then he had hiked shank's mare to his father's fishing camp, and there he was with eggs and bacon in the skillet and a headful of figuring to do. I stopped the Franklin in a yard overgrown with weeds and Johnson grass, and the brakes were still squeaking when Clay opened the door.

"Your old man's in the calaboose," I said.

"Is that a fact?" said Clay.

"Maybe you knew he was."

"Nope. But it's not the first time."

"They raided the garage this morning, and they knew just where to look," I said. "In that service truck."

"You don't say?"

"Get in," I said. "Your mother wants you home."

So Clay got in, a hard, shiny light in his eyes, and while we were still on the way back to the highway that led to town he said, "Man, I was about to head out for the oil fields. Nobody around here was ever going to lay eyes on me again."

"The cops are looking for Jellybean," I said. "They claim he broke into the garage last night and stole a lot of money."

He jerked his head around. "Jellybean? How come they're picking on him?"

"They saw him running away last night, and you can't miss those fancy pants he wears. He ran right under an arc light."

"But they didn't catch him?"

"No, but they're hunting him."

"He can run like a little jackrabbit, that boy," Clay said. "I doubt they'll ever catch him."

He never looked me in the eye, all the way into town, and I was pretty sure who had called the sheriff. When he got out of the car at his house he just rubbed his chin and said, "So long, Frank," and then he walked to the door, where his mother was waiting.

But after supper that evening he drove by my house in the Essex and honked twice, and I went out. He had on his pongee suit and a silk shirt, and he gave me that laughing-dog grin and said, "Bo, let's go out on the town tonight. I got me a date with Agnes Tolbert, and she said she could get a friend."

"No soap, Clay," I said. "I've got a test tomorrow."

"You've always got some excuse," he said. "I reckon you're still just a country boy."

"Well, I spent all my allowance, and I'll be broke until Friday," I said lamely.

He patted his pocket. "I'll pay the freight."

I shook my head. "Your old man still in the lockup?"

"He can't post bail," Clay said. "He just outsmarted himself, my old man. He put that garage and the camp at the lake and everything else in Ma's name, and she won't pledge so much as a picket stake of that property to make bail. If he comes home I'm gonna light out, and Ma knows that."

So they had both stood up against Mr. Peebles, both Clay and his mother, and I guess it was the first time. I went back into the house to study, but a lot of telephone calls came for me that night, and I didn't get much bookwork done. First it was Harry Cone, then Wilma, then Sam Isham and finally Elsie Mae Crawford, who talked like somebody who had jumped to safety just before the house burned down.

Next day was Monday. Clay didn't show up at school, and on the way home I saw that the garage on Dudley Street was shut tight. I knew Clay had been out with Agnes Tolbert, that he was running wild again, and I guessed I knew the reason, but he wasn't at school Tuesday, either, nor all that week, and the Peebles Garage stayed closed. I didn't call Clay up, and he didn't call me.

I saw him a couple of times that week in the Essex, driving with the cutout wide open. Once I recognized Agnes Tolbert in the car with him, and another time it was some other North Side girl, and I heard talk at the high school about how Clay had run his car right up on the sidewalk when he stopped at Cone's Drugstore for a limeade to pour his gin in, and about how he drove past the Crawford house and heaved an empty jug up on the lawn. The gesture made some sense to me, but I heard tell that Harry Cone was just waiting his chance to catch up with Clay and have it out. I guess Clay would have just about killed him if he had.

"You see?" Wilma told me. "I warned you about Clay Peebles."

"I would like it if everybody just kept their mouth shut about Clay Peebles," I said.

"Well!" said Wilma.

"Clay has had it tough," I said. "He's got a good reason for the way he acts."

"What reason, I'd like to know."

"If you had old man Peebles for your father, you'd know," I said. "He's no-account."

"Like father, like son," she said. We were about to have a fight over it, so I shut up. The garage stayed closed, and Mr. Peebles was still in the jailhouse, waiting trial. Charlie Richards had gone back to his old job, polishing shoes and sweeping up the cut hair at the barbershop in the Prairie Hotel. I saw him when I went to get a haircut, and I beckoned him to come out on the sidewalk, and I asked him if he'd heard anything about Jellybean. He only shrugged his shoulders. It wasn't my business to ask, I knew; how would Charlie know I wouldn't peach?

But I couldn't let it rest. I said, "Charlie, you know a lot about this town. I guess you know who the Ku-Kluxers are."

"Why are you asking me a thing like that, boy?" Charlie said, with a quick anger in his voice.

"I just wondered," I said.

"Well, don't you wonder," he said. "And don't you go around asking a colored man questions like that."

He was right, and I shouldn't have asked. I guess I was still looking for an excuse for Clay's behavior, and a reason to back him up. Maybe I thought that if Mr. Peebles *was* a Ku-Kluxer it made what Clay had done right, and maybe, too, I was scared of the situation if he was, but I did have the feeling that I had let Clay down. Then one afternoon Maxine Knauer caught up with me on the way home from school and said, "I want to talk to you, Frank Neal."

Maxine had finally bobbed her rust-brown hair and fluffed it out, and she had left off wearing glasses except for studying. She had a troubled manner that afternoon, and she drifted real slow under a sycamore tree, kicking at puffballs. "You seeing much of Clay Peebles?" she said.

"Not since he dropped out of school," I said. "Not since the garage closed down."

"I want to talk to him," she said. "But he never calls a girl up. If you see him, you tell him I said to call me up. I've got something to tell him."

"I don't know as I'll see him, Maxine. And I don't know as he'd call you, anyway. You can't tell Clay what to do."

She ground a puffball under her heel and said, "It's kind of my fault, you see."

"What's your fault?"

"Well, I happened to be in my bedroom that Saturday night, and I heard the sound of breaking glass, and I looked out the window and saw somebody sneaking in through the side door of the Peebles Garage. It was me called the police, Frank."

All I could say was, "Why did you go and do that, Maxine?"

"I wish I hadn't," she said.

"Did you see who it was?"

"It wasn't Jellybean," she said. "Because I saw Jellybean there in the shadows by the back fence, kind of spying."

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"But Jellybean lit out," I said. "He ran away."

"Yes, when the police came."

"But he ran away altogether," I said. "It's going on three weeks now. Why would he do that? Why would he light out?"

"Because he's colored, I guess," she said. "But maybe the main reason he cut out was because he saw who it was."

"How do you mean, Maxine?"

"So the police would chase *him*, maybe," Maxine said. She kicked another puffball and watched the fuzz scatter on the sidewalk; then she said, "If you run into Clay, you tell him to call me up."

"You'd better call *him*, it seems to me," I said.

"Maybe I'll do just that," she said.

Undoubtedly she did, because she was with Clay the next Saturday afternoon. The amusement park had opened out at the lake, and I went there with Wilma and a pocketful of nickels. We stopped at the shooting gallery, and I won her a Kewpie doll, and then we took a ride on the Ferris wheel, and then we drifted over to the roller coaster, and as I was buying tickets Clay came up with Maxine Knauer. His eyes had that shiny look, and he laughed and clapped me on the shoulder and said, "Well, bo, how're all them black doddies out at the ranch?"

Maxine had a troubled look, like somebody who has lost control of a situation, and I figured Clay must have had a pint in the car. Wilma tried to edge me away, but it was too late; the roller-coaster car was waiting, and there was nothing we could do but get aboard, in the seats directly behind Clay and Maxine.

Wilma rode the roller coaster the way she rode a horse, with her head up and her lips parted; she wasn't one of those girls who squealed and grabbed hold of her fellow to give him his nickel's worth. Maxine sat tight, too, with the shoulder toward Clay lifted a little—not quite the cold shoulder, maybe, but a disapproving shoulder, sure enough.

We all let out yells when the car started a dive, and suddenly Clay gave a mighty whoop and stood up on his seat. His hair was flying in the wind and he had that laughing-dog look as he flung out his arms. Maxine and Wilma screamed, and I tried to catch hold of his belt, but the car had started its plunge, and I could only hang on to the iron bar in front of my seat. It was wild; it was scary; it was just loony. Clay just stood up there beating the wind with his fists and laughing in that crazy way.

I don't know how he managed to stay upright so long. He swayed, but when the car reached the bottom of the dip he was still on his feet. The car started up the next grade and began to lose momentum, and then Clay went over, not with a jerk or the flailing of a fellow losing his balance—not at all. He just swayed sideways and was gone, and when the car pulled on up to the top there was an empty seat ahead of me beside Maxine Knauer.

We had to finish the ride, the full nickel's worth. Maxine sat huddled up with her hands covering her face. Nobody said a word, but I looked back and down and saw some people running in the tall grass beside the roller coaster.

We found him, there in the tall grass and weeds, with a crowd of men around him. I pushed my way through. He was sitting there looking dazed, with his legs stretched out, and I dropped down on my knees beside him and asked, "Where are you hurt, boy?"

"I ain't hurt at all," he said.

It was true. He had skinned his leg where he had hit the side of the track, and then he had sort of somersaulted and fallen a good twenty feet, but he hadn't hurt himself at all. Bert the Bouncer would have given him a real gold watch, I guess, for a stunt like that, and I was about to say so when I saw that he was crying. He was crying and biting his knuckles, and when I helped him to his feet he just shook his head and pulled away. And Maxine Knauer was crying, too, and whispering, "Oh, honey, don't. Please don't."

She took him by the hand and led him away, still sobbing, with his head bowed down. Wilma and I watched them go.

"Now, wasn't that the craziest thing?" Wilma said in a whisper. "Just what's the matter with that poor boy? He stood up there like the devil had hold of his shirttail. It was the craziest thing."

It was in my mind that Clay hadn't been defying death; it was in my mind that he had been challenging some god of authority to strike him down—some angry old goat of a god who resembled Mr. Peebles. I knew who had stolen the money from the garage, and I had an idea who had sent the sheriff's men to raid the place. Clay would have known about the false bottom in that service truck where his father had cached his jugs.

"You suppose he'd been drinking?" Wilma asked.

"I guess he might have had a swallow or two."

"A boy shouldn't drink when he's out with a girl like Maxine," Wilma said. She walked beside me in thoughtful silence, and when we were in the Franklin, headed back to town, she said softly, "Frank, maybe you ought to see what you can do."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean you used to be a good influence on Clay Peebles," she said. "Can't you do something?"

"I'm afraid there's not a thing I can do, Wilma," I said.

Not me, no. But Maxine Knauer could, and she did.

It was a surprise the next Monday to find that the Peebles Garage had opened up again. I passed by on my way home from school and saw Clay working at the gas pump, filling up an Auburn, and I stopped and asked, "Is your old man out of the calaboose?"

"If he was I wouldn't be here," Clay said. "Bo, that was a damn-fool thing I did Saturday, wasn't it?"

"You're lucky you're alive," I said.

"I had about half a jug of corn in me," he said.

"Maybe that's why," I said.

"It's the last time," he said. "I'm not planning to do any more damn-fool things like that. I'm planning to take and run this garage the way it ought to be run. Ma's agreed to sell the camp out at the lake, and I plan on buying some equipment and running a *real* garage. I'm about to start a night course in auto mechanics. I'm gonna fix cars under the hood, and I won't be selling anything liquid around here but gas and oil and maybe soda pop."

"That sounds great, Clay," I said. "No more school?"

"No more school," he said. "I'm in business now."

"What happens when your old man gets out, though?"

"That will be in about three years," Clay said. "And I reckon I can handle my old man. You want to ask your aunt if she'll let me service the Franklin?"

"You can count on that," I said.

"She needs a new set of tires in the rear, Frank," he said. "I sell tires, remember."

"I'll see what she says," I said. "The senior class is having a dance Friday night. You going?"

He shook his head. "I go to the mechanics' school Friday night, but maybe if we get the chance Maxine and me will stop in at the dance after."

You wouldn't think a boy could grow into a man overnight, but Clay stood there confident and assertive, planning his future, and I knew that he had. I was still a boy in high school, but he was a businessman, and if there were any doubts about his being a success they ended that first week. It wasn't only that I talked my Aunt Caroline into putting new tires on the Franklin; other people found out they needed something for their cars, like a three-note horn for Sam Isham's Willys-Knight and a windshield wiper—worked by hand, of course—that Wilma's father bought for his Paige. And gas—man, cars lined up there on Dudley Street to fill up. It wasn't just that people felt sorry for Clay and wanted to help a boy along; Maxine had been busy on the telephone, calling up everybody she knew. When you went to choosing up sides it wasn't a bad idea to pick Maxine for yours; that girl was single-minded, and she figured every pitch.

When I took Wilma to the senior prom at the Elite Hall Friday night the Five Jazzbos were on the bandstand, and Charlie Richards was blowing trumpet. He winked at me when I danced past with Wilma, and the first chance I got I left her with Harry Cone and went over. Charlie had his uniform cap pushed back on his head, and he was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, because it was June now, and hot.

"How's it going, Charlie?" I asked.

"Can't complain," he said.

"Still working at the barbershop?"

"Yep," he said. "But maybe I'll go back to the garage and help Clay Peebles out. He asked me to."

I stood looking across the hall, listening to the laughter and the voices, and I frowned. I hesitated a long time, but I knew it was right to tell Charlie, and at last I said, "Jellybean didn't do it, Charlie."

"Sure, I know that," he said.

"You do?" I said.

"A boy come to me and told me all about it," Charlie said. "He didn't need to do it, because I already knowed, but I was waiting for that boy to come and tell me, and he done come, with a good and loving girl by his side."

Charlie looked at me, steady and unsmiling, and then he wiped his forehead again and straightened his cap.

"Well, gee," I said. "How about Jellybean, Charlie? Is he all right?"

"Now, they ain't gonna turn the state of Texas inside out for one little colored boy," Charlie said. "That's just what I told Clay Peebles. I told him not to worry none about Jellybean. That boy is out near Tyler with my wife's cousin, hoeing the corn patch, and it will make a mighty good summer for him. By and by he'll come home again, and, like I done told Clay, there won't be nobody to raise a complaint against him."

He brought the trumpet up to his mouth, but he didn't make the signal to start the next number, because he saw the look in my eyes. He lowered the trumpet and grinned at me. "Something else on your mind, Frank Neal?"

"I was just thinking, Charlie," I said. "Who else knew about the false bottom in that truck?"

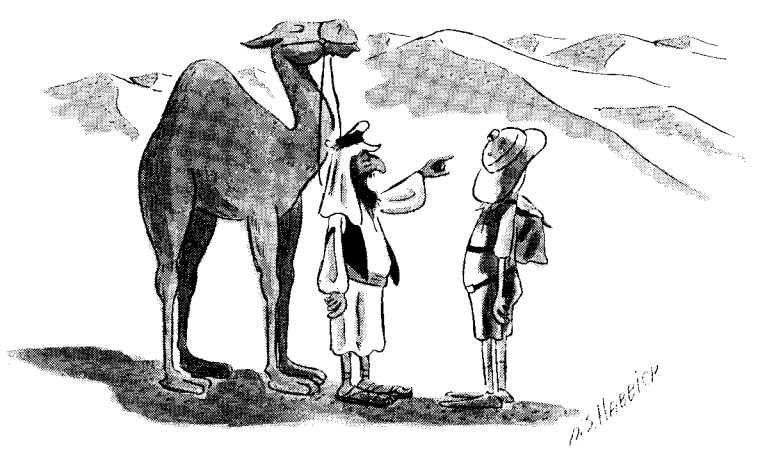
"I wouldn't know, Frank," he said. "I sure wouldn't know."

"It was just Mr. Peebles and Clay and you, I guess," I said. "Nobody else."

Charlie squeezed his left eye shut in a wink as broad as the state of Texas, and then he made a one-two-three count with his left hand and put the trumpet to his mouth and the band started off with a brand-new song, and it was *Yes! We Have No Bananas.*

I waited for the first encore, which was when I could cut in on Wilma, and I listened to that trumpet warble. I had learned something from Charlie—that true loyalty lay deep and silent and asked no questions. The only time Clay had ever faced up to his father had been to protect a trusting boy named Jellybean, and Charlie had showed me how he felt about that. The words of the song were drumming in my head, and I thought that, like what Charlie had done, they made a crazy sort of sense. Charlie had repaid Clay for sticking up for Jellybean, and Mr. Peebles was in the jailhouse, where he belonged, and Clay was running the garage on his own, and Maxine Knauer had got herself a boy and helped to make a man of him and *Yes! We Have No Bananas.*

The music stopped, and I made my way across the dance floor toward Wilma. She was smiling, and her face was pink from the dancing, and there was a dewy moisture on her upper lip and on the blond hair at the nape of her neck, and she opened up her arms to me when I cut in on Harry Cone. It was a wonderful thing to be seventeen years old, not yet grown into a man. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . And when you come to the lake don't stop. There is no lake."

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Little did I know

She was nineteen that spring,

At night, Florence has no tourists. All along the tables dotted in front of this particularly famous café, people sat close together in the half-light, musing, chatting—though it was midnight—in little infernos of talk that celebrated the hour. On the pavement before the tables an unending line of strollers repeated its themes; how many times, for instance, had there not seemed to pass the same pair of high-stepping, black-crepe-and-honey women—or were they girls?—the pout of their calves and pompadours drawn by the same dusky brush, between shoulder and chin always the same long, half-agonized line of throat? Both sitters and promenaders were alike in that each line thought itself audience to the other; for each, its side was the land of the living, the other side the stage.

"I must have been about your age, about nineteen"—the woman speaking, hidden in the shadows beyond the high-backed chair of her invisible vis-à-vis, either thought them both concealed, or did not care who saw or heard—"maybe nineteen and a half, for we were still counting our years in halves then. That gorgeous spring I spent whirling through first love with a boy named Ben. And planning to murder a professor named Tyng. You ever notice, incidentally, that 'gorgeous' has quite dropped out of the language? Must have gone during the depression; we all came out of those years so very stripped and staccato, cleansed of everything from fake Renaissance furniture to the acting style of Sir Henry Irving. And slang had to be just like the plays—short words, full of compassion.

"Anyway . . . it was the spring of my junior or senior year. I'm not good about dates and time, and that goes for geography too; facts of when or where don't interest me. A person like me's memory is likely to be long, but school-book accuracy is seldom its forte. Right in the middle of a conversation, an experience, it goes on selecting, exaggerating, and what we're doomed to remember—believe me, *doomed*—is . . . Oh, well, not so much the facts as the *feeling*. . . .

"But that's just the sort of thing you have to keep in mind about people like us, about me . . . in what I seem to be going to tell you. Yes, I know you're interested, or you wouldn't have looked me up. Just remember, though, that even when we're at our quietest—and we can be quiet—words are our reflex. We spend our lives putting things into words."

Contrarily, before the voice began again—not with a sigh, for there seemed no sighs in this clear-thinking reed—there was a silence. And then the voice again.

"For instance, I'm willing to bet when you go back home you'll have a far better idea of where this terrace was in Florence, and of what we saw today at the galleries, than I—and I've been here before. How I'll remember, dunno—not till I sit down someday to write about it. And then maybe it'll turn into a dialogue between two women of different ages, sitting here watching the other unaccompanied women go by, and wondering which of the well-dressed ones are—see that ladylike one; she's a very well-known one—and pinning us all down in our separate terms."

The occupant of the chair opposite the speaker must have leaned forward, uncurling feet that had been tucked under, for there was now visible one pale slipper of uncertain color, of the kind known as "ballerinas"—a tentative, young shoe.

"Or," said the voice, "I might use *you* discovering Italy, turning you round and round, seeing you with Italy at your edges, or Italy vice versa—though I won't necessarily use what you told me happened between you and the boy in Stamford. . . . H'm'm? No, of course I won't. If I'm lucky, you'll be true to life, that's all. Not necessarily true to yours. And I shan't apologize; the odds are I'll be in there too somewhere, on just as sharp a pin.

"Notice I'm not the least interested in what you'll remember. My way of talking's a habit I can't shake. Keep that in mind, won't you, that I warned you? For I've reached an age, you see, where I notice people try to undazzle the young. . . .

"Thank you, you're very sweet, but I'm almost forty-one. There are women who falsify their age and women who ask you to guess; I'm too old to be the first sort and not old enough to be the other. And if you think *that* remark has been made before—well, it has! Oh well, thanks. The hair's a tint of course, but at least I started out a real blonde. And we small-boned types wear better than average; I'll live till ninety and die of a broken hip. And of course nobody who *is* anybody fattens anymore. A social comment, that—maybe you'll use it someday when you use *me*.

"Anyway, there are at least a half dozen of us who might be me. All of us have done enough to be looked up, the way you looked me up, all about forty, forty-five. All with at least two husbands too, although mine were better than most. A painter so handsome you wouldn't believe his work could deserve such success—until you saw it—and a banker of such charm that nobody minded his money. Too good to have let go, both of them. And of course *I* didn't, though they let me think so, right up to the end. Absolute opposites, those two men were, never even met; yet when they left, it was with the same parting words. . . .

"Don't flinch. You said you wanted to be one of us, didn't you? From the pieces you showed me, maybe you will be. That's why I'm telling you this. Get it straight, though—I loved them, and they me. My first used to say he'd *never* seen a woman as pretty and sexy as I was who was so tough to paint. Maybe you're thinking that's because one can't paint a verbal shimmer. But I don't talk very much with men actually, and I never talked at all in bed; I knew enough not to do that, even before I'd read about it. And I suppose it's not surprising they both made the same remark when they left—after all, they were both expressing the same thought. Of course, it wasn't my intelligence that bothered my husbands, though I'm grateful people think so. When asked, I take the line that the painter wouldn't cope—engage—with it, and I couldn't stand that. And that the banker wanted to promote it—and of course I couldn't stand *that* either. That's the line I take."

In the chair opposite, the one pale slipper, twisting, was joined in its movement by the other; then both

Illustration by MERLE SHORE

By Hortense Calisher

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and in love with Ben. And she was going to murder Professor Tyng.

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were set flat, suggesting that the chair's occupant was nervously in thrall.

"So," said the voice quickly, "at last, back to that spring. Couldn't do without the preamble, though; you'll see why, if you haven't begun to already. In fact, because you're so smart—so much smarter than I was at your age—I'll even give you the key to it all, though I expect it'll sound like kitchen-maid stuff to your collegiate ear. *That spring was the last spring she really lived.* Sorry, this is one of those. What I call 'little did I know' stories. Anyway—in case I made you uneasy back there—I still haven't *quite* murdered Professor Tyng.

"William Tenney Tyng. He was a tall, monk-skulled Anglophile, who opened his Daily Theme course every year by reciting 'The policeman's lot is not a happy one.' In private life he was known to be writing an epic poem. He hated to see the student eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and his highest accolade—I never got it—was to put 'Neat but not gaudy' on modest little themes about cats. I suppose his real trouble was he wanted to be teaching young Oxonians, not second-generation American girls who were floundering in a tumescent passion for the language and spoke it mostly in the accents of the Midwest or the Bronx. And I suppose I should feel sorry for him, now that I know he directed his irony at us only because he didn't dare direct it at the sublime. But I can't. Oh, I've used him, now and then, as people like me will use, over and over, those who have humiliated them, and I once said he didn't 'teach the young idea how to shoot,' as the quote says; he *shot* it, wherever green and trembling, it arose. Let that stand.

"For you see, I'd set myself to handing in poems as themes. Five a week we had to hand in—and almost always I was his target. And I was drunk on language, the way you see kids get on jazz at Birdland. I ran all over the pasture, wondering how I could ever eat all the books there were; I was out of my mind with delight at what some people had been able to do to the world with words. And the words! I collected them in all shapes and sizes, and hung them like bangles in my mind. To this day I've never seen a snaffle, but I remember sitting for hours once wondering what made it twinkle—yes, twinkle—on the page; a lot of those double-consonant words do it. Lots of times I never even knew how the words sounded out loud, and I rarely looked up the meanings—the words simply hung up there, waiting. It wasn't a bad way, really; you don't have much of value to say at that age; what can anybody do but hang up the words and wait?

"So, of course, I was a setup for Tyng. If he hated, as he did, the exotic in Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, Coleridge, what couldn't he do with me! 'Now, let us see what our young wallower in the beauties of English literature has for us today! H'mm, a sonnet: "Let me touch the terrace of the dream, /Soft set foot upon the fragile stair . . ." H'mm. I'm rather a stupid man. Perhaps the author will explain this to me. Most of the terraces I'm familiar with happen to be in Scarsdale.'

"I might have cut his classes—we had free cuts—but I found I couldn't; I had to sit there, in defense of I didn't quite know what. He wasn't just preaching against excess; I knew that. He was saying that all ardor, aspiration, was a disgrace.

"When I was most sunk, I started reading detective stories. Dostoevski and Baudelaire were too much for me; in their company I didn't need Tyng to tell me I was a serf. I don't know how the idea of writing a theme in which a professor was safely murdered merged with the idea of murdering a professor—maybe because the plot was so close to hand. During vacations Tyng had us mail themes to him with a self-addressed envelope enclosed for their return. He was a bachelor with no secretary, and the themes always came back marked in his own crabbed script. If one could find a strong poison to put under the flap of the return envelope—a delaying poison, of course, which wouldn't be fatal until the envelope was safely away in the mail—then 'twere done. Of course, one would have to gamble that Tyng didn't use a sponge.

"You laugh; I don't blame you. I would too, if I didn't know how close I came to the deed. I scared myself, because I knew the intense way I brooded on it wasn't normal. And I had a girl friend whose father ran an untidy, neglected drugstore; we often stopped by of an afternoon and made sodas for ourselves. I found myself one day looking up poisons in the pharmacopoeia, and I tried to reassure myself by recalling that, no matter how many times I'd read *Crime and Punishment*, I'd always hoped that Raskolnikov *wouldn't*. Still, why had I avoided the school library and gone to the city one downtown?

"Then, one day when Tyng stood up to dismiss me after having been particularly vicious to me in the conference hour, he said: 'Easter vacation coming up. Such a strain on poets. Perhaps you might curb your *élan* a little, during the Lenten season. Try not to drink quite so deep of the Pierian spring. Otherwise——' Then he shook his head, licked the flap of an envelope he'd been fiddling with, and set it on the desk, as if for me to see. REPORTS, it said. RETURN TO REGISTRAR.

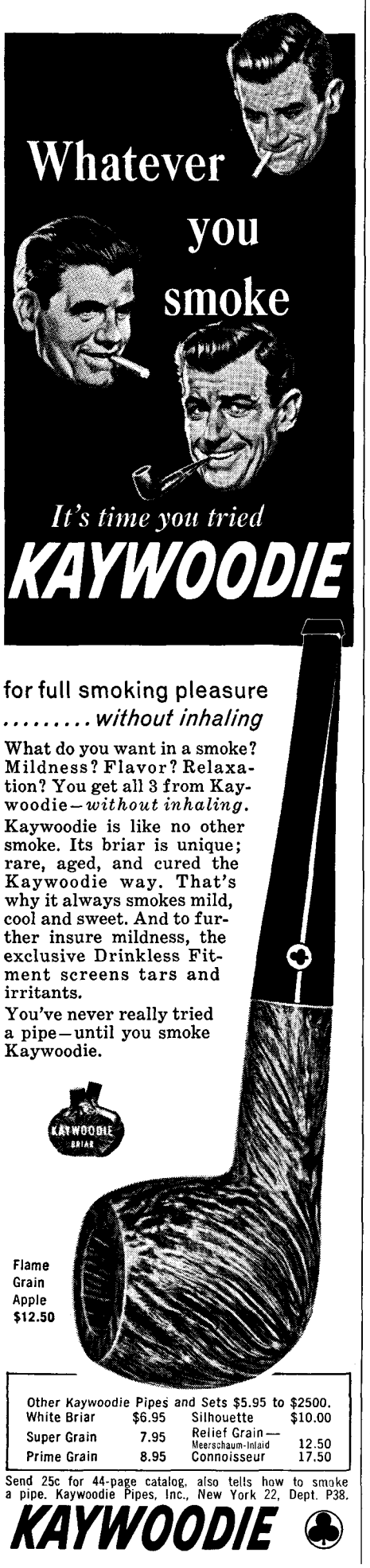
"I walked out of there holding my breath, but not because I was worried about the mark. I'd done the work, and for all its spotty precocity it wasn't the kind he could openly give an F or D; what he'd do would be to purge me with mediocrity as he'd done last term, cupping my overheated blood with a C.

"No, what made me shiver, even as I passed girls in light jerseys on the tennis courts, was that licked envelope, falling to my lot as the knowledge that the old woman would be alone fell to Raskolnikov's. Dozens of times I'd heard someone say, as we left Tyng's course in Room 242: 'Couldn't you *kill* him?' Now I realized that what I'd been saying to myself was 'I *could* kill him.' I don't know what I'd have gone on to do if Ben Bijur hadn't been waiting for me at the dorm—as he usually was, in spite of his best resolutions, almost every other day. He was waiting, though, in one of those chintzy cubicles they made boys wait in. In a way it was like being saved from jumping out the bedroom window by happening to be in the center of the room, thinking about it, when the plaster falls.

"I suppose I was in love with Ben Bijur because he was the first man who'd ever touched me. In later years I've seen words swarm about an idea just the way my spongy dreams clustered about Ben Bijur's head the minute he put a hand on me and I let it stay. At home, in Ontario, I'd been a day student at a convent in a small town; the few local boys I'd known had been as fair and corn-fed as myself. This boy was enticingly swart and world-weary; he had splendid teeth and a fine baritone, but at twenty-two he was already losing his hair—a fact that he and I both looked upon, at the time, as an effect of character—and he was fond of saying quietly that he had been born old.

"The sad truth was that he had; his was one of those temperaments that never, even in senility, take the form of youth. At twenty-two, he was already a disappointed man, sulking at authority instead of flying at its eyes, carrying his hypersensitivity around with him the way a would-be suicide carries a knife—hoping to hurt himself. Even his frustrations seemed secondhand, as if he'd got them only through reading of Prufrock and Leopold Bloom. But at the time I was much impressed by the experiences at which Ben hinted—though he was, no doubt, as virginal as I—and when he repeated his fantasies of affairs with older women, I smoothed his poor, shedding scalp in awe. He was a word collector too, and used to tell me mournfully that he was afraid he was already putting life into footnotes without ever having enjoyed the text. Whereas, he used to say, there was something about me, young as I was, which marked me for the success that would pass him by. Sometimes he drew little word pictures of how, when ten years had passed, I would open the door of my penthouse and find him fainting on the doorstep, his feet wrapped up in burlap bags.

"Ben called me four or five times a week and dropped by during the day, but he would never make a date ahead, and he had a way of not phoning on Saturday night—this was to preserve his freedom and keep me from knowing where I stood. Marriage was never mentioned, of course—he was getting his Ph.D. on an allowance from his father—but neither of us saw anybody else. Nights when he hadn't called, I hung near the phone in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agony; when he did call, and we went somewhere to neck, it often ended with me crying like mad on his shoulder—I didn't know why. Sadness interested him, and he treated mine with great deference, kissing me with a kind of scientific respect and muttering words like *Sehnsucht* into my ear. The farthest he'd ever gone was to lean against my blouse and quote into it, but this seemed to me very far.

"I'd never told Ben about Tyng, and I didn't this time; I was in such a high state of dejection I hardly noticed him. He'd got me out of the cubicle, bought us both hot dogs, and walked me to our favorite stretch along the river, before I realized that he was hanging onto my arm and looking at me with a humility I'd seen on the faces of young husbands walking their pregnant wives.

"I wasn't noticing *him*, you see; it must have been clear to him that I was swept up in some powerful emotion that was bigger than I. And for people like—well, like Ben—the sight of another person in the throes, divorced from reason, offering a breast for the eagles to pick at and so on, has an attraction just as strong as sex. That's why lots of times you'll see a weak man or an ugly woman with an entourage otherwise hard to explain; it's because they have this talent for letting life blow through them, for seeming to be swept away. And the people who hang around them don't even hope to get into the act; all they ask is to get close enough to be shaken a little themselves—something like kissing the Pope's ring, or being touched by the king for pox.

"Of course, there's another, simpler explanation for the way Ben acted—that he thought I was thinking of some other boy. Whichever it was, between it and the evening, he was done for.

"It *was* a gorgeous evening, one of those butterfly-blue ones. Every once in a while the river gave a little shantung wrinkle and then lay still; there was one sailboat low in the foreground, like Whistler's signature. Behind us, the windows of the Alpha Delt house were open, but there was nobody in them; everybody was off for the Easter holidays. Ben knew the grad student who acted as janitor in exchange for an apartment in the basement, an older man who was doing some kind of endless project on the *Risorgimento* and went off now and then with the merchant marine, until he had enough funds for another go at research. His door was always unlocked, and we'd been there once or twice alone. That evening there was a note tacked to the door: 'Back next Wednesday at eighteen hours.'

"Ben led me inside, murmuring, 'Say something, darling; you look so sad. I've never seen you look so sad!' By this time I wasn't, of course—he'd never called me darling before, and I knew that for him words spoke much louder than action—but I had the sense to hold my tongue and keep my sad expression and on a young skin, I suppose, the wish to murder and the wish to love look much the same.

"He took off my dress, and the sight of me in my long cotton slip sent him down on one knee, his arms flung wide; it was a pose like the gallants in those slightly shady, illustrated editions of *Mlle. de Maupin* or the *Heptameron*—both of which Ben had. I was in an odd rig for seduction; there was a fashion on then for Oxford glasses, silver-rimmed ones that snapped open like lorgnettes, and mine hung down over my chest on a chain. My shoes were much too sedate for me too—terribly long, pointed ones, like dachshunds' muzzles—and my stockings, heavy gunmetal silk, were rolled. Despite all this, we were able to lose our heads. Or at least we thought we had—this generation can have no idea of the innocence of mine. When we left the apartment, I was under the confused impression that I had been seduced—an assumption that wasn't corrected until two years later, when I was. Ben must have been under the same misapprehension, because he insisted on taking me back to the dorm, ten blocks away, in a cab. And on the way he asked me for a date—for Saturday night.

"And when Saturday night came, he surprised me by taking me to the Baxter. Unlike the campus joints where we'd always gone for Coke or coffee, the Hotel Baxter was downtown, dull and semi-official; couples went there dutifully the minute they got engaged, for a splurge a la carte. Poor Ben! It was only his way of saying that if necessary he'd do right by me, but I was as insulted as if he'd bought the ring without asking me. It seemed humiliating that only sin had got me to the Baxter—and besides, I wasn't dressed for it.

"To this day those starlight-roof places always make me think of babies born out of wedlock, for of course that's what was on Ben's mind. He ordered Alexanders—in those days that's what you started girls drinking on—and when I said mine made me feel positively sick he turned white, not knowing I'd said it only because at home in Ontario my grandfather had taught us early to disdain anything but

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Scotch. 'What—what about *Banjo?*' he said.

"Banjo was one of those terrible whimseys that lovers have, like those letters beginning 'Dear Poodles . . .' that stockbrokers always seem to get held up for; you and your Stamford boy probably shared something of the same. Ben was always plying me with anecdotes I didn't yet know were cliché, and once—after he'd told me how Isadora Duncan wrote Bernard Shaw suggesting what a paragon any child of theirs would be—we'd spent an afternoon concocting a paragon of our own. It was to have Ben's teeth, *my* hair, and—since this was still a very feminist era—*both* our brains. We'd dubbed it Ben-Jo, corrupted in time to Banjo.

"And for some reason that wasn't clear to me at the Baxter, his choosing that way to ask me infuriated me. Why did he always have to remove himself from everything, from the most important things, by putting them into quotes!

"'Oh you!' I said. 'You're so literary you make me spit!' Then I stood up, burst into tears, and we went home.

"Extraordinary, isn't it? There it was, a warning out of my own mouth, and I passed it by, the way you can speed to your death right past a warning from Burma-Shave.

"During the next few weeks Ben scarcely left my side. Vacation was well under way, but by this time I was glad I hadn't had the money to go home; I couldn't have borne being at home feeling like Hardy's Tess. Day after day went by and—it must have been nervous strain or self-hypnosis—I still couldn't assure Ben we weren't going to have a baby. Luckily I had term papers to do, and Ben had his thesis; we spent most of our time in the library or walking by the river, holding hands numbly but not kissing. I was finding out how the world both heightens and darkens under a single, consuming anxiety; normality goes on rattling around you, and your trouble is like a goiter in your gullet that no one else can see. Ben and I couldn't bear to be out of each other's sight; it was such a relief to be with someone who *knew*. At the same time, I couldn't help feeling a certain excitement at being one with several heroines of history. Once, when we were down by the river, I referred darkly to *An American Tragedy* and, to my surprise, Ben gave me a dreadful look and dropped my hand. It hadn't occurred to me until then that he might be having heroic feelings of his own. I wasn't afraid of them, but I was rather miffed at the idea of his enjoying them, and for the first time I wondered whether it would be a bore to marry someone whose reference books were the same as mine.

"Meanwhile, I'd forgotten all about Professor Tyng. Then, the last night before school began again, I remembered I hadn't sent him my ration of themes. I'd enough back poems to choose from, and after Ben and I had parted, I sat up until three retyping them. As I slugged them out I kept thinking of how I might never have been in the situation I was in, if it hadn't been for Tyng. When I'd finished, I went down the hall to wash out some underwear, and in the bathroom I saw the bottle of stuff the maids used for the drains. It was marked POISON in large, navy-blue letters.

"I picked it up and read the fine print on the label: *Antidote: Drink teaspoon or more of magnesia, chalk, whiting or simple wall plaster—or small pieces of soap softened in water—in milk, or raw egg.* Quite a rhythm the first phrases had, each with its feminine ending, then that nice little dactyl: *or raw egg.* Neat, but not gaudy. I went back for the envelope I'd addressed to myself, carefully used an old toothbrush to paint some of the stuff from the bottle onto the underside of the flap, carried the envelope back to my room, and set it on the blotter to dry. I never once thought of using the poison on myself. Indeed, I had never felt more surgingly alive, and for the first time in days I fell asleep like a lamb.

"And the next morning I discovered I wasn't going to have Banjo after all. The world immediately lost that intent, outlined look and went back to being its usual astigmatic blur; I'd never before felt how glorious the ordinary was. Ben had a nine-o'clock in philosophy; I raced over there to tell him.

"The elevator in Philosophy Hall was one of those old-fashioned wire-cage ones that held only about six people. I'd squeezed in and faced the door before I saw that Professor Tyng was one of the six, his height looming over us all. I must have looked wild. My hair was tousled, and I'd just remembered the envelope on my blotter in my room.

"'Ah, good morning, Miss—er,' he said. He had a very commanding voice. And you know that conscious stillness people have in elevators. 'Tell me,' he said. 'Have you quite deserted poetry?'

"The elevator girl, an old university hand, closed the door softly and waited; she knew as well as I did that he hadn't finished. I lowered my eyes, but I could feel the mass smile all around me.

"'Ah, well,' said Tyng, 'I always say that one's poetry is a solace to oneself and a nuisance to one's friends.'

"That elevator must have been the slowest in the city; it rose in exact time with the blood in my ears. I didn't answer Tyng and I didn't look him in the face. I just stared at the cords in his neck. Someday I'll murder you, I thought, but not with poison. No, I'll remember what you taught me, that only irony is safe. Just you go on talking, and someday I'll murder you—with words. Someday I'll hang you by the neck with them, until you are *alive*.

"Classes were already on, but I got Ben out of his; he was an awful color and kept saying, 'What is it? What is it?' out of the side of his mouth as we went down the hall. When we got outside on the steps, I told him. At that moment, all I felt was a horrible, female embarrassment at having to tell him.

"'It's Banjo,' I said. 'He isn't.'

"The most peculiar expression crossed his face. There was relief there first, of course, but then something else took its place. Regret after catharsis is the only way I can describe it—the way people's faces sometimes look when they come out of the theater after a wonderfully harrowing play.

"I didn't understand it until later that afternoon, when we were sitting quietly together over a Coke, in the rear of the soda parlor.

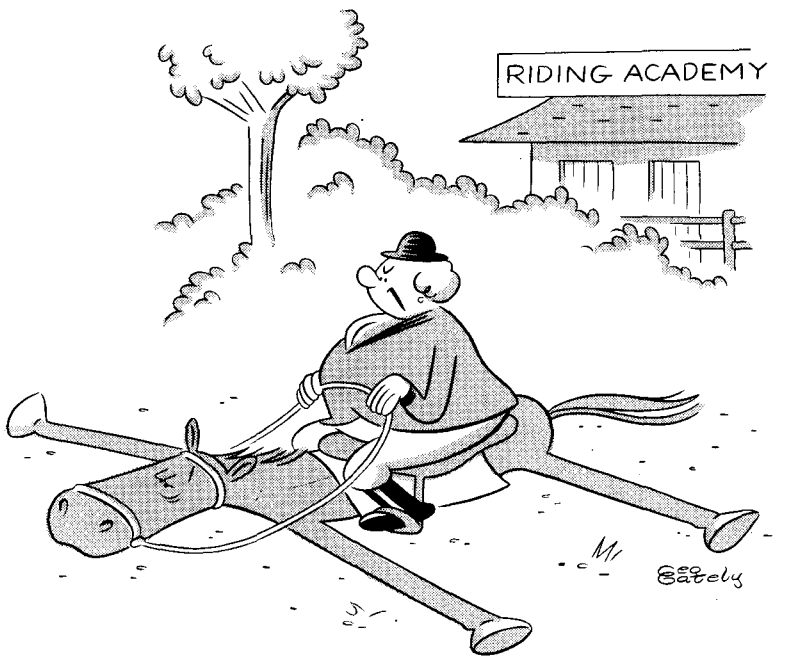
"'You know,' Ben said, 'when we were so worried, back there . . . Nevertheless that was *living*, though, wasn't it? That was real.'

"I knew what he meant, of course; I'd seen the world shift that morning too. But to *say* it, to put it into . . . maybe even while it was all going on . . . or even before! Poor footnoter, I thought, poor self-murderer. At the same time I shrank back from the table, from him—the way one leans away from someone with a bad cold.

"'*I'm* alive!' I said. 'I'm *still* alive.' I stood up. 'Afraid I've got to run,' I said. And I ran.

"The minute I got back to my room I sat down and wrote him a letter saying I didn't want to see him again. I didn't understand quite why yet myself, so I lied and said I was in love with another man.

"Two weeks later, Ben came to see me; I suppose he thought it just another dodge to bring him to his knees. Anyway, that's just what he did—went down on his knees again, without even saying hello first, and asked me to marry him. Later he told a friend of mine that from the way I'd refused him—I *knew* I hadn't been sad enough—it was clear I'd never be a woman of the world. I haven't seen him since, but now and then I hear he's around somewhere, technically alive. I sure don't want to see him. Little does he know the very particular way he could crow over me—fainting on my doorstep or not, with or without his feet in those burlap bags. . . ."



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"You're not trying."

An intensity of silence reigned now, a contest of quiet in which the speaker herself must have been wondering if she was to be allowed to get away with it like that—or whether the girl across from her was going to let her know that she was not.

We can be quiet too, the silence said now. People like us . . .

"What?" Was the voice relieved at not being let off? "Don't mumble so. . . . Ah, you want to know what it was—what both my husbands said when they left. Now, really! The listener ought to do some of the work. I've been telling you, actually, all the way along. OK, guess, then. Don't be shy; go on, try.

"Oh. You think it was more or less what I said to Ben—just before I ran? That's very clever of you; you're a very clever girl. That would be a twist, wouldn't it? You've *got* talent, no doubt about it. Well, I shan't say, but you listen now. You listen very carefully.

"After I'd sealed that letter to Ben and put it into the mail slot in the hall, I came back to my room. The envelope for Tyng, stained brown and shriveled, was lying where I'd left it. I picked it up, rolled it in some tissue from an old stocking box, and threw it into the basket. Then I went to the window and leaned on the sill. It was the holy time, a beautiful evening. A dusky wind was blowing, and the west was the color of a peach. I could feel the cold touch of the pearls at my throat, the warm cuddle of the jersey I'd just thrust my arms into; I thought I could even feel the lovely tickle of the blood running in my veins. It was spring, and my whole future was opening up again, full of oysters, music, lovers. A few foghorns were sounding on the river, and I wondered idly whether I would ever be able to set down exactly the emotion that sound always called up in me—as I had tried and failed to do so many times before.

"And after a while, as I leaned there, the words came, began to shimmer and hang in the air about me. There they were, armies of them, ready to be made into ropes for necks, ready for lovers to be put into, husbands, life. They danced in my mind like wild ponies that moved only to my command, with hooves sharp enough to kill, but forelocks meek enough to me.

"It had been a day. All in one day I'd found out I wasn't going to have Banjo, marry Ben, poison Tyng. It had been a day full enough for anyone. Except me—and perhaps you. . . ."

Was she leaning forward? The voice was low now, farther back in its own mists than it had ever been, yet near enough for the quick of any ear.

"So I sat down at the desk again—what I wrote was published the next year. The world stretched all before me that evening, in profuse strains of unpremeditated—life. But I left the window, and began to write about it. . . ."

No, it was the girl, leaning back, away, now stealthily rising. For a moment the figure stayed, a series of soft, dark ellipses lapsing to that poised, no longer tentative shoe. Then it ran. On the edge of the promenade it halted; then the wind, or a gesture of its own, tossed back the free-swinging hair and it was gone.

Did the voice know it was alone now? Had it planned it that way—to be left addressing that perfect, illimitable audience of one? For it was still speaking.

"So I left the window," it said, "and began to write about it. Beginning with the word 'I'." THE END

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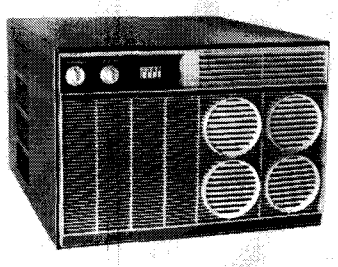

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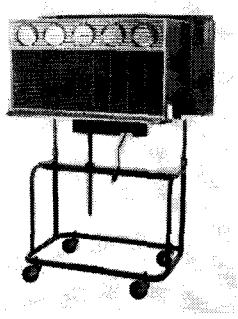

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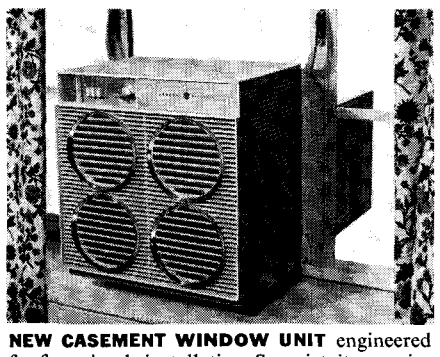

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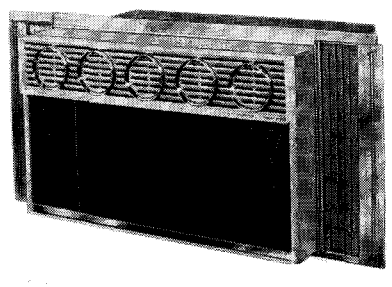

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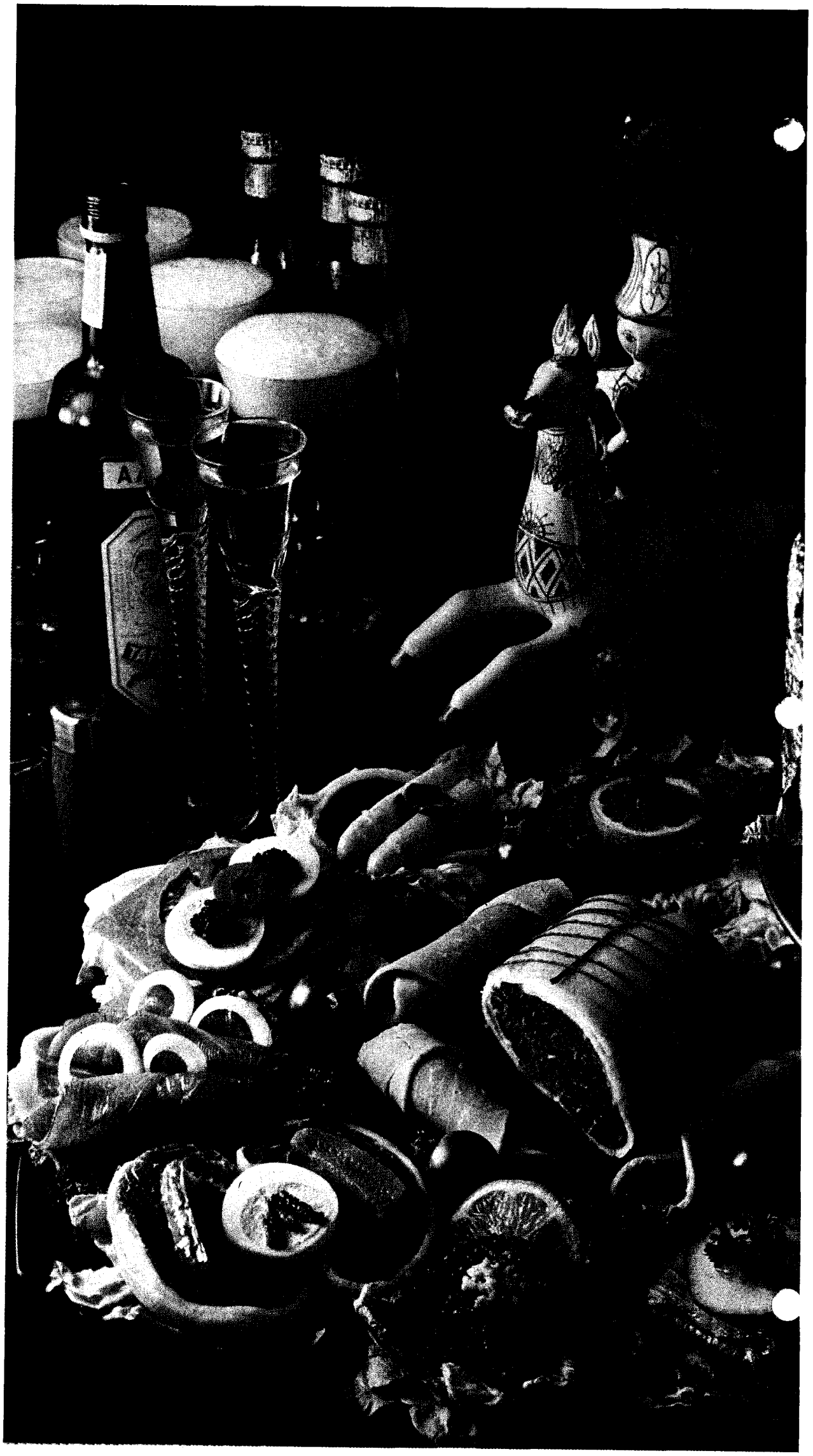
When Danes want to eat who cares for calories?

By Robert W. Wells

Photograph by Henry Ries



A Danish feast starts with aquavit and continues with smørrebrød, open-faced sandwiches stacked with two inches of food.

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The basic recipe of Danish cooking begins: "Take a pound of butter . . ."

Racine, Wisconsin, shares no responsibility for the stockpiling of butter in Government warehouses. According to the Danish-Americans who live there, in the heart of prime dairyland much like Denmark itself, butter simply cannot be overused. The basic recipe for Danish cooking goes like this: "Take a pound of butter. . . ." A Danish cook will tell you, "With all that butter anything tastes good."

Danish-Americans who begin married life with a hefty helping of *Kransekage*, followed by a stroll around the *Smørrebrød* table, are forever conditioned against such an effete custom as weight-watching. Not only butter, but eggs and cream are poured into their food. When they eat, they *eat*. "He eats like a Dane" is a statement of high praise. It means a man can consume his weight in kringler and *Frikadeller*.

He starts his training early. When a Danish girl marries, her first wifely act is to break a generous piece from the two-foot-tall *Kransekage* and hand it to the groom. It is her duty to prevent any shortage of nourishment in her marriage, and the time to begin is at once.

Kransekage is an elaborate cake made from 15 to 25 hollow rings of pastry—a large ring on the bottom, tapering gradually to a small one on top. It is reserved for special occasions. Cakes of three to five layers, with plenty of rich custard between, are more typical fare, along with the large meat balls called *Frikadeller*, the open-faced sandwiches called *Smørrebrød* and that mainstay of Danish baking, kringler.

More than a third of Racine's 90,000 residents are of Danish ancestry, descendants of skilled artisans who came there in the 19th century to take jobs in three large plants that built the wagons which carried pioneers west. As wagon-making declined, the Danes turned to other pursuits—a considerable number of them to baking kringler, a flaky, many-layered pastry which looks like a flattened Christmas wreath.

Racine Danes who don't keep busy baking kringler keep busy eating them. They eat them for breakfast, for dessert at lunch and dinner, for midmorning and midafternoon kringle breaks. If friends drop in for an evening of cards—whist is the favorite of Danish old-timers—they get out the kringler. "Whenever we drink coffee, we eat kringler, and Danes drink coffee all the time," I was told.

The consumption of kringler shot to a new high at a Kringle Festival held a couple of years ago, complete with a kringle queen and The Kringleville Polka, written for the occasion by Sverre Elsmo of Kringleville, an almost exclusively Danish section of Racine. And in 1939, when Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark visited Racine, the schools shut down, the governor headed the welcoming committee and prince and commoners broke kringler together.

I met a leading kringle maker, Christ W. Olesen, at the Dania Society Hall. "Come to my bakery and I'll tell you all about them," he said. "But first, let's have an aquavit." In drinking aquavit—"we call it Danish kerosene," says Karl Andersen, Dania manager—you hold the small "schnapps" glass in front of you, look into your companion's eyes and say, "Skaal!"

"Skaal!" he replies and you down the chilled but fiery liquor, following it at a more leisurely pace with a glass of beer. Aquavit—"the water of life"—is often drunk as an appetizer or between courses. "When you feel like you can't eat anymore, you have an aquavit and then you can eat again," Olesen says.

Olesen's O. & H. Bakery opened as a one-man operation in 1949. Now Olesen and his son, Raymond, have 17 employees. Ray Olesen pushed some baking tins aside, dusted the flour from his hands and used a sheet of translucent white wrapping paper to convert the bakery's kringle recipe to family-size proportions. "Baking a kringle at home is tricky," he said. "Around here, most people buy them ready-made. But if you aren't lucky enough to live in Racine, where there are so many good Danish bakeries, it would be worth the trouble."

The same basic dough is used for making Danish sweet rolls. For the rolls, though, you let the dough rise. I had my first taste of kringler during lunch at Dania Hall. This clubhouse and the Danish Brotherhood are the favorite meeting places of Racine's Danes. There was a choice of two entrees. One, strangely, was corned beef and cabbage. I chose the *Frikadeller*.

There are nearly as many theories on how to make these large meatballs as there are good Danish cooks in Racine. Some start with mixtures of ground pork and veal, some with ground pork and beef, some with ground pork alone, some with equal portions of ground beef, pork and veal. All agree on two things, however: The meat should be ground extra fine, and the *Frikadeller* must be fried in butter. In Racine's meat markets, butchers grind meat three and four times before housewives are satisfied.

Peder Back, the 74-year-old proprietor of a seed store and for 34 years the dignified announcer for a Racine radio program of Scandinavian music, believes there's gold in *Frikadeller* making. If someone opened a restaurant along Interstate route 94 west of Racine and advertised "Royal Danish *Frikadeller*," he says, the proprietor would make a fortune. "You could sell two nice *Frikadeller* with boiled potatoes and red cabbage for one dollar and still make money on it," Back insists.

Like most Danes, Back is also fond of fish. As many as 200 Scandinavians at a time come from nearby Milwaukee to Dania Hall's *Torsk* dinners. *Torsk* (codfish) or *Kuller* (haddock) is boiled and served with mustard cream gravy—"the stronger the mustard, the better the gravy," Back says. "And be sure you put plenty of melted butter on the fish."

Flounder, a salt-water species that's hard to find in Midwestern stores, is another Danish favorite. Houmann's Fish Market opposite Dania Hall has flounder shipped in, packed in ice; but even there the Racine Danes can't buy it the way they would in Denmark. "Back home you wouldn't dream of buying a dead fish," says Back. "You go to the seashore, where they have

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"If you can see the piece of bread under a Danish sandwich, the cook is disgraced."

the fish in big cases in the water. They dip them out with a net. Most Danes won't buy a fish if it can't still flop its tail."

Danish cooks use beef less often than pork—an animal that produces butter is too useful to be cut up into roasts. Mrs. Jens Andersen, whose son is the manager of Dania Hall, insists that there's nothing finer than a good roast of pork.

"I generally put a Slippery Jim on top," she said. "You know, a ripe-cucumber pickle."

Mrs. Andersen explained about *Smørrebrød.* On one occasion, she recalled, she'd served a tray of the open-faced sandwiches to a group of cribbage players. One of them called her back. "Hey, lady," he told her, "you forgot the bread."

"He certainly wasn't a Dane," Mrs. Andersen said, "or he would have realized that a sandwich is not supposed to have any bread showing." If you can see the bread beneath all the meat or fish or eggs, a Danish cook is disgraced.

Smørrebrød should not be confused with the Swedish *smörgåsbord,* but there's one similarity—the diner has such a wide choice of foods that he has to keep making decisions on which to eat. The Danish specialty starts with thickly buttered slices of bread—its name means "butter-bread." On top of each half slice is piled meat, pickled herring, oysters, sliced or scrambled eggs, macaroni salad, blue cheese or almost anything else the cook has handy. The toppings are piled high—two to six inches. The guests move slowly around the *Smørrebrød* table, picking and choosing, then retire with a knife and fork.

Eye appeal as well as taste is important in preparing *Smørrebrød.* A pickled beet improves the looks of liver paste, and chopped boiled egg goes on top of corned beef. Slices of hard-boiled eggs are garnished with anchovies or a slice of tomato. Onion rings go with the pickled herring—and not just plain onion rings, but rings with a long piece of green onion thrust through them like a sword and a piece of pimento added to give the sandwich color. Danish meatballs, sliced for the *Smørrebrød,* should have a pickle or beet on top, and cold beef can be topped with a mixture of grated horseradish and sour cream.

The *Smørrebrød* should be eaten in a leisurely manner. According to another Kringleville cook, Mrs. H. J. Beck, all food ought to be consumed that way. "The Danes like to sit at the table," she said. "Over here, we've got to hurry, hurry."

Mrs. Beck, who recently retired as cook for the Danish Brotherhood, talked of such robust Danish food as a chicken soup whose main ingredient is a three- to four-pound hen. Her husband, a Racine butcher, is especially fond of roast duck. She stuffs it with prunes and apples instead of dressing, using the fruit to prevent the duck from tasting too greasy. For the same reason she adds a spoonful of currant jelly to the duck gravy just before removing it from the stove.

At the Brotherhood Hall, she said, a favorite dish is an old—and surprising—Danish specialty, *Spraengt Flaesk eller Oksekød.* What is this in English? "Corned beef and cabbage." THE END

Danish-American *special recipes*

Mrs. Beck's *Hønskekød suppe* (chicken soup) with meat balls and dumplings:

Soup: One 3- to 4-lb. chicken

2 teaspoons salt
1 soup wisp (celery leaves and parsley tied together)
1 small onion
2 or 3 small whole carrots

Meatballs:

1 lb. ground pork
1 cup milk
1 medium-sized onion
½ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup flour (or bread crumbs)
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt

Dumplings:

1 cup boiling water
½ cup butter
1 cup flour
4 eggs
½ teaspoon salt

Cut up chicken. Place in boiling water. Add wisp, onion, carrots, salt. Water should just cover chicken. Simmer until done.

To make meatballs, stir milk into ground pork, adding grated onion, flour or bread crumbs, egg, salt, pepper. Mix thoroughly. Form into balls. Boil until done in salt water.

Dumplings: Melt butter in boiling water. Add flour and beat until smooth. Cool, then add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add salt. Use teaspoon to drop dumpling mix into hot but not boiling salt water. Bring to boil, agitating water gently so dumplings will turn over. Boil about two minutes.

Put several dumplings and meat balls into each dish. Slice carrots and put a few slices into each dish. Remove chicken from soup and serve it separately. Remove wisp, which may be thrown away or eaten by the cook. Pour soup on top of dumplings and meatballs. Garnish with sprinkled parsley. Serves 6 to 8.

Peder Back's *Frikadeller* (Meatballs):

1 lb. pork
1 lb. round steak (or veal)
3 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground white pepper
½ cup chopped onions
1½ tablespoons butter
¼ cup flour
4 eggs
½ cup milk

Grind meat 4 times, add salt and pepper. Sauté onions in butter until golden, then add to meat. Beat meat mixture at low speed of electric mixer, add flour, then eggs one at a time and add milk slowly. Using tablespoon, form mixture into egg-size balls. Brown in melted butter. Put in 450° F. oven for about 10 minutes. Serves 6.

Olesen's Kringler

12 tablespoons butter
¼ cup warm water
1 package or cake of yeast
¼ cup scalded milk
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon lemon extract
1 egg
2 cups sifted flour

Divide butter in half and spread each half on waxed paper to an 8-by-8-inch square. Chill.

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add lukewarm milk, sugar, salt, lemon extract and egg, mixing well. Add flour and mix until smooth.

Roll dough on well-floured board to an 8-by-12-inch rectangle. Place one piece of chilled shortening on two thirds of dough. Fold uncovered third of dough over the middle third, then fold the remaining third over the top. Again: Fold one end over middle third, and fold remaining third over top, making a square of nine layers. Wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate 30 minutes.

Roll dough again to an 8-by-12-inch rectangle. Add chilled shortening and fold the same way. This makes 18 layers. Refrigerate 2 hours.

Cut dough into two equal pieces. Roll lightly one piece at a time, until piece is about 20 by 6 inches. Spread center third of dough with butterscotch filling (see below), then add fruit, nuts, raisins, and so on, or fill with jam. Fold one of the long edges to the middle, moisten other edge and fold over the top to cover filling. Seal well. Put kringle on greased baking sheet and form into oval shape, pressing ends of kringle together to form a continuous circle. Flatten dough with hands. Bake at once in 350° F. oven for 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool, then ice it. Makes 2 kringler.

Filling for two kringler:

1 cup brown sugar
⅓ cup butter
Pinch of salt
Pinch of cinnamon
½ egg white

Mix until smooth.

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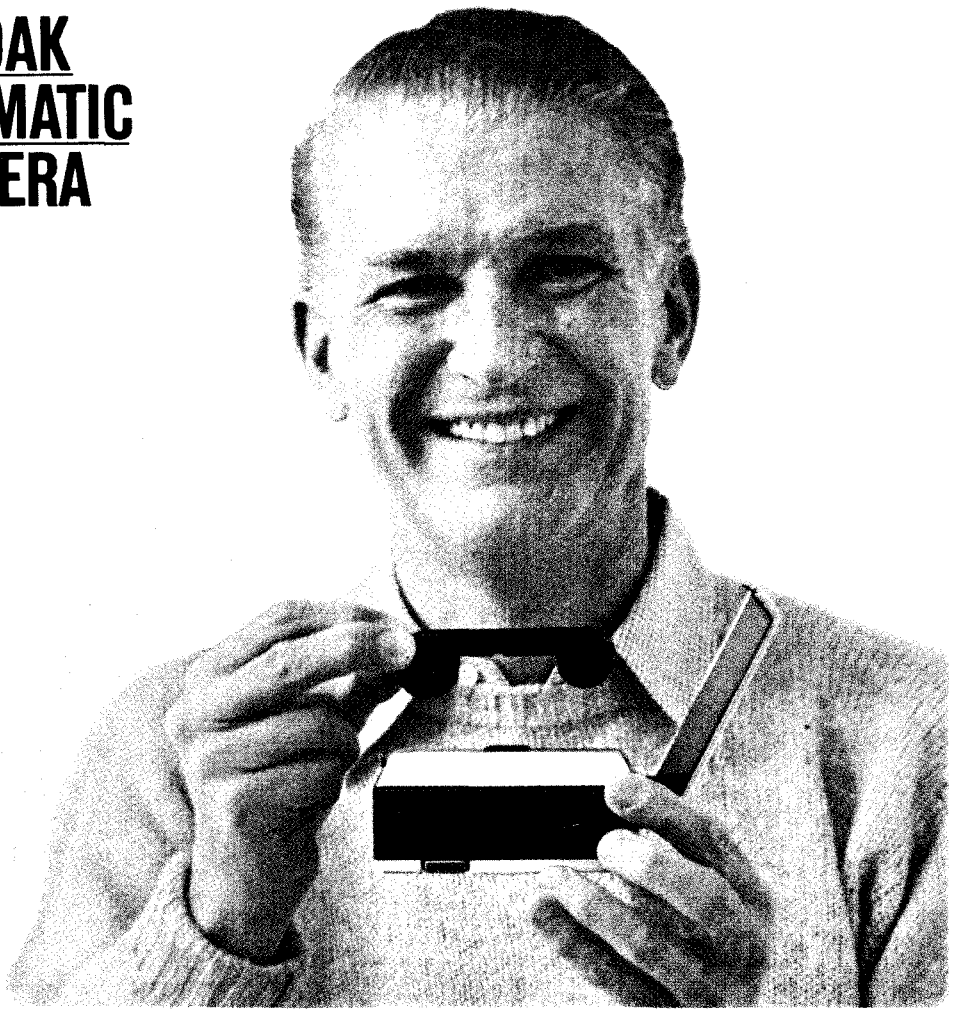

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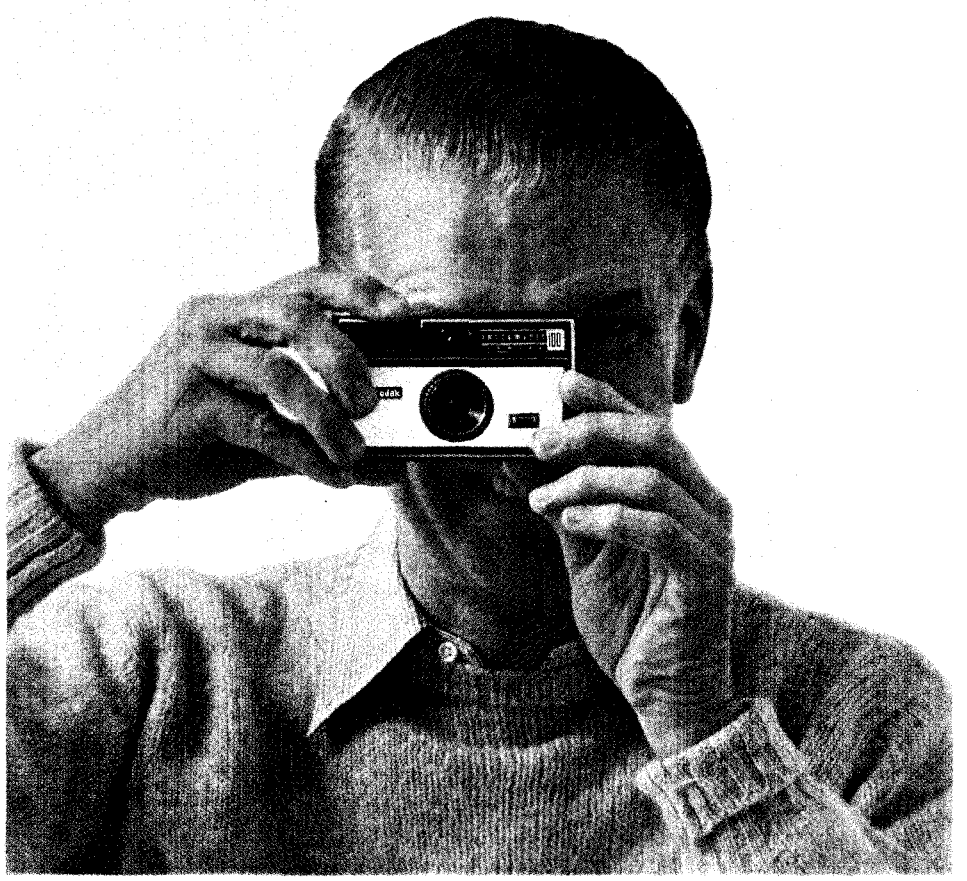

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post scripts

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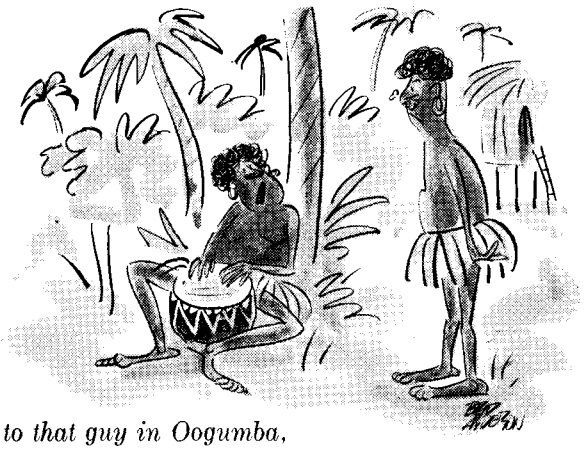


"I'd like to talk to that guy in Oogumba, but I can't remember his area code."

"You're a disgrace to the decoy squad, O'Quinn!"

GIFTED

What a beautiful tablecloth, my dear.
Hideous is the word.
It adds such an air of elegance.
It's so out of date, it's absurd.

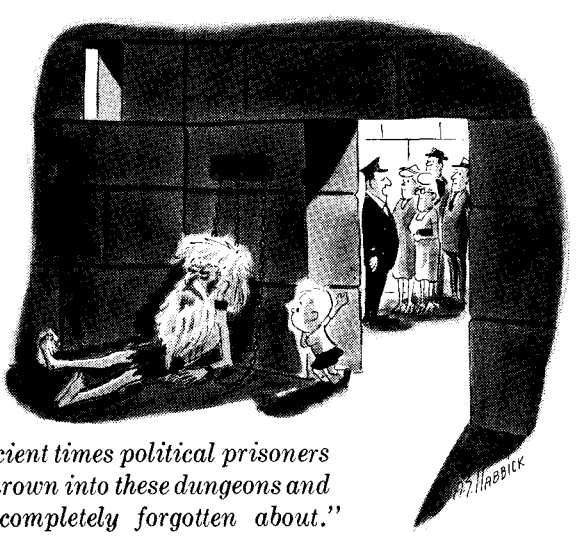
Don't tell me you made it all yourself?
I'd deny it; I'd have too much pride.
My grandmother had one just like it.
I threw it away when she died.

It must have taken you months to crochet.
Good lord, what an awful waste.
I certainly envy your patience.
As much as I pity your taste.

What's that? . . . Oh, no. Please—I can't take it.
You can't mean —— Of course I do —— But . . .
Well, thanks, it will always remind me of you . . .
And also to keep my mouth shut.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

"Our class spent the whole afternoon down at the docks."



"In ancient times political prisoners were thrown into these dungeons and often completely forgotten about."

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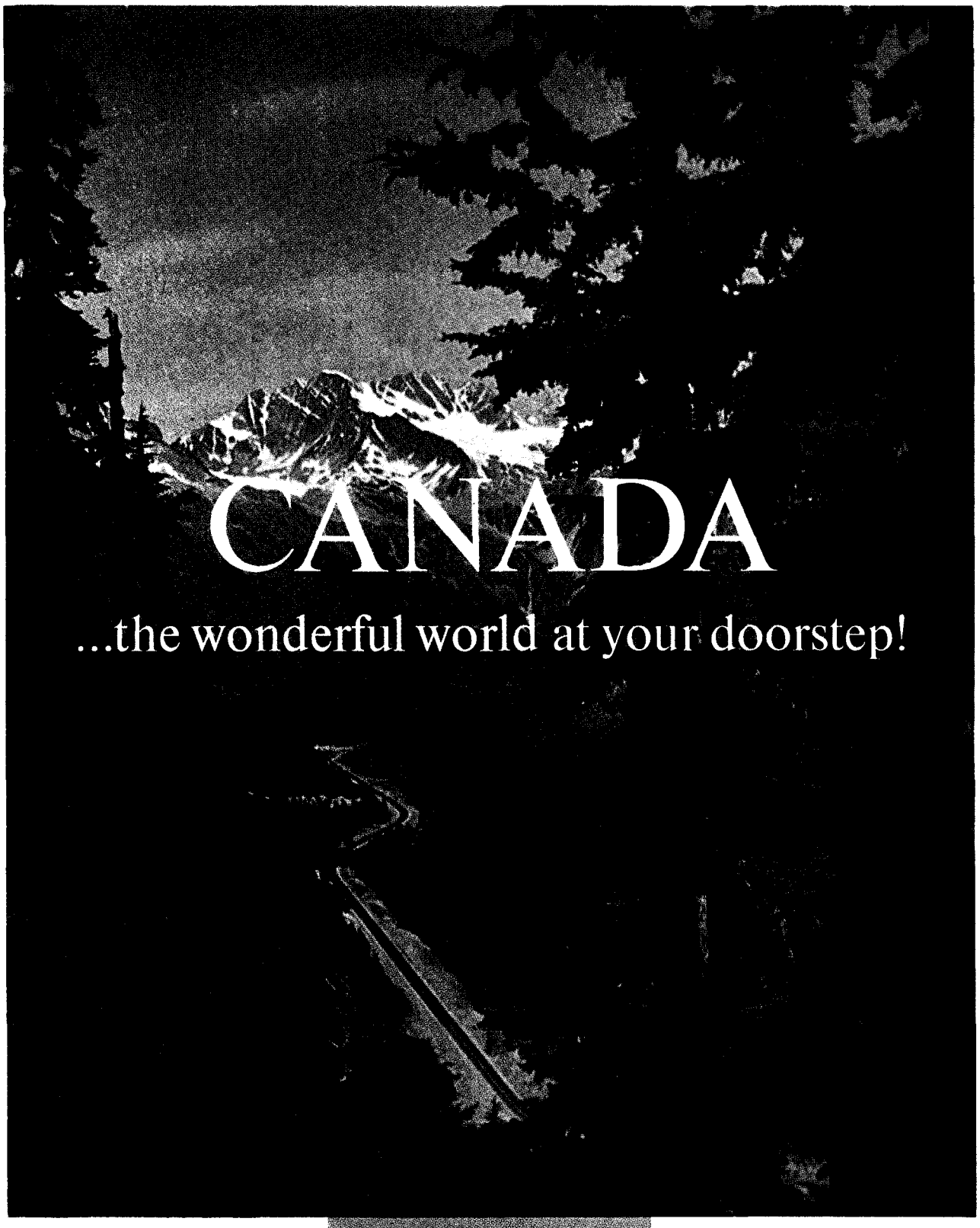

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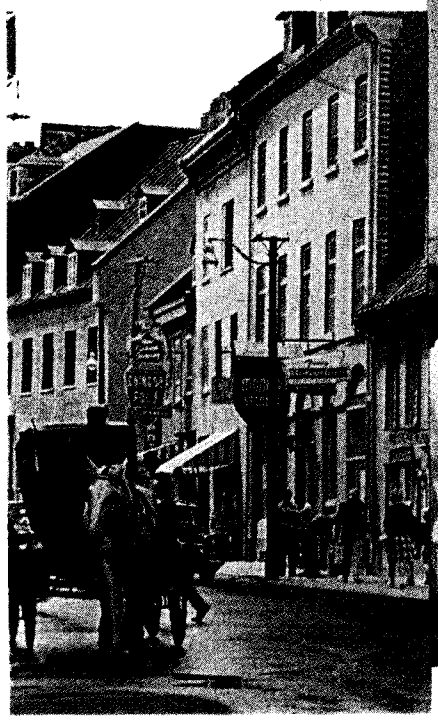

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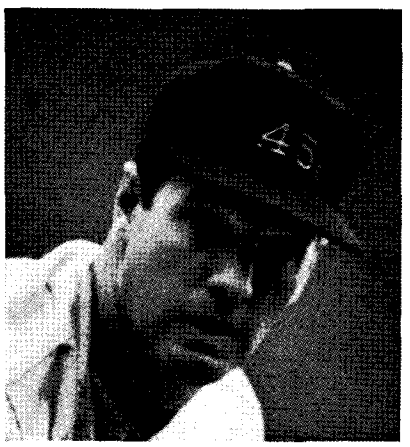
DICK FARRELL



Houston's big pitcher likes guns, good life, victories.

Losing 20 games isn't easy

Richard Joseph Farrell is a large, blunt bacchanalian right-handed pitcher out of the Boston area, who last season lost 20 games for the Houston Colt .45's. This is not, perhaps, comparable to losing three presidential elections (William Jennings Bryan) or to losing an Oscar vote in the finals five times (Irene Dunne), or even to betting the Titanic against the iceberg. But it is close.

Losing 20 games would drive most men to fury, but it doesn't seem to bother Dick Farrell, whose rages are as unpredictable as his slider. Although at various times Farrell has punched a mirror, broken a pinky on the head of an opponent and taken pistol-shooting practice in the outfield, he accepted his 20th loss not only with tranquillity but with pride. In the clubhouse afterward, he had champagne.

"Look," Dick Farrell says, "it takes a helluva pitcher to lose twenty games. A lot of people don't realize that."

There is an element of truth in Farrell's statement. To lose 20, a man has to pitch a lot of baseball. It isn't something you can do in a week or a month. The only way to do it is to pitch steadily, in a starting rotation, through an entire baseball season, which is where one finds the element of truth.

A truly bad pitcher can never lose 20. No manager will use a truly bad pitcher that often. To drop 20, a man has to pitch well enough to stay in the starting rotation. He has, in fact, to pitch just well enough to lose.

That was Farrell's special skill. Last year he struck out more than 200 batters. His earned run average was a commendable 3.01. At one point he pitched three three-hit games in a row and lost two of them. Not art, perhaps, but a very high craft.

If there is such a thing as destiny in baseball, Farrell was long ago marked to become a 20-game loser. It was a natural, almost inevitable development, in the career of this free spirit. It belongs in his life. It is dramatically correct.

Farrell, a six-foot-four-inch 220-pounder is, in a sense, a throwback to a headier time. Although he pitches and bats right-handed, he is a switch drinker. He can raise a glass with either hand. Baseball's image makers now stress conformity, antiseptic living and such phrases as "no comment," but Farrell relishes filling the night air with sound. "Dick," says Bobby Bragan, who manages the Milwaukee Braves, "is a guy who doesn't care if the sun doesn't come up."

He is also a man disinclined to worry about conformity. "Had Farrell played for John McGraw at Coogan's Bluff long ago," says Paul Richards, Houston's intense general manager, "his exploits would have been dramatized instead of castigated. He has color."

A reasonable point, Mr. Richards. An excellent point. We quite agree. In fact, we'll do as you suggest. We'll take a Farrell exploit and dramatize it.

The scene is a Milwaukee saloon. The year is 1959. Dick Farrell has recently been blasted by Braves batters. Now he is getting blasted again.

We follow Mr. Farrell from bar side to washroom. He is muttering as he goes. In the washroom Mr. Farrell sees a mirror. He moves close to it and studies the face. Something about the reflection infuriates him. He clenches his right, or pitching, hand and punches the mirror. Both mirror and face shatter. The pitching hand is cut.

Mr. Farrell leaves the washroom. He sees a vending machine, which has a built-in mirror. He studies this second mirror, sees the same face. The bleeding fist is clenched. He swings again. More broken glass. Mr. Farrell returns to the washroom, runs cold water on his hand and begins picking out the shrapnel.

Now he returns to the bar. Over each booth is a coat hook. With both hands he begins tearing coat hooks from the wall.

The proprietor, a short, fat bald-headed man, asks Mr. Farrell to leave. The proprietor is smoking a cigar. Mr. Farrell leans down, bites off half of the lighted panatela and spits it out. He kisses the proprietor on the bald spot and exits. Later he remarks of the panatela, "I always wanted to do that, but it was a lousy cigar."

Still later he enters another saloon, approaches a jukebox, lifts it and attempts to dance.

"Farrell," says Jack Meyer, an ex-teammate who saw all these things happen on a single night, "is the strongest man in the whole history of the world."

At 29, Farrell has been many things to many people. To his parents, he is a fine broth of a lad. To his wife, three children and their cats and dogs, he is an excellent husband-father-provider. To the Philadelphia Phils, for whom he pitched, he was a heroic rogue who could throw the cork out of a baseball. To the Los Angeles Dodgers, for whom he pitched, he was neither heroic nor impressive. To the Houston Colt .45's he is more than a 20-game loser. "A kind of Matt Dillon in flannels," someone has said.

Farrell came to the Colts, a team organized last year along with the New York Mets, out of a pool of talent set up by the eight existing National League teams. The pool, necessary to staff the new teams, was created under complicated rules and was hardly calculated to make the Colts and Mets powers. Players thrown into the pool were, of course, expendables, and drawing from the pool, the Colts finished eighth, and the Mets finished tenth.

The Dodgers dropped Farrell into the expendable pool where the Colts grabbed him in exchange for $125,000. Things began to happen almost as soon as Farrell joined the brand-new Colts in their spring-training site, an Arizona metropolis called Apache Junction. "That town," Farrell says, derisively, "has only two bars. One was off-limits and the other was so bad even I wouldn't go into it."

Lay that pistol down

The Colts, as the first major-league ball club in the history of Texas, decided to stress a Western theme. Farrell, as a man from Eastern Massachusetts, joined the fun and purchased a $70 Wyatt Earp .22-caliber pistol. He then began walking two miles daily (to and from the practice field) on a route that took him through a patch of desert popular with rattlesnakes and scorpions. There he shot "anything shootable that didn't shoot back." His final spring shooting score: Two rattlers, one bull snake, a dozen rabbits and an indeterminate number of empty beer cans and whiskey bottles.

When he put away the sidearms and went to work on the practice field, he had something more difficult to do than plugging beer cans. The Dodgers had used Farrell as a two- or three-inning relief pitcher. The Colts needed starters, wanted Farrell to become one. "People," Paul Richards said, "had spoken about Farrell as an impossible, dumb guy, not very interested in pitching. That wasn't what we found. He turned out to be very receptive to instruction, even eager. On the field he worked very hard."

By opening day Farrell, off on a new career, was a starting pitcher. One jubilant night soon afterward he threw a spitball to Stan Musial "just for the fun of it—to see if he could hit it." Sure enough, Musial could. He singled.

"I can't even get him out with an illegal pitch," Farrell complained, in mock outrage.

"He's got nothing to be ashamed of," Musial said. "It was a damn good spitter."

Ball players are not encouraged to break rules publicly. FARRELL DROPS BOMB IN SPITTER CONFESSION headlined *The Sporting News*, the trade paper of organized baseball. Warren Giles, president of the National League, sent Farrell a critical telegram. "What Giles explained," Farrell says, "was that it is all right to throw the spitter once in a while. Just don't brag about it."

He next improvised a sequel. After the Cardinal series, Houston played the Braves, whose pitching staff includes Lou Burdette, a right-hander frequently accused of throwing spitballs.

"I don't know why there's a fuss about me," Farrell said. "Burdette's been throwing spitters for years."

During the game Burdette pitched in Houston, a hitter asked umpire Al Barlick to check the ball. It was scuffed and Barlick threw another to Burdette. Burdette threw the ball back to Barlick, in anger. Barlick then gave Burdette another baseball and another and another, four in all. Burdette wouldn't pitch with any of them. Each was marked with a personal message such as:

"Spit here, Lou."

"Here's a dry spot, Lou."

Barlick stormed into the Houston dugout and showed the balls to Harry Craft, the Colts' field manager. "Which one of you guys did this?" the umpire demanded. There was no answer. Farrell was hiding in the latrine.

Between gags, Farrell threw very hard and, although he lost frequently, kept striking out hitters. Critics credited the strikeouts to Houston's big, dark ball park, or to the heat, or to the swarms of Houston mosquitoes, which bothered the hitters. "It's no cooler for me out there than it is for the hitters," Farrell said, "and hell, we're all big men. Only mosquitoes that can really bother a man are the twin-engined kind."

Also between gags, Farrell dedicated himself to tormenting the Los Angeles Dodgers. He tried to do the same to the San Francisco Giants, with less success. In Houston Willie Mays hit successive homers off Farrell, who then plunked Mays with a fast ball. Giant coach Whitey Lockman advanced ominously. "Come closer," Farrell said, "and I'll throw the ball through you." Lockman stopped where he stood.

Farrell actually cost the Dodgers the pennant. He was scheduled to pitch against them on the penultimate weekend of the season in a game he wanted to win more than any other. Someone had quoted Dodger manager Walter Alston as saying, "Stay close to Farrell for six innings. Then the booze will get him."

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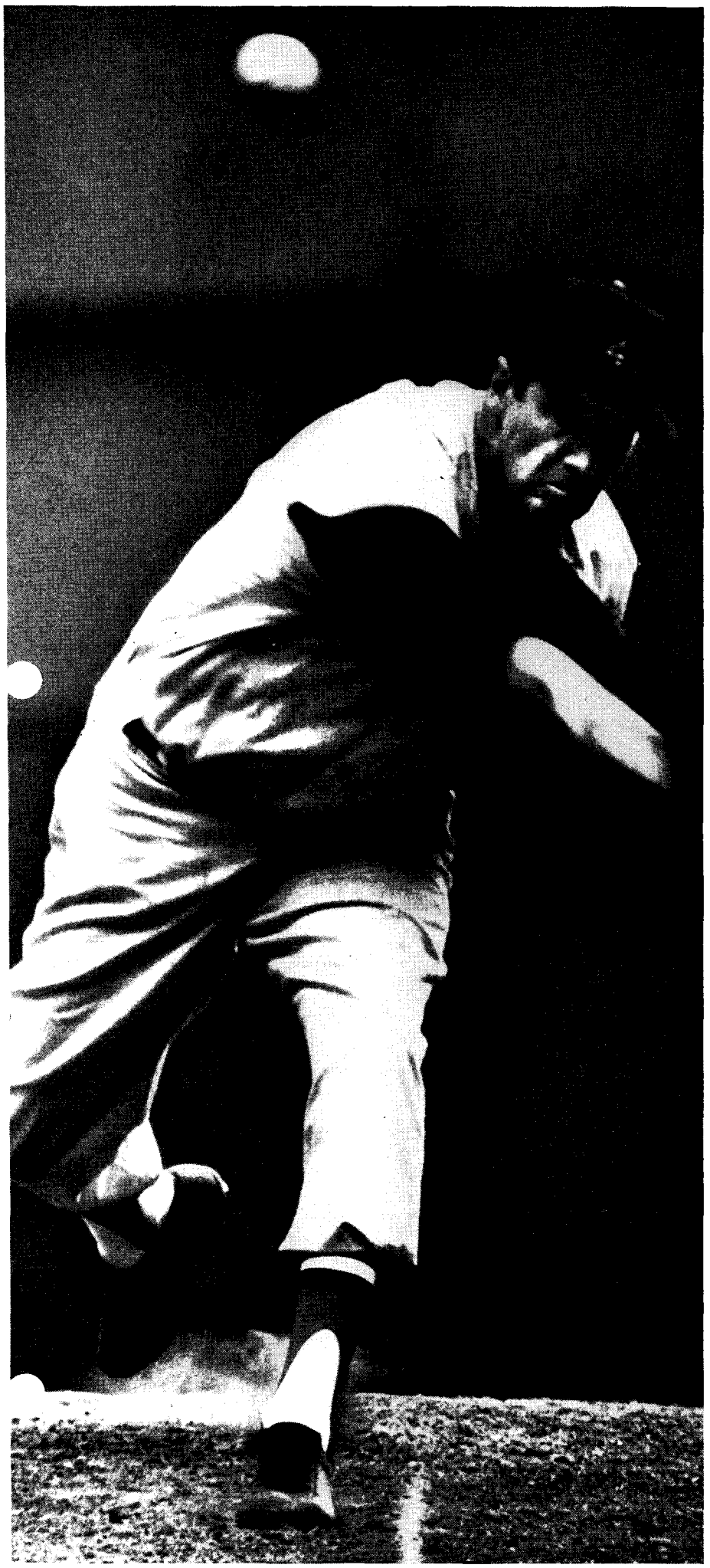
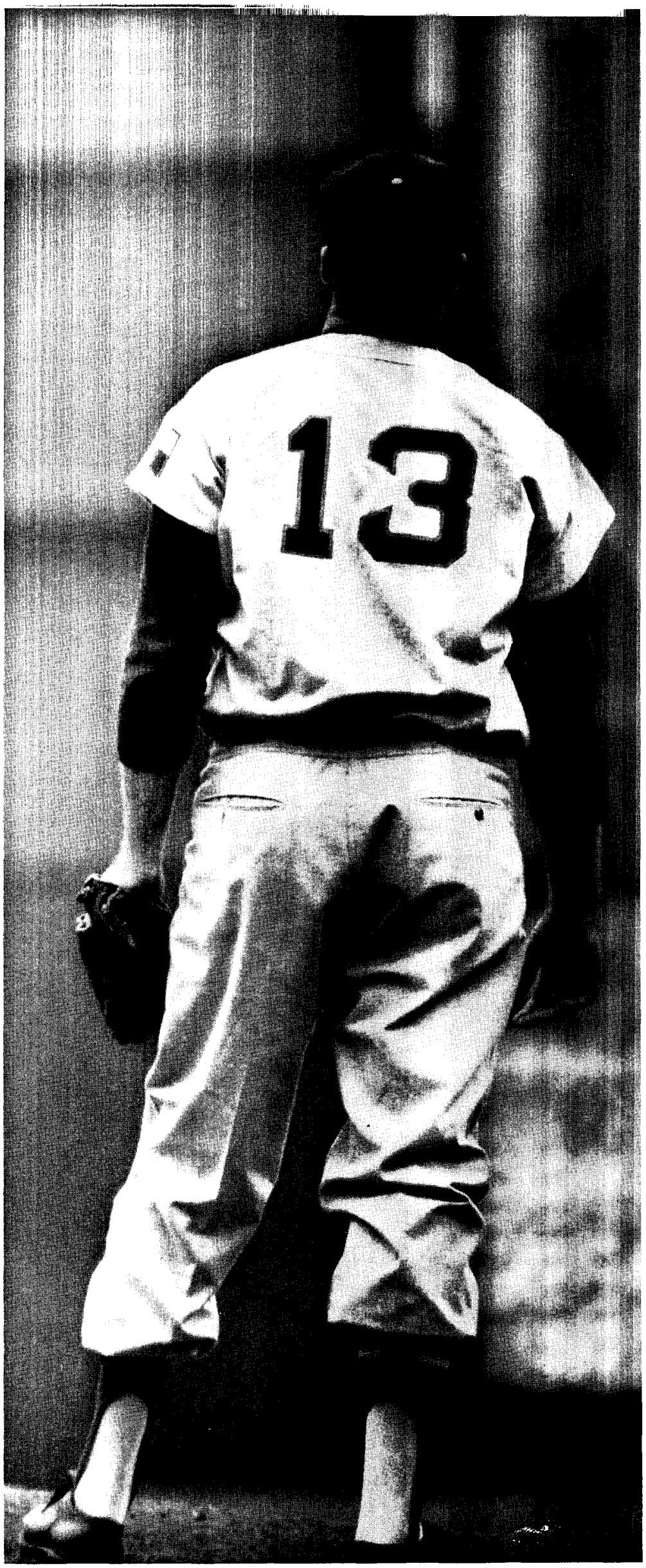
By LARRY MERCHANT

But he is not ashamed of last year's defeats.





FACE TAUT, ARM AND BODY STRAINING, FARRELL BLAZES A HARD ONE AT HITTER, BUT . . . OOPS, WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID MY FAST BALL END UP ALL THE WAY OUT THERE?

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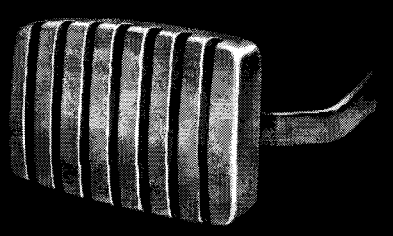

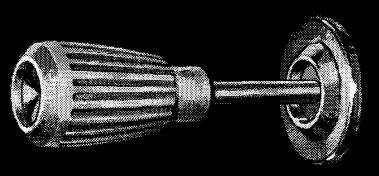

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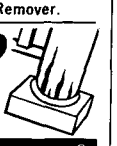

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FARRELL

"Come closer and I'll throw the ball through you."

Although Alston has denied the statement, Farrell went into that game furiously. "I'll beat the Dodgers," he said. "They're choking up. They're going to blow the pennant."

He did (by 3 to 2) and they did, falling into a pennant play-off on the last day of the season. That was the day on which Dick Farrell, 19-game loser, went forth to pitch against the Giants in San Francisco. He pitched a superb game against the Giants. He was fast, his control was good, his slider was sharp and he lost 2 to 1. Willie Mays beat him with a homer.

That homer which helped the Giants to a pennant made Farrell a 20-game loser. For a few minutes afterward Farrell was angry and kicked batting helmets around the Houston clubhouse. Then he began to think. If he had beaten the Giants, the Dodgers would have won the pennant. The Dodgers had got rid of him. If the Dodgers reached the World Series, he'd be out about $10,000, which is a Series share. "I don't feel so bad," Farrell said, pursuing logic to a Himalayan peak. "Losing my twentieth saved me a lot of money."

Dick Farrell, pitcher, *bon vivant*, logician, was born in the Boston suburb of Brookline in 1934. His mother was an Irish immigrant and his father was a laborer. The Farrells lived in a cold-water flat on a dead-end street. There was one other child, a younger sister.

His playmates in Brookline called him "Pegleg," because he ran and walked with a limp between the ages of one and six. As an infant, he'd contracted polio—and to this day his right leg is somewhat larger than his left leg, and his right foot is a size and a half larger than his left.

"I never took a school book home in all my life," Farrell insists. At St. Mary's High School where he played baseball, basketball and football, he had to repeat his junior year. Later he was signed by the Phillies for a $4,000 bonus, and gave the money to his mother so she could make a pilgrimage to County Cork. "See," he says, "I can't be all bad."

Farrell's technique for blending baseball and mischief asserted itself promptly after the Phils sent him to pitch for Schenectady. In two seasons there he (1) retaliated for someone's disassembling his hotel bed by coaxing a pass key from a chambermaid and disassembling the beds of all his teammates, (2) shot up a hotel room with a pistol, (3) got himself suspended for 10 days "for breaking curfew" and (4) followed the suspension by pitching four shutouts in six games.

Presently he was sent to pitch in Miami. There he (1) confused Satchel Paige, then a teammate, by nailing Paige's shoes to the floor, and (2) took pistol practice in the outfield.

In 1955 Farrell married Grace Donovan, a childhood sweetheart, and, as everyone knows, there's nothing quite like marriage to settle down a prankster. Farrell settled down so placidly that when Ed Bailey, now a Giant catcher, kidded him about his New England accent a few months after the wedding, Farrell cracked Bailey in the nose. The next year Farrell cracked the majors.

With the Phillies, Farrell found rousing friends. One was pitcher Jim Owens. Another was pitcher Jack Meyer. This was the core of a group coach Tom Ferrick called "The Dalton Gang."

Farrell settled one libel suit favorably during his Dalton Gang days, for a story that displeased him, but the nickname itself didn't bother him. He even visited the Dalton Gang Hideout and Museum in Meade, Kansas, and sent a postcard to a sportswriter friend. "Stopped off at old hideout," Farrell wrote. "Brought back memories. Take a while to raise new gang, but will start soon."

For the Phils, Farrell threw hard in short stretches. He was used as a late-inning relief pitcher, someone who'd come in to blaze the ball past hitters for an inning or two.

In 1961 Farrell hit Hollywood. The Los Angeles Dodgers traded for him in a four-man deal with the Phils, and referred to him privately as "pennant insurance." In Los Angeles Farrell pushed teammate Norm Larker into a pool, fully clothed. He also found himself at odds with Emil J. Bavasi, the Dodger general manager. First, Bavasi disapproved of Farrell's good living. Second, pennant insurance or no, the Dodgers with Farrell finished second.

"Bavasi accused me of starting another gang," Farrell says. "Can't you see me leading some of those Dodgers around. They damn well didn't need me."

At any rate, the Dodgers discarded Farrell after one season and, without him as with him, finished second. "With all due respect to Bavasi, I believe he acted hastily on Farrell," says Houston's Paul Richards. "There are a lot of milk-shake drinkers who are not receptive to teaching. Farrell's behavior with us has been exemplary. Not perfect, but exemplary. I've seen worse by far."

This spring Dick Farrell returned to Apache Junction with a caravan that included his family, a cat, two dogs and four guns. He bagged limits in snakes, rabbits and beer cans, got a summons for driving a motorboat 20 knots in a five-knot zone and, as befits a 20-game loser, changed his uniform to No. 13. Losing 20 did not quiet him any more than did his marriage, but neither did it depress him. One of the people who agree with Farrell that it takes a helluva pitcher to lose 20 is Richards. He has raised Farrell's salary $6,500, to $26,000.

If he loses another 20 this year, Farrell may burst into the $30,000 class. I like the guy.

Keep losing, Dick. THE END

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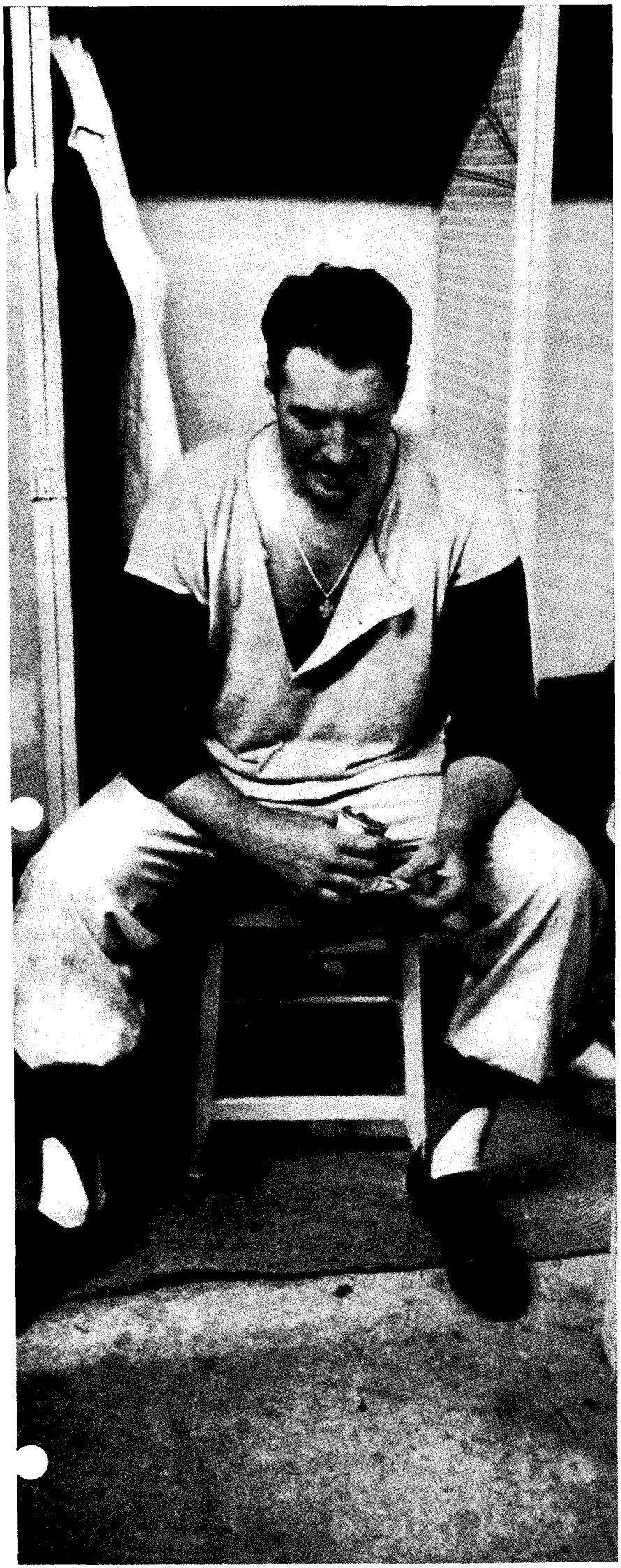
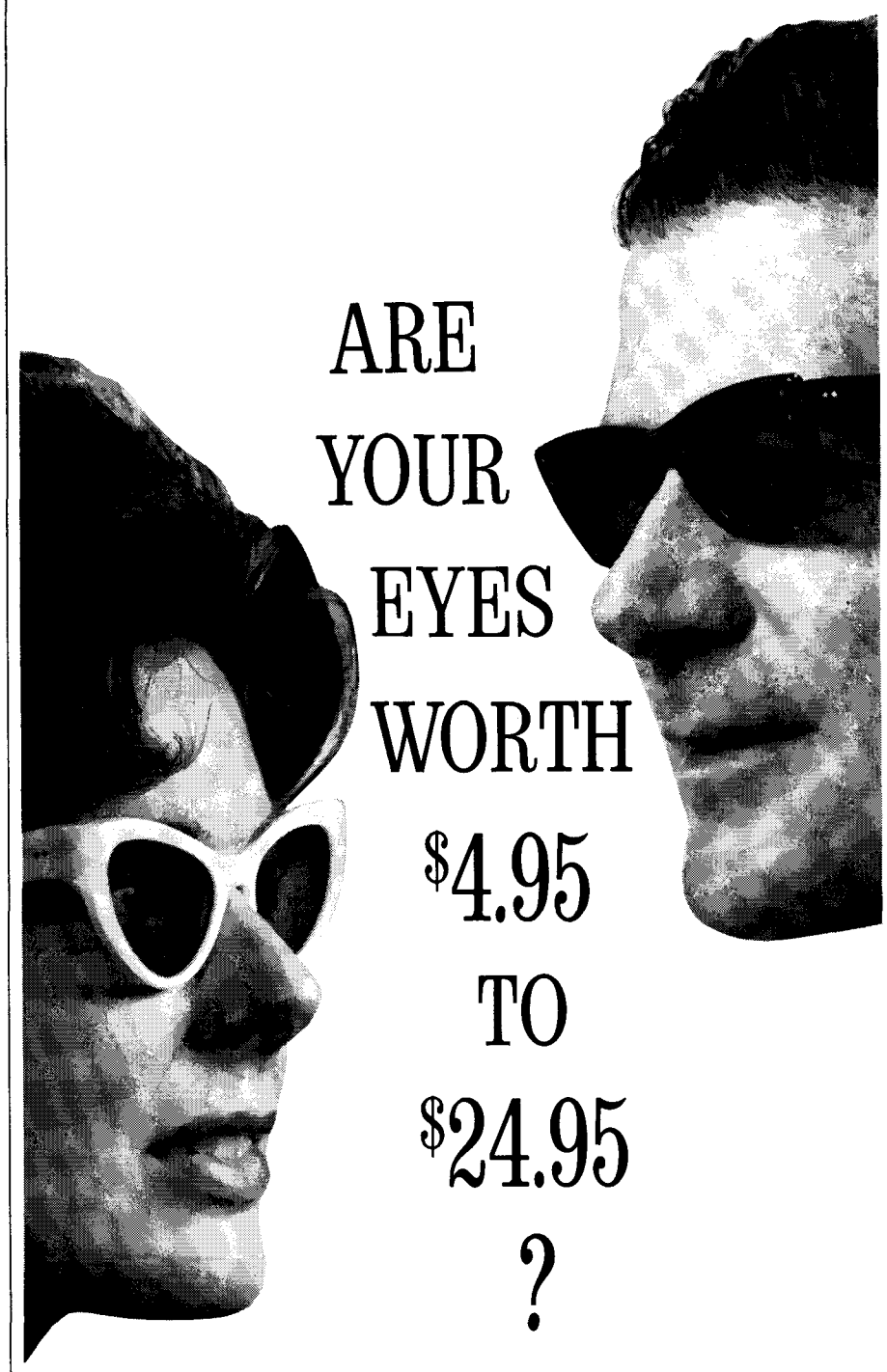


FARRELL SLUMPS AS IF ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF, BUT NOT RESIGNED.



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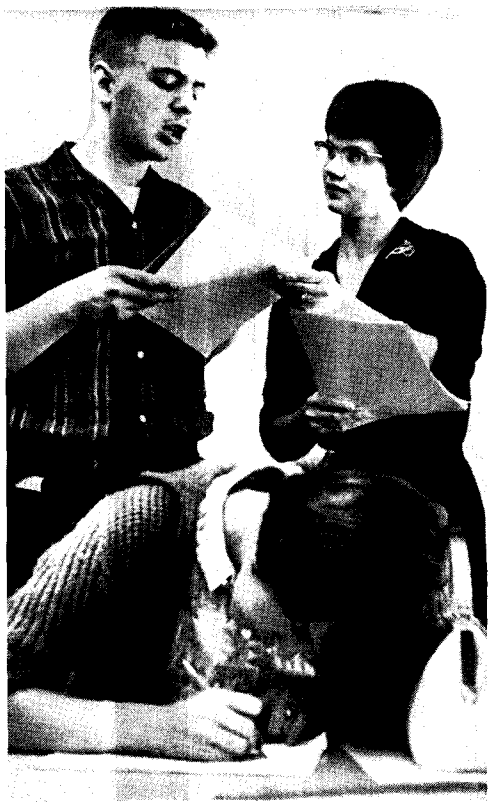

Once a problem student, Checkers now enjoys school, gets top grades.

Scolded, badgered, shunned for conduct he couldn't help, an epileptic finally wins

THE BATTLE FOR UNDERSTANDING

By Robin White

Every year approximately four million children are born in this country. Each utters a cry upon receiving independent life; each is the chrysalis of the man to come; each is a special occasion in the lives of those involved. So it was with our first son, Christopher, whom we call Checkers.

In his case, however, birth was a month late; it was dry and difficult; labor had to be induced and lasted 24 hours. During this process his head was subject to pressure in a way that gave rise eight years later to the phenomenon of epilepsy.

We had, of course, been aware prior to his first seizure that he was experiencing some form of duress. He seemed at times to miss instructions; he showed occasional disoriented behavior. Two weeks before the crisis we knew that something was not right. Both my wife Marny and I could see this, yet neither of us would admit it. For how is one to admit that the mind of one's eight-year-old child is periodically malfunctioning when there is no apparent reason for it to do so?

But one afternoon as I was bicycling with him, he veered into the path of a car. I leaped to catch him, and as we fell to the side of the road, I saw that he was unconscious. For three days we sat with him in the hospital while tests were conducted, and on the third day the doctors' pronouncement came: epilepsy.

They might just as well have told us Checkers was dead, so shattering was the impact of that word. I recall very little of the days that followed, except an indefinite period of gloom, when we sat staring at each other across the kitchen table in the agony of despair.

All we knew then about epilepsy was what we had heard, and what we had heard was derived from the superstitions that have historically surrounded the malady. The Bible, for instance, has many references to "the casting out of devils" in people whose affliction was clearly convulsive. Early medicine men used to puncture the skull with a shark's tooth to release the demon believed to be hiding there. The Romans had the custom of spitting over the shoulder in order to throw back the evil spirit, and probably many a person was burned at the stake as a witch for either having epilepsy or supposedly causing it in someone else. The very word itself, from the Greek meaning "to be seized upon or possessed," tends to perpetuate the notion that the "possession" is weird, so that even today epileptic seizure is commonly referred to as a "spell."

While modern society does not actually subscribe to spook-worship, the many popular misconceptions about epilepsy come very close to it. Thus it is wrongly believed that epilepsy is a rare affliction always caused by hereditary "family taint," that it is degenerative, incurable, mentally retarding and associated with people who are physically and emotionally undesirable. These were the untrue ideas we had heard; much of our initial shock was due to dread based on such ignorance.

At the time we were living in Connecticut, and our knowledge of epilepsy grew very slowly, in bits and pieces that led us from despair into premature optimism. We learned that in the light of medical advances the outlook for people with epilepsy is a very hopeful one. We also learned that far from being rare, epilepsy is as common as tuberculosis *and* diabetes, four times more common than polio in its heyday. In the United States alone there are nearly two million cases—most of them children who are leading normal, active, healthy lives, many "outgrowing" the affliction by adulthood.

We discovered that the real problem facing us was twofold: First, there was the difficulty of managing Checkers medically and personally, and second, we had to cope with the complexity of social reaction to him—a reaction based on the same fears and lack of understanding that had beset us. That was the beginning of what turned out to be a five-year struggle, a struggle that often seemed like a dusty road of trial and error, and heartbreak, leading nowhere. Millions of other parents with epileptic children face this same discouraging road of rejection and misunderstanding. And it is in the hope of clearing away some of the social obstacles confronting them that I have written this account of my son's experiences.

Prior to the onset of epilepsy, Checkers was a popular boy. Sturdy, energetic, with a bright, cheerful disposition, he was physically and intellectually outstanding. His third-grade teacher told us during our first conference with her, "Checkers is one of my best pupils."

It was only a few weeks later that he began manifesting the first signs of change. He became disorganized and inattentive. He often had to be placed on the sidelines during recess because of quarrels with other children.

The drugs he was receiving were clearly not as effective as we had been led to believe they would be. If we increased the dosage, he became so groggy he couldn't function at school; if we decreased it he went into a state of shock. Seizure for him ran a varied course, ranging from brief periods of unconsciousness, sometimes convulsive, to very much longer periods of compulsive, automatic behavior, often antisocial. For us as parents it was difficult to draw the line between what he should be disciplined for and what he shouldn't.

We began trying various things we had heard about: a diet high in fat and starch, low in sugar and salt; vitamin B complex. With each there was only minor improvement. We heard that open-air exercise was a good thing. During spring vacation we camped on Marco Island in Florida with the result that Checkers was reduced to a stupor by the heat.

We were told that our son was in very good company, that the list of classic cases of epilepsy read like *Who's Who:* Van Gogh, de Maupassant, Dostoevski, Flaubert, da Vinci, Caesar, Alexander, Lord Byron, Mohammed, Mendelssohn, Handel, Swinburne, Paganini, Socrates, Buddha, Napoleon, Alfred Nobel, Saint Paul, Pascal, and even one of our major and most beloved presidents in this century, as well as several members of a recent Midwestern football squad. But people have gone bankrupt in good company too, and that doesn't provide comfort to alter the bitter misery of being broke.

There is no such thing as "growing used to" seeing one's child so beset. Only after a time do you learn not to be openly overcome by it. You just wake up during the night, sick at heart, and wonder how to go on.

In the summer of 1958 we moved west to the San Francisco Bay area, partly in the hope that a healthier climate would be good for Checkers. There we met Dr. Albert F. Peterman, neurologist at the Palo Alto Medical Clinic. A specialist in epilepsy, Doctor Peterman listened to our descriptions of Checkers's seizures, made his own examination and tried out several different drugs. Only one was successful, but even one new drug that helped seemed to us a fresh breeze of hope.

Doctor Peterman remained unsatisfied, however, and asked us to have Checkers reexamined at the Seizure Clinic in the Boston Children's Hospital. There we learned that Checkers's trouble was "psychomotor epilepsy."

This was the first we knew that epilepsy is a highly variable symptom of innumerable disorders. There is, in fact, a great deal of controversy over what constitutes epilepsy. Perhaps the nearest thing to an accurate definition is advanced by Dr. Frederic Gibbs of Chicago, an outstanding researcher in the field: "Epilepsy is the outward manifestation of an excessive discharge of nervous energy in an injured portion of the brain. The symptoms that appear depend on where the discharge occurs and how it spreads."

Previously we had understood that there were *grand mal*, or full-scale convulsions, and *petit mal*, or simple "blackouts" of short duration which often pass for daydreaming and occur almost exclusively in children—the latter being what Checkers was supposed to have. We now discovered that there were also *focal* seizures, generally identified with twitching, tingling sensations, visual and auditory hallucinations, and *psychomotor* seizures, involving automatic, unconscious behavior, often antisocial. A total of 16 patterns has been identified.

Of all forms, psychomotor is the most difficult to control, the hardest to understand, and by far the rarest. Only 5 percent of the nearly two million epileptic patients in this country have the psychomotor type. The condition is due exclusively to injury of the temporal lobe of the brain, usually at birth, and examples of it vary considerably.

Thus one child had periodic temper tantrums, suddenly exploding for no reason and throwing things about the room. In another instance, a 10-year-old girl would have one seizure at bedtime involving incoherent chatter, repetition of meaningless phrases accompanied by picking at the bedcovers and inability to answer simple questions. Or again, in the case of a 12-year-old girl, there were recurrent episodes of sleepwalking.

Long, difficult process.

Control for my boy turned out to be a long and difficult procedure. Doctor Peterman, of course, at once prescribed a new drug specifically designed for psychomotor epilepsy, and Checkers was soon brought under the best control we could expect medically. This meant that he was fully himself most of the time but still subject to occasional erratic behavior. And that was what we had to accept and live with during the years he approached and entered puberty.

When a child is weak-eyed he wears glasses; when a child is crippled he uses crutches; when he is hard of hearing he has an aid; when he has diabetes he takes insulin; when he has a heart ailment he takes it easy. These symptoms and treatments are accepted. But the symptoms of a child with epilepsy are not understood, and his life can become hopelessly complicated by prejudice against him.

The family can, of course, avoid such complications by hiding the condition. But the child himself still must cope with the fear of exposure, uncertainty about whether he is really sick or well, doubts about the future, feelings of inferiority and a frequently unrealistic attitude toward him by his immediate family. These social and emotional factors will quite naturally impair his ability to learn. The great majority of people with epilepsy do resort to secrecy. That is why only 20

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percent of known cases are receiving adequate treatment, while 80 percent could experience effective relief.

One mother, for instance, believing epilepsy to be due to sin, refused to accept the doctor's diagnosis in her child. "I won't have it!" she cried. "This can't be true!" And she threatened both the neurologist and the referring pediatrician with lawsuits if word ever got out.

Attitudes such as these may seem puzzling to the casual observer, but they are most understandable in view of our state and Federal laws. As I write this, making my son's condition public knowledge, I know that in some states he would be forbidden to marry, in others he would be forbidden to have children, barred from school and subject to legalized sterilization. In all states his employment opportunities will be almost nil, in most his driving will be arbitrarily restricted or altogether forbidden, and he will be unable to obtain life insurance.

Since 1956 there has been *some* legal progress. The immigration act is being amended. Where 17 states required sterilization, the number is now down to 14, and these laws are disregarded. The number of states forbidding marriage is down from 17 to six. The South tends to be more liberal than the North in education and driving. Most states, however, regulate driving for people with epilepsy.

Additionally, most states still limit the insurability of people with epilepsy under workmen's compensation, which in turn poses an employment problem—less than 2 percent of qualified people with epilepsy are placed. This is both an unnecessary public expense and a national disgrace, since those with epilepsy are better insurance risks than the general public.

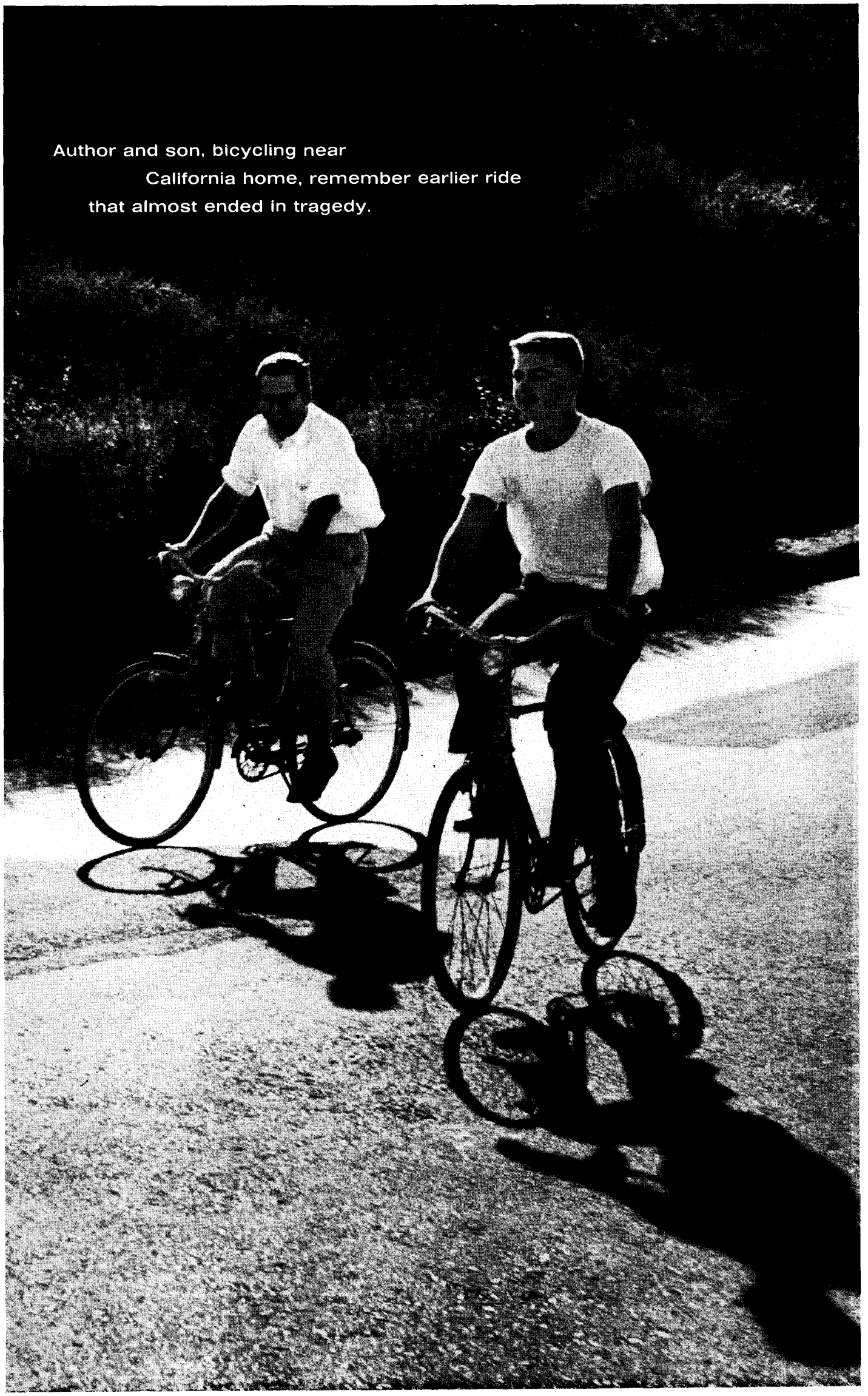
All these arbitrary and antiquated restrictions have combined to make epilepsy one of the nation's most hush-hush afflictions. Clearly there can be no social improvement as long as prejudices are reinforced by legalized discrimination.

Social reaction is conditioned in children at school. A teacher is in an ideal position to detect epilepsy and, in an atmosphere of frankness and compassion, to provide an opportunity to advance group understanding of the mechanics of the brain and its influence over all functions of the body and psyche. Yet in a three-county survey of epilepsy attitude and knowledge conducted by the California Department of Public Health, teachers consistently scored lowest. Twenty-six percent believed that most people with epilepsy could not have seizures medically controlled; 10 percent were opposed to admitting children with epilepsy to regular class; 18.5 percent felt that epileptic children were either retarded or simply less intelligent. Some teachers were terrified when a child had a seizure, and so in turn were their pupils. To them there was a goblin in the room.

In one case, that of a 17-year-old son of a banker, seizures developed as a result of a football concussion. Although they were quickly controlled, he ceased to be popular, his grades slipped, his girl friend refused to see him, and the family dropped all its social engagements.

Checkers himself has been subjected to the full nightmare of social abuse. He has been chased home from the school bus, labeled "retarded" by the girls he likes, jeered and challenged and provoked beyond endurance.

Under the unrelieved pressures of ostracism and self-doubt, he began to develop



Author and son, bicycling near
California home, remember earlier ride
that almost ended in tragedy.

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profound withdrawal symptoms, hesitant speech, sensitivity to criticism, belligerence in the face of challenge. Most grown men do not have to cope with the enormity of what enveloped him, and as he entered puberty the incidents he was involved in became increasingly difficult.

During one of these he compulsively wrote a batch of offensive notes to several girls in his class. These were delivered to me by the principal, who quite naturally was upset. When I confronted Checkers, his reaction was confused, and I saw that he had no memory of having written the notes. But he was also troubled by the realization that he could not admit that he had not known what he was doing.

For the first time he was aware of what seizure actually involved for him. Looking at a strangely garbled, almost illegible note, he burst into tears. "What am I going to do, Dad?" he cried. "I didn't know. I just didn't know."

At the time he happened to have a strict disciplinarian for a teacher. Checkers could not meet this standard of discipline to begin with, and as it toughened in the face of each new incident—incidents Checkers would gladly have avoided if he could—my son began to disintegrate. Every night he verged on total defeat; every morning he rose determined to try again. Despair was in his heart and soul; it took a certain kind of rare courage to rise up again and again to face it.

That was our darkest hour, when it seemed to us that we had come so far and struggled so hard and were still doomed to failure. Checkers was consumed with hatreds, his sense of purpose was shattered, he would not study. His thoughts were disconnected, jumbled, chaotic. The facets of his personality were held together by the barest thread of sanity, and Marny and I battled to keep that thread from breaking, to keep Checkers from going under. We enveloped him with love at home; we fought for his acceptance away from home.

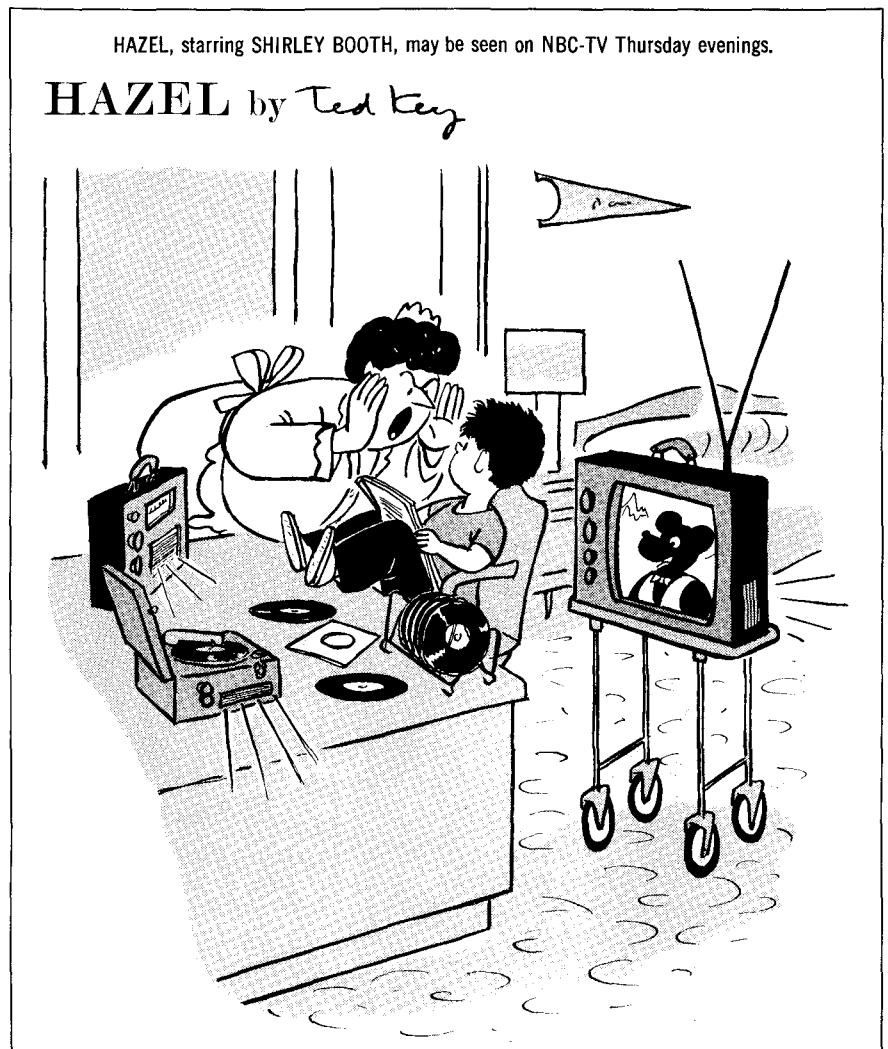
The signs of strain were telling on all of us. Marny and I became tense and irritable. Our two younger children, Parker and Shelley, had frequent "stomachaches" and were quick to tears. Checkers would play only with very small children, for whom he had an almost doglike devotion. So, during Christmas vacation, I took my family to South India. For me it was a return to my old home: I was born and brought up there; it has been the setting for all of my novels. For Marny and the children, however, it was their first trip outside the United States.

During that visit, Checkers suffered a public seizure—rare for him in that it was of the *grand mal* variety. Before either of us could reach him, he fell to the ground in violent convulsions. For an instant I saw anxiety frozen on Marny's face. Then, without request, without need for explanation, Indian people moved in swiftly, tenderly to assist. Tears sprang to Marny's eyes. We were both speechless. For what was communicated in that moment went far, far beyond words I could ever hope to find. Those compassionate hands, those gentle faces were like a flare of understanding against an otherwise dark sky of loneliness.

Although we remained in India only a few weeks, we were once again buoyed with hope that acceptance might, after all, be possible. The sense of total understanding, as well as the change of scene, combined to restore Checkers to some degree. His destructive preoccupation with hatred was interrupted, however briefly, by the memory of India; in the midst of his worst troubles he would often look away with a smile and tell me, "Gee, Dad, India sure is a swell place."

It was nip and tuck for the remainder of the school year, but he made it. And that summer I took him camping in the Sierras. We climbed mountains together, we fished, we backpacked into the wilderness; we talked endlessly around the campfire at night. Gradually the cobwebs of confusion cleared from his mind; the hatreds dissipated.

Once again he returned to school—this time with confidence and enthusiasm. And once again as the pressures of the year mounted he found himself faltering and beset with rejection. There was talk of dismissing him, of having him sent to special school, privately tutored. I therefore requested and was granted a full conference with his teachers and the principal, who gathered late one afternoon to air their views and hear me out.



"Dinner!"

It was a tense meeting. The atmosphere was strained and formal. I was determined to "convert" an unenlightened group; the staff was prepared to "manage" a recalcitrant father. We stated positions rather than exchanged ideas on a mutual problem. I delivered a formal address on epilepsy; they delivered a list of their complaints:

"Checkers is willing enough to work, but sometimes he pays no attention or won't obey . . ."

"His work is uneven. There are times when it's very good. At other times it's complete chaos."

"The kids want to tolerate him, but they feel they've just about had it."

"We want to help Checkers, but we don't know how. I admit I'm frightened of epilepsy. Only it's not that—it's the way Checkers occasionally acts."

As the list of complaints grew, I felt that I was losing ground, that in the end it would all come to nothing more than another battle fought and lost. These were intelligent, educated people, willing to help, generously giving their time. What they were protesting seemed real and valid to them.

And then suddenly I realized that the various complaints they were talking about had one thing in common: each related to the irrational periods of Checkers's behavior. The teachers' consensus was that his "acting up" was willful and conscious and could be corrected by persuasion or discipline. But I now pointed out, as we sat facing one another, that this so-called peculiarity they were objecting to was no whim on Checkers's part, no evidence of lack of discipline on mine. His objectionable actions were as involuntary and unwanted as a convulsion. If a child is lame, I told them, he can hardly be disciplined into running a four-minute mile.

I explained that I was fully and painfully aware of their difficulties. However, persuasion or discipline at these times were not only *not* a remedy, they actually encouraged the social ostracism and adverse emotional climate which forced him to behave badly.

For a moment there was pronounced and awkward silence. And then all at once the room became a buzz of enthusiastic voices:

"Look, I've noticed that he runs into most of his trouble in the slack afternoon study period. Why don't we try a wholly new approach and see how studying at home helps the situation?"

"He's falling behind, and he knows it. It's rattling him. But if we could get to him with extra assistance . . ."

"I think if we got him to talk to his class about epilepsy it might help change their attitude."

These were just a few of the many suggestions that were advanced in the long session that followed. I knew that there would be no quick, sure cure, that we had much rough road yet ahead of us; but as I looked about me, in the waning light of day, at the earnest, sympathetic faces of my son's teachers, it seemed to me that the watch that ends the night was over, and that the room was illuminated with something far more brilliant than the rising sun: that incandescent dawn of understanding.

The immediate results have been spectacular: Checkers has gone from bringing home F's to bringing home A's, the frequency of "incidents" has sharply fallen off, and there is growing acceptance of him by his classmates.

Just the other day he came home whistling, plunked his books down on the table and regarded me with a mysterious, enormously self-satisfied expression. I waited for him to say what he had on his mind, but he clearly wanted me to ask.

"All right," I said at last, "what's such a big deal?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. "But you know that girl? The one who's always giving me such a hard time? Well, today I missed an assignment, and instead of laughing and calling me a stupid jerk, she leaned over and whispered we were still on lesson nine, not ten."

Lesson nine, not ten. That to me seems to sum up the situation; for Checkers is a boy who can instantaneously add a page of four-column figures, and when he snaps back after a blackout, he naturally assumes everyone else has gotten ahead of him. Regardless of ability, this feeling of doubt and inferiority is, I know, what countless children with epilepsy must feel, what indeed all people afflicted with epilepsy must feel.

Personal acceptance of their own condition is the first step toward social and clinical assistance for these individuals. With only 20 percent of the known epileptics in this country receiving adequate treatment, the vast majority are not being assisted. This is partly because they refuse to admit they have epilepsy. In addition to these, there are the millions directly related and personally involved who are refusing to encourage this personal admission. Reporting has been hampered by the tendency to secrecy, and the real scope of the problem cannot be accurately assessed until the inhibitions of shame and fear have been removed. Obviously close to 10 million people united are not about to be badgered by archaic laws, educational and social pressures. But in the isolation of secrecy and anonymity, each person with epilepsy, each family involved, is going to have a long rough row to hoe. THE END

For those who are directly, indirectly or sympathetically interested, most states have local organizations, but the best way to contact these, to help and to contribute, is to write or phone one of the four national agencies:

United Epilepsy Association, Inc., 111 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

The Epilepsy Foundation, 1729 F Street, NW, Washington 6, D.C.

National Epilepsy League, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois.

American Epilepsy Federation, 73 Tremont Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

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Don't kid yourself

Everybody has to worry about perspiration odor. And that's where Dial comes in. The AT-7 in Dial gets rid of skin bacteria that cause odor. Keeps you fresh all day. Dial—the soap for people who like people.

Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap!

(don't you wish everybody did?)

DIAL IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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Good coffee always makes good sense, especially on the road.
It's good just to stop, and it's better yet
When you stop and relax with coffee.
Savor the taste of it, deep and rich.
Then set off on your way alert. Renewed. And so rewarded.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N.Y. 5, N.Y.

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Wearing reformer's determined look, Garrison tours Bourbon Street, home of B-girls and "bust-out" bars.

TO OLD NEW ORLEANS . . .

THE VICE MAN COMETH

District Attorney Jim Garrison's rough and tumble crusade against corruption will launch him in politics—or land him in jail.

This week in New Orleans a big, broad-shouldered man named Jim Garrison will announce his candidacy for the office of attorney general of Louisiana. The event could seem routine enough. Garrison is the reform district attorney of New Orleans, and Americans have always loved reformers, as long as they do not try to reform away our own favorite form of sinning. Garrison's case, however, is not at all routine. Even while he aspires to his state's highest law-enforcement post, he himself is in imminent danger of being tossed in the clink.

To make things even more interesting, the man Garrison plans to run against, Attorney General Jack Gremillion, is the same man who prosecuted and convicted him. This should make for an unusual campaign, even for Louisiana. But nothing that happens is likely to upset Garrison. Ever since he became D.A., he says, he has felt like a character in Lewis Carroll's famous classic about Alice. "When I was elected, I fell down the rabbit hole and landed smack in the middle of Wonderland," says Garrison. "Nothing I've seen since has surprised me."

Garrison burst from complete anonymity during last year's primary campaign. He had been a complete unknown, with two campaign contributions totaling just $100, when he was invited to appear on a television program featuring all the candidates. With that one appearance, New Orleans fell in love with him. He looked like Perry Mason and sounded like Eliot Ness, and he said that if he was elected, he would enforce the law and clean up the town. He won easily. Then, to everyone's amazement, it turned out that he had meant exactly what he said.

By JAMES PHELAN

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Tourists flock to Bourbon Street to see such artists as stripper Rebeca Winters; club owners charge that Garrison's raids have ruined business.

New Orleans D.A.

"Somebody's gotta stop tha

Judge G. W. Platt reads indictment charging District Attorn

Racket-busting on television is one thing; if you get tired of *The Untouchables*, you can always punch a button and turn it off. But in real life, particularly in a rowdy tourist town like New Orleans, a district attorney who means business is bound to upset a lot of applecarts. For one solid year now a great many people have been frantically groping for some button that will turn off Garrison, but when they punch at him, he punches right back. Last winter he punched back so hard that he was charged, tried, and convicted of criminally libeling eight New Orleans judges in just one press conference. He is appealing the case, which currently puts him in the peculiar position of prosecuting criminals on one hand, while defending himself from a possible jail term on the other.

This week's candidacy announcement will do nothing to calm the furore in fun-loving old New Orleans. It will inspire devoted enthusiasm among Garrison's fans, an unorganized but impressive body of voters to whom he is a latter-day Sir Galahad. At the same time, it will evoke some unprintable comments from many professional politicians, who view his continuance in politics as a china-shop proprietor might contemplate a long-term lease to a bull.

But while he delights many people and infuriates others, Garrison himself remains something of a puzzle. To begin with, he doesn't fit the stereotype of a reformer. His enemies say that he did his own share of roistering on Bourbon Street back when he was a private lawyer. "So what?" Garrison says. "Sure, I went in some of the better bars before I was D.A." And he has never claimed to be a moralist. "I didn't make the laws against B-drinking, prostitution, gambling, and drunk-rolling," he says. "But those are the laws, and I'm supposed to prosecute violations, and I'm going to do it. I'm going to end the rackets here, and the only way anyone can stop me is to kill me. People keep asking what motivates me. I've got the simplest motive in the world—I just want to run the best D.A.'s office New Orleans ever had."

These are wonderful words, and they are catnip to the voters, but they do not represent Garrison at his sardonic best. He is an avid reader and a frustrated writer, and his speech—particularly when he is on the attack—is highly colorful.

At one time, when New Orleans Mayor Victor H. Schiro was wavering on a decision, Garrison issued a press statement which began: "Not since Hamlet tried to decide whether or not to stab the king of Denmark has there been so agonizing a political decision." On another occasion he referred to a former D.A. as "the Great Emancipator—he let everybody go free." In his libel trial, it was reported he had likened the criminal-court judges to the "sacred cows of India" and on another occasion described the barristers who defend them as "tribal elders rushing to the defense of their institutions."

He describes his early days in office in equally colorful terms. "There I was," he says, "going down the one-way street in the direction the arrow points. Up the street, the wrong way, comes an assortment of judges, police, and miscellaneous officials. *Crash*, we tangle head-on. Then they all start yelling, 'What's the matter with Garrison?'"

Unlike Alice in Wonderland, however, Garrison knew exactly what he was doing and where he was going. And he was elected with the kind of support every candidate dreams of: Nobody but the people. He ran as the candidate of a tiny, self-proclaimed "Nothing Group," which consisted of five young lawyers—Garrison and four friends—who claimed to be embittered at what they considered the cynicism, lethargy, and general low estate of law enforcement in their home town. The "Nothing Group" chose that name because they had no money, no prestige (Garrison had run twice for other offices and got walloped) and no political backing whatever. Then he went on TV.

"It was the damnedest thing anyone ever saw," recalls one cigar-chomping

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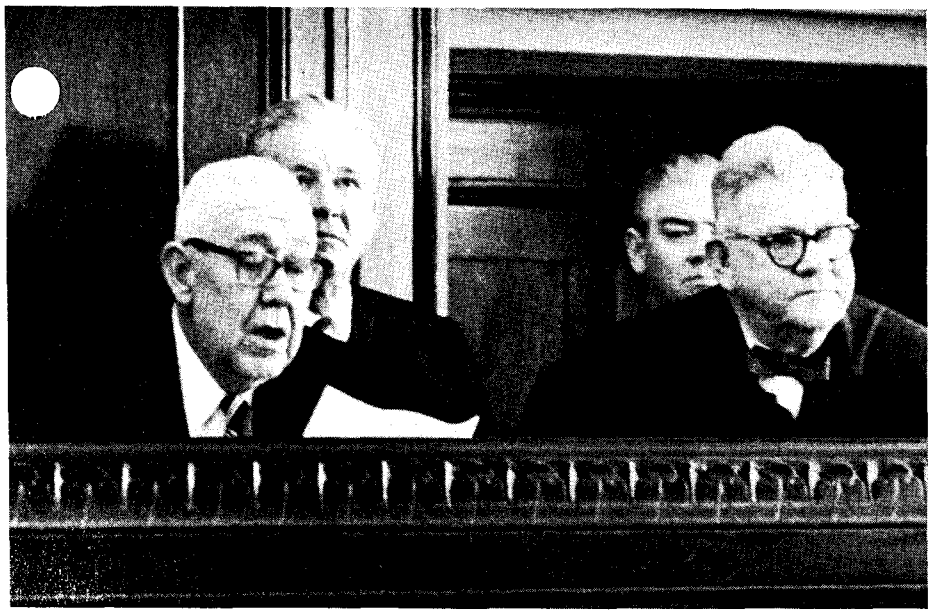
guy," complains a cabbie, "before he turns this town into a Des Moines."



Garrison with criminally defaming eight New Orleans criminal-court judges.

old politico. "One day Jim was running in his own tracks, and we're all yawning at him. Then *hoo-wee!* The next day he had the whole town talking about him."

"When I went off camera that night," Garrison says, "my phone started ringing with offers of help and money, and it never stopped."

"That fellow just *looked* the way the public thinks a D.A. ought to look," says a New Orleans civil-court judge. "In no time, everybody was watching him. He killed the old-time political rallies, just plain killed them. I went to three or four, and there'd be only a handful of people, and always the same ones. Everybody else was home watching Garrison."

Ominous announcement

To the dismay of New Orleans political organizations, Garrison won the Democratic nomination over the incumbent, Richard Dowling, 78,000 to 71,000. More significantly, when he went on to defeat his Republican opponent, 84,700 to 12,000, he ran ahead of everyone else on the Democratic ticket.

Such is the stuff that Walter Mitty daydreams are made of. Garrison found himself district attorney with no debts or obligations, no favors owed anyone. His opening announcement had an ominous ring. "My office may not be a popular office in the next four years," Garrison said. "But it will be honest and efficient. No favors will be granted. A little old lady with a problem will receive as much attention as the mayor of the city."

New Orleans, a sophisticated city that had heard such talk before, sat back to watch what would happen. It has seen scandal and corruption on a scale and of persistence that few American cities can match. Between 1868 and the 1890's it was the home of a legalized lottery that ostensibly had the pious purpose of raising money for a charity hospital. The lottery enriched its private operators with millions annually, while yielding the hospital fund a $40,000 dribble.

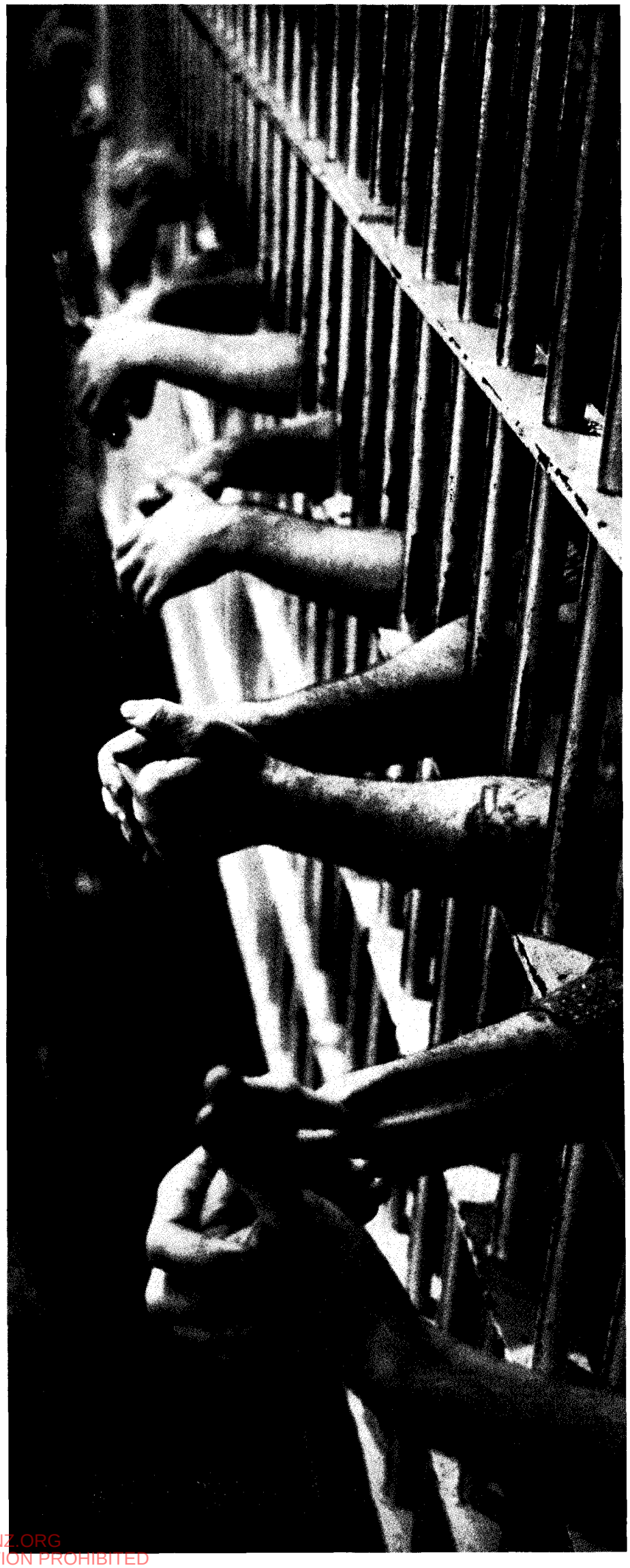
New Orleans has housed such legendary corruptors as Frank Costello, Dandy Phil Kastel and the Lanskys, who moved in with casinos and illegal slot machines and turned law enforcement into the satrapy of the rackets. It has had a police chief of detectives like Johnny Grosch, whose wife testified that he had accumulated $150,000 in cash in a steel box—while on a salary of less than $200 a month. It has seen the Grosch story spread out before the nation by the Kefauver crime committee—and then watched him picked as chief investigator for the District Attorney.

New Orleans has its own definition of a reformer. A well-known New Orleans madam named Norma, who is a sort of magnolia-blossom Polly Adler, defines it by implication. "Listen, dear," Norma says, "I've seen D.A.'s become ex-D.A.'s, and police chiefs become ex-police chiefs, and mayors become ex-mayors. But I've never become an ex-madam. When I retire, I'm going to write a book and tell why. It will be called *Norma and Her Partners.*" An old judge puts it more explicitly. "In this town," he says, "a reformer is just an outsider who wants to get on the inside. So he hoots and hollers and wins office—and gets gentled down."

Of all the things that are said about Garrison, no one has accused him of being gentled down. "I wouldn't want to suggest," he says, "that no one has tried."

He had no more than settled in his chair, Garrison says, than he began getting suggestions for appointments to key positions on his staff. "Everyone wanted to help me," he recalls with broad sarcasm. "I had suggestions from Governor Davis, Mayor Schiro, and a number of judges. Some of the nominees were real bums. I picked my own people and I take responsibility for them, which is the way it ought to be."

He began by appointing his fellow "Nothing" groupers, Frank Klein and



City's jails are jammed. Garrison said so—and judges were insulted.

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Garrison: "The only way anyone can stop me now is to kill me."

D'Alton Williams, as his top assistants, and then named a former policeman and one-time Army buddy, Pershing Gervais, as chief investigator. The appointment of Gervais, who had been discharged from the police force some years back, bitterly antagonized Police Superintendent Joseph Giarrusso. "I just don't like the idea of my men working under a discharged policeman," Giarrusso says. During a roaring police scandal in the 1950's, Gervais testified that graft was handed out to police officers. "It was passed out in envelopes by your superiors, like a fringe benefit," Gervais said. "I took my lousy $21 a week when they gave it to me, but I never hustled a dime from anyone in my life. I got stoned for admitting it, while there were higher-ups who were sucking up thousands. They know it and they know I know it."

Garrison vouches for Gervais's integrity, as do a number of other New Orleans figures, including the head of the Crime Commission, Aaron Kohn. But there are undoubtedly many people around New Orleans who are not happy to see a man with his knowledge in a position of such authority, and who will continue to attack Garrison in the hopes of also deposing Gervais.

While Garrison's enemies were still buzzing over Gervais's appointment, the new D.A. enlisted the unpaid help of still another old ex-Army buddy, Max Gonzales, and planted him in the Parish Prison to look into rumors of bail-bond irregularities. Gonzales, actually a reputable auto salesman, posed as an auto-theft suspect and made bond with a payment of marked bills to one Peter Hand, a former state legislator and convicted gambler, whose license to write bonds had been revoked. Gonzales's undercover work resulted in charges against Hand, who has since died, and against a licensed bondsman from whom the marked money was eventually recovered. In addition, other conditions which Gonzales observed during his stay in the badly crowded prison resulted in a grand-jury investigation and press exposé. All this did nothing to endear Garrison with the sheriff and prison officials.

Garrison then took out after vice on Bourbon Street, in the colorful French Quarter. So far, this was a standard maneuver. The incoming D.A. traditionally squares off against Bourbon Street, throws a few light punches, and then retires to his corner while the fun and games resume. Instead of shadowboxing, however, Garrison began clubbing the gamier operators to their knees. His particular target was B-drinking, a method of separating a lonely male from his money that Bourbon Street had developed into a high art. It employs one or more females, often strippers from the showbar, who ply a customer with promises of indescribable future delights in return for the purchase of vast quantities of low-grade champagne at $30 a bottle.

While this is a well-worn dodge familiar to any sailor over the age of 18, Garrison charges that some Bourbon Street establishments do not follow Marquis of Queensberry rules in wheedling money out of the customers. He says that some bars have elaborated upon B-drinking with actual prostitution in remote and dim-lit booths, and that they resort to such unfair devices as serving the chloral-hydrate cocktail, known familiarly as the Mickey Finn. Gervais asserts that it was not uncommon for a more voracious B-joint to take a well-heeled visitor for more than a thousand dollars in a few hours.

Garrison instituted padlocking proceedings against a number of places, and harassed others by invoking a little-known state law requiring that bars be illuminated enough so that a patron can read a newspaper. Although few visitors go to Bourbon Street to catch up on the news, lighting up the bars inevitably restored a certain decorum. It also sharply reduced the income of the "bust-out" bars, so-called because nonreaders among the clientele invariably end up relieved of their funds.

Garrison's Bourbon Street raids of last year set off a controversy that still rages in New Orleans. The French Quarter, which contains some fine hotels, many charming apartment houses and shops, and internationally known restaurants (Antoine's, Brennan's, and Arnaud's), tends to take a defensive attitude toward Bourbon Street. "The nice people in the Quarter look upon the street as a sort of sister with an indiscreet past," says a New Orleans *States-Item* newspaperman. "She may not be respectable, but she still belongs to the family. They feel that Garrison is giving the Quarter a bad name just for the publicity it gets him."

"I don't know why Garrison is doing this to us," complains a veteran of 17 years on Bourbon Street. "I run a clean place, not a brothel. Business is down 40 percent since he went on a rampage. Bourbon Street is one of the biggest tourist attractions in town, and without tourists this town will go dead. And you know something?" he asks, shaking his head. "I still like the guy."

A cabdriver takes a less enthusiastic view. "They gotta stop that guy," he growls, "before he turns New Orleans into a Des Moines!"

"He's magic politically," says a New Orleans political writer. "He's off and running and he'll be hard to stop."

Not everyone agrees with that estimate. The Bourbon Street raids and Garrison's whiplash tongue have brought him into bitter controversy with the New Orleans police department and with the city's eight criminal-court judges. Together, along with their friends, allies, associates, and underlings, they constitute a fairly awesome array of political strength.

The big D.A. has accused police officials of offering "nothing but steady, sullen resistance" in the drive against prostitution, B-drinking, and gambling. "The police here," he told an interviewer, "are like an army that has a mission to capture an enemy hill. Years ago they went out, surrounded it, and then dug in. They've been dug in for so long that they've forgotten what they're supposed to do. They've made friends with the enemy, and even exchange birthday and Christmas presents. So why capture the hill and end all the fun?"

The trouble between Garrison and the judges started in the fall of 1962. The jurists brought his raids to a jarring halt when they shut off money for his undercover investigators. This money had come from a fund called "fines and fees," made up of bond forfeitures and criminal-case fines. Louisiana law says that the fund may be spent at the discretion of the district attorney, with the approval of any one of the eight criminal-court judges. At the height of Garrison's vice raids, the judges began to question his expenditures and decided that thereafter, five judges, not just one, would have to approve his spending.

Later they ruled that his vice investigations were infringing upon police functions, that he had no authority to investigate B-drinking or prostitution, and that he was setting up a "second constabulary" in competition with the police force.

"If you want to get a mule's attention," Garrison is fond of saying, "hit him with a piece of stovewood." When trouble began to develop, Garrison swung some verbal stovewood at a highly sensitive area of the criminal-court judiciary.

Don't rock the boat

His battles with the judges resulted in his being charged, tried and convicted of criminal defamation. At the trial, evidence was introduced that, in a luncheon speech before the Temple Sinai Brotherhood, Garrison had likened the jurists to "sacred cows" and had asserted that they enjoyed as many as 206 holidays a year "not counting legal holidays like All Saints' Day, Long's birthday, and St. Winterbottom's Day." He further complained that one prisoner had been held in jail awaiting trial for 19 months while a codefendant had pleaded guilty, served his time, and gone home. "One of the judges who could have tried him," said Garrison, "has had 300 days' vacation since this man was jailed."

It was further testified that after the luncheon Garrison had dictated a statement to the press charging that the eight criminal-court judges "are not in sympathy with vice investigations."

"As a matter of fact," the district attorney was reported to have said, "so opposed have the judges been . . . that they completely blocked us off from our Bourbon Street investigations of B-drinking and other forms of vice. . . . The message is clear: 'Don't rock the boat, son. You are not supposed to investigate anything.' This raises interesting questions about the racketeer influences on our eight vacation-minded judges."

A newsman who interviewed the judges shortly afterward described them vividly. "Most of them," he said, "had turned a kind of amazing purple color." The judges charged Garrison with criminal defamation. As district attorney, with the authority to decide who gets prosecuted, Garrison promptly dismissed the charges against himself. The judges then requested Garrison's superior, State Attorney General Jack P. F. Gremillion, to prosecute the charges. In 24 hours, Gremillion filed charges against the New Orleans D.A., and then came down from the state capitol in Baton Rouge to prosecute Garrison in person. Because all eight criminal-court judges were parties to the litigation, an upstate jurist, Judge William H. Ponder, had to be brought in to hear the case. Garrison was tried in January, and in February was found guilty and sentenced to a $1,000 fine or four months in jail.

"It is amazing how swiftly the courts can move down here under certain circumstances," Garrison says.

In the trial, each of the eight judges took the witness stand and swore that no racketeers had ever influenced his judicial decisions. They testified that Garrison's remarks had subjected them to public ridicule and insult. The D.A.'s reference to them as "sacred cows" had brought humiliation and embarrassment, one jurist testified. "People holler 'Moo!' at me," he said.

The trial elicited some other unusual testimony. One of the defamed judges admitted under cross-examination that his parents ran a lottery for years while he was a criminal-court judge. Another conceded that when elected to the bench, he had been guest of honor at a party tossed by Mike Callia, a well-known New Orleans gambler, and that several other judges had joined the fun.

Garrison has appealed the conviction to the Louisiana State Supreme Court, and says that if necessary he will go to the U.S. Supreme Court. Throughout the trial he sat at a table writing on a pad, apparently making elaborate legal notes. Actually, he was composing a bitterly satirical parody of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*, with a cast of New Orleans characters. With anybody else you would assume that this is no more than a harmless form of mental therapy, but Garrison might just be foolhardy enough to try and get it printed.

He is not known for self-restraint, heaven knows; and neither the shut-off of his funds nor his conviction for defamation have slowed him down. When the funds were withheld, he simply borrowed $5,000 from a bank and carried on as before. After the judges ruled that he had to curb his investigatory work, he staged a lengthy undercover investigation of a major lottery and ordered a predawn raid which resulted in the arrest of 12 runners with a $1,000-a-day operation. "To those who say that the district attorney cannot investigate," he stated, "let last night's operation be our reply."

What makes Jimmy Garrison run is a favorite topic of debate in New Orleans. Some residents think he is simply another

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From empty garage in French Quarter, Garrison and aide Pershing Gervais (left) direct raid.

desperately ambitious politician who has found a new trail—the unused path of brutal candor—to higher terrain. Others believe he is a nihilist, another Lion in the Streets. Says Aaron Kohn, director of the New Orleans Crime Commission: "His motivation isn't really too important. Before Garrison, everyone in office here was in love with everyone else, and the lowest denominator set the tone. For the first time, we have a system of checks and balances at work."

Garrison is acutely aware that he is being watched sharply by many people who have unresolved doubts about him. "Even if I wanted to go wrong," he says, "I think I'm past the point of no return. If I slipped now, this whole town would crash down on me."

Away from his office, Garrison is relaxed, articulate, and surprisingly introspective. He lives with his attractive blond wife and son and daughter in an unpretentious home in a middle-class section of town. He is intensely devoted to his son, who is four, and hopes the boy "will go into medicine or some such field where there is at least a *little* concern for truth. I have a very dim enthusiasm about his entering law or politics."

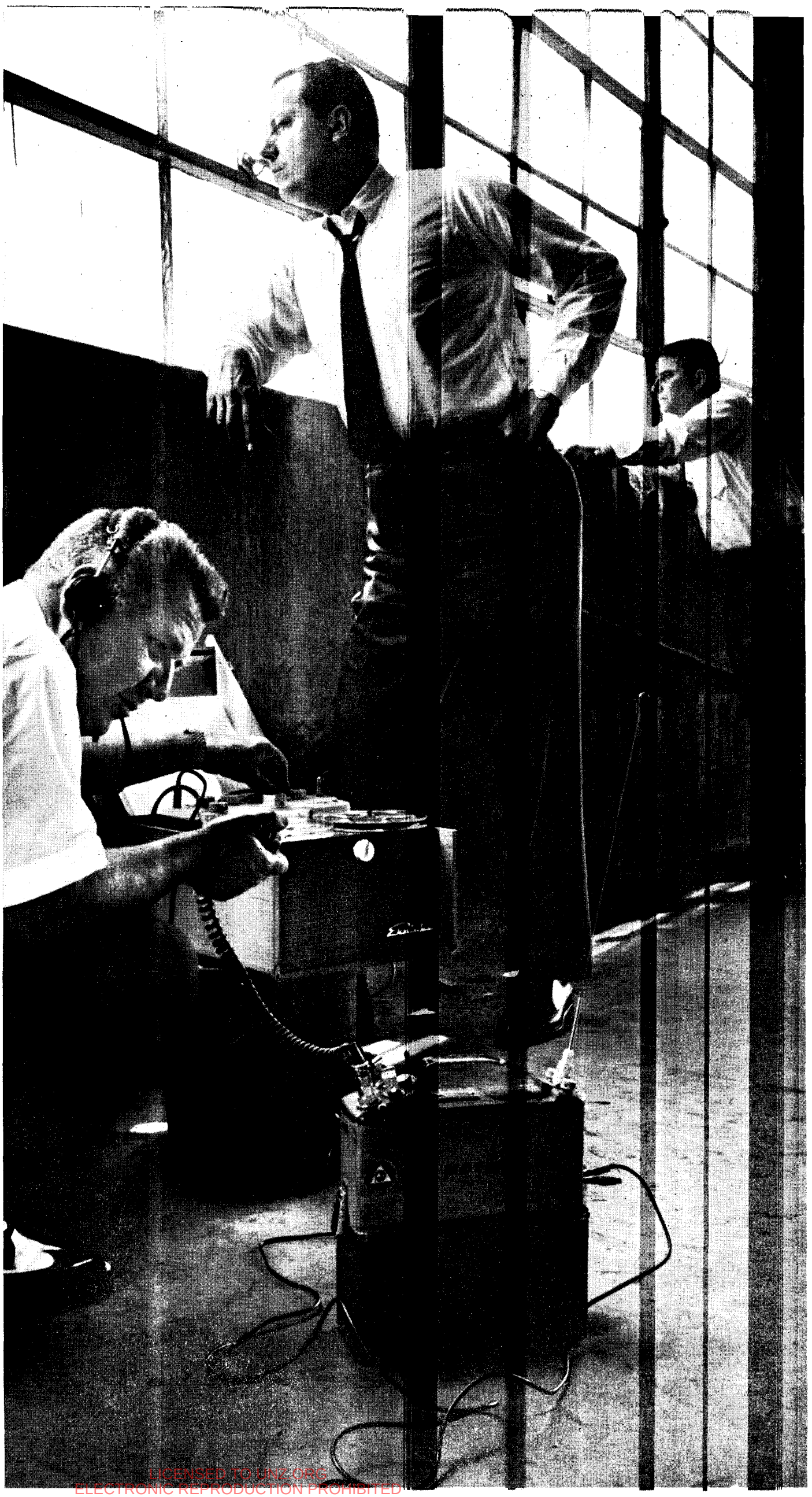
Despite that disclaimer, Garrison has a real zest for the political scene and takes particular relish in his role as a lone-wolf reformer. He has a high regard for Ayn Rand, the high priestess of unfettered individualism, and says that her novel, *The Fountainhead,* had a profound effect on his thinking. "What she had to say about the importance of the individual, even if he must lose, is true," Garrison says. "The statement is regularly made that the individual can do nothing. The answer is—*only* the individual can do *anything*.

"People worry about the crime 'syndicate,' but the real danger is the political establishment, power massing against the individual. It is a goliath that has 1,000 legs, weighs 800 tons, and is all over the place. As an individual, I am not going to be pushed around by all the power in the state."

His next big tilt with this power will come next December, when he enters the primary for attorney general against Jack Gremillion, the man who prosecuted him for defaming the judges. At this writing Garrison is subject to removal from office, because of the libel conviction, by any civil-court judge who is properly petitioned to do so. No one, including Garrison, is quite certain whether he will land in the attorney general's office or go to jail. By successfully running for the former he should improve his chances for avoiding the latter, but nothing is certain in Wonderland.

While Garrison may be motivated by a desire to attain the office of the man who prosecuted him, he explains the announcement of his candidacy in somewhat loftier terms. "There is a certain instinctive tendency to climb where opportunity presents itself," he says. "It is somewhat like the reason men try to climb Everest—because it is there." THE END

Photographs by Larry Fried



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Why can't we get rid of Castro?

"The Cuban revolution has failed," *Post* contributing editor Edward Behr reports in this week's issue. By that, he means that the Communists have proved once again their almost miraculous talent for making a bad situation worse, for wrecking an economy and enslaving a people. What has not failed, however, is the establishment of Communist power in the Caribbean. Although the Kennedy Administration understandably enjoys taking credit for getting Nikita Khrushchev's missiles out of Cuba last October, it understandably prefers to gloss over the fact that Soviet power today is more firmly entrenched off our shores than it was a year ago. There are some 15,000 Soviet troops in Cuba—enough to "suppress any internal rebellion" or "to offer severe opposition to any attack."

That judgment comes from a recent report by the Senate Preparedness Investigation Subcommittee, which raises an even more sinister question: Did these missiles really leave? The senators admit they don't know. They also acknowledge that top U.S. intelligence officials, "to a man," hold to "their opinion that all strategic missiles and bombers have been removed from Cuba." But the senators add that the intelligence chiefs "readily admit that, in terms of absolutes, it is quite possible that offensive missiles remain on the island concealed in caves or otherwise. They also admitted that . . . based on skepticism, if nothing more, there is reason for grave concern about the matter."

The senators, who cite "several substantial errors" by U.S. intelligence in the past, sound as though they are pretty skeptical and pretty concerned. So are we. We've talked to a lot of Cuban refugees, who have sometimes been more accurate than the intelligence chiefs, and one of them flatly insisted that he'd seen hidden missiles on the Communist island as recently as last November. "Russian missiles are in Cuba," he said. "I know so." Where? "Maybe if you look in the caves in Pinar del Río . . ."

We can't look in the caves, but the Central Intelligence Agency can, and it's about time that its agents find out for certain what's going on in Cuba. To leave the Communists in a position to threaten us again with missiles from Cuba is clearly intolerable. But missiles are not the whole story. Even if the Soviets have no missiles in Cuba, they have troops and armor—and the political position that goes with military presence. The Administration indicates that "quiet diplomacy" is getting the Soviets to reduce their troops. A reduction is not enough. We suspect the Soviets plan to keep troops in Cuba indefinitely, and we think that even one Soviet soldier in the Western Hemisphere is one too many. Instead of just quiet diplomacy, we think Mr. Kennedy should use his well-known skill at quiet arm-twisting.

Getting rid of the Soviet troops isn't the whole story either. For as long as Castro rules Cuba, he will be maintaining a political beachhead for Communism in Latin America—a beachhead that he's trying to expand by subversion, propaganda and terrorism. That is why Nikita Khrushchev welcomed his bearded protégé in Moscow recently with such a lugubrious display of kissing and hugging. The two of them had a high old time swapping toasts, shooting ducks, ogling ballerinas at the Bolshoi and inspecting the missiles rolling through Red Square. On a shopping tour, Castro considered buying a belt but then remembered that he had forgotten to bring money. Khrushchev, who supports Castro's regime with $500 million a year, soon settled that: "I can guarantee his credit."

But can he? President Kennedy repeatedly says that he is applying economic pressure on Castro, but it seems clear that he's not applying enough. As Behr's report makes clear, Cuba today is in disastrous shape, and yet it's still permitted to do business with unscrupulous businessmen in Canada and Western Europe. The oil that Castro needs keeps flowing in. Surely it's not impossible for the United States Government to find means of tightening its embargo, and keep tightening it.

And finally there are the refugees—a quarter of a million of them. We'll grant that a lot of them are wild-eyed and ineffectual, as Harold Martin reports on page 28, and that their hit-or-miss bombing raids don't do much damage to Castro's fortress. But Castro's fortress won't collapse all by itself either. The Cuban refugees remember one successful guerrilla who landed in Cuba with nothing more than one small boatload of seasick amateurs—and that was Castro himself. Organizing a rebellion against a dictator is a long, slow process, but it can and should be done. Why aren't we doing it?

Back in 1960 a prominent American political figure expressed very similar views. "We must attempt to strengthen the . . . democratic anti-Castro forces in exile, and in Cuba itself, who offer eventual hope of overthrowing Castro. Thus far, those fighters for freedom have had virtually no support from our Government." That was true when Sen. John F. Kennedy said it. Isn't it true today?

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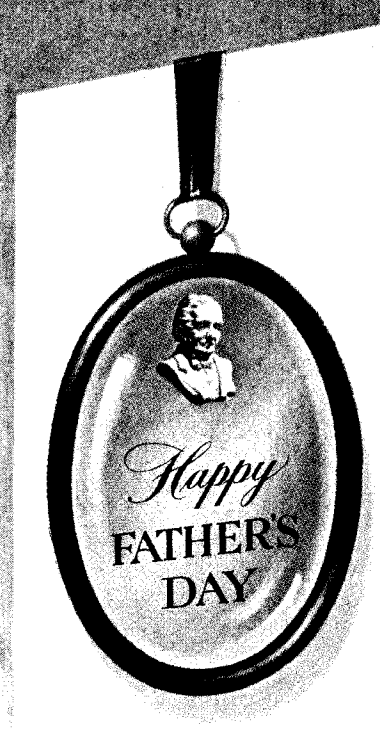

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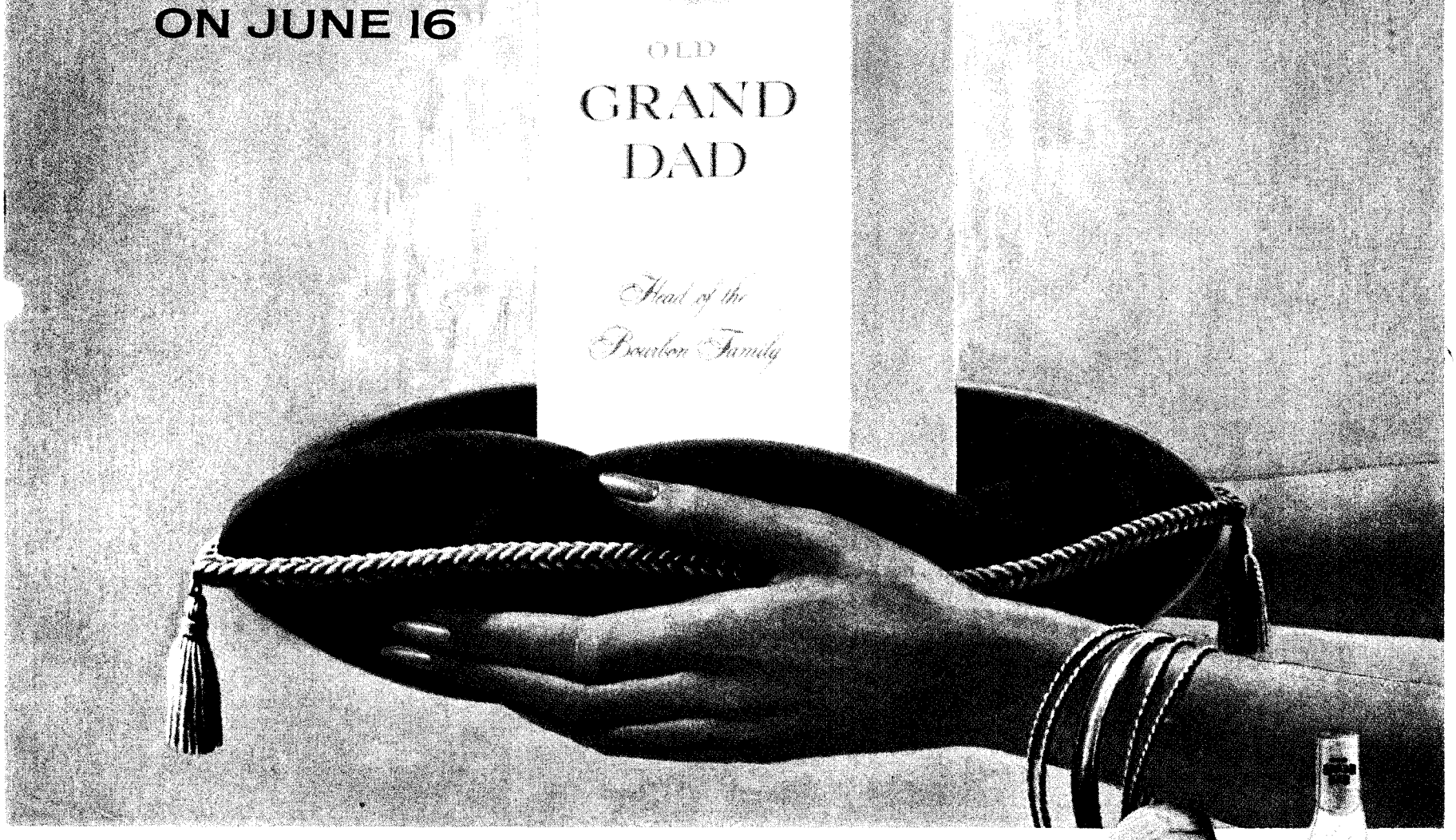

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